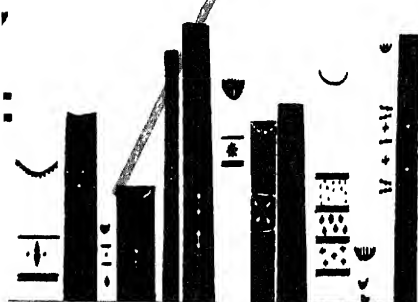


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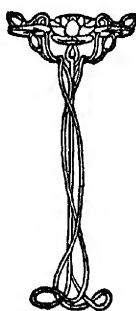
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Va. Robertson

THE SPEAKER

A Quarterly Magazine

VOL. VII.

INCLUDING NUMBERS
TWENTY-FIVE, TWENTY-SIX, TWENTY-SEVEN
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The Speaker

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The Better Treasure*

BY MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS.

The Better Treasure belongs to that class of books which might be termed disseminators of good cheer. It concerns a man who is saved from failure and despair, and induced to believe in himself again.



HERE was not the ghost of a reason why the 105 local from Barchester should be two hours late on Christmas night. The handful of passengers at Blenheim Junction wandered aimlessly, afraid to go away lest the belated train should make up time.

Among the shifting human atoms were three individuals, the parson—black of clothes, pallid, yet strong of face—and his friend, a prosperous business man by the look of him, and another, a solitary individual. The last was young, but his face was lined with unhappiness; his coat collar was up and his hat brim down, his clothes were shabby. He dropped into a bench and drew out a letter. The thin envelope fell open as if read often before.

"Dear Carl," the writing ran, "I saw Peterson two days ago, and he told me you were playing in bad luck. There's an opening out here in my business for a person who knows several languages, and you came to my mind. Would you care to take it? You would have to put up a thousand or two, and that, beyond traveling expenses to Hong Kong, would be all the money necessary. There's the certainty of a fresh start in life with every chance of a solid career. I repeat that I want you, and that I hope you may care to come."

"Care to come!" The man flapped the paper with a gesture of despair, and at the second, the station door

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opened half-way, and the clergyman's clear-cut speech sounded through it.

"Why don't you put that bag on the floor? You hold on to it as if it were treasure"

"It is treasure," said the big man, briefly.

"Do you mean—Sidney, you're not driving home alone to-night with the men's wages? I don't like it. It's six miles and you'll have to go through the River Mills—the other road's impassable. There's a bad lot of roughs there just now. You have no right to run such a risk. How much are you carrying?"

"Three thousand dollars"

The man outside drew a sharp breath as if the distinct words had hit him. Three thousand dollars!

The clergyman inside repeated them "Three thousand dollars! It's too much to carry after dark through a nest of banditti. Give me the money. I'll take it to the rectory to-night, and to-morrow you'll all be over to service, and you can fetch it back. How is that?"

"You've a lonely drive, too"

"Only two miles," (said Harding) "And there's no danger for me. Nobody suspects a parson of money"

Maxwell considered, hesitated. "I think I'll accept your offer, Doctor," (he said, at last.)

There was a whistle down the track, and a wave of humanity drew together; the train pulled in, and the man hovering in the background waited to see Mr Maxwell, of Maxwell Field, in a fur-lined ulster with its collar and cuffs of sable, and the thin clergyman in his overcoat a little gray at the seams, enter a car together, before he sprang unnoticed into the car behind them.

The two big children and their small mother sat on the rug before the fire, the fire being an especial luxury for Christmas Eve

"Say 'The Night Before Christmas' again, mother," begged the boy; "you promised you'd say it next"

"No, she didn't, Benny," objected the girl "She only promised she'd say it again; she hasn't said 'While Shepherds Watched' at all yet, or told us——"

"'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house," the woman began, and went on, as many women have begun and gone on with the charming old poem, to children on Christmas Eve. "Now just one

more, children, dear, and you really must go to bed. It's very late—look! It's almost nine," and the girl and the boy cried out together

"Oh, the Beasts! the Beasts!"

They pressed against her, a head on either shoulder, and held her hands in theirs, while she told them a tale of a boy in a German forest whose father and mother were so poor that there was not enough to eat in the house. She told them how he lay in his cot on Christmas Eve, and heard them plan to kill his two friends, the old horse, Friedel, and the old cow, Minna, rather than let them starve to death, how he stole into the kitchen and found the coarse bread and the milk that were saved for his own breakfast, and carried them out to the stable; how, as he came to the door, he heard strange hoarse voices speaking low, and listened and found that it was Friedel and Minna talking together; how then he remembered that once a year, at midnight on Christmas Eve, dumb beasts may find speech, in memory of the night when the Christ-child lay among beasts, in the manger; how Hans went in boldly then and gave the animals his breakfast; how they told him in rusty, unused voices, that beneath the empty stall of the stable was a treasure of gold which would make his mother and father richer than they could dream; and how Hans told his father and mother, who dug for the treasure and found it, and were happy with the horse and cow, and rich ever after.

"Now, chickens, you must go to your roosts; it's very late."

"Father'll be home before morning, won't he?" asked the girl. "It wouldn't be Christmas without father, would it, mother?"

"I can't bear to have him out so late. Father isn't well—he ought to go South—I wish he could go, but we haven't money enough."

"I wish I could find a lot of money like Hans, for father," said the girl.

As the children lay in their beds they kept thinking of the story of how dumb brutes may talk once a year on Christmas Eve.

"Do you believe it's true, Benny?" said Alice.

"Mother didn't say it wasn't, you know."

"Then it's true, and I believe it's true," said Benny,

stoutly. "I'm glad they can. I heard Nigger say "corn bread" one day"

"Nigger's out in the barn," reflected Alice "Father took Mr. Jarvis' horse because Nigger's foot was lame Benny—don't go to sleep, Benny—listen! I've got an idea. Why can't we go to the stable to-night—it's Christmas Eve—and listen to Nigger talking, like Hans listened to Friedel and Minna? And maybe he'll know about some treasure, and we could get lots of money, and give it to father to go South with Mother would be glad."

Two muffled little figures crept through the shadowy house and out over the white lawn, misty with still-falling snow, and up the slope to the door of the stable. An hour before a man had hurried along the road from town, a powerful man, walking fast. As he walked he spoke to himself in a low tone

"The note about Pat O'Hara's broken leg ought to delay him an hour. Lucky I remembered where the horse and trap would be kept"

The ghost of a boy caught his arm and clung to him and went with him down the road

"You couldn't hurt him," it said, "You couldn't do it in this place where the good years of your life were passed. You've played hide-and-seek in that barn of the Hardings. Can you go there and take money from him?"

"It's not his money—I wouldn't rob him. It's money that ought to be mine—it belongs to Sidney Maxwell, my cousin, and it's Maxwell money—family money. I ought to be as rich as he. I hate him. I'm his flesh and blood and he never throws a thought to me. (My chances are not all gone—there's one left.) I'll get that money which ought to be mine, and to-morrow I'll be off for China, and take up Bill Bacon's offer, and be an honest man, by Heaven, a successful one this time! I've got it in me, and I've learned my lesson. I'll work hard and earn my life, and I'll send back this three thousand to Sidney Maxwell with my first savings"

He found his way readily down the shadowy drive to the parsonage stable, and sat drawn together in the thick straw, waiting. A light sound without set his nerves a-tingle. A late moon had risen and against the white

ground he saw, astonished, the figures of two children sharply silhouetted.

"He's not talkin', Alice," the boy said. "Let's go back—I'd rather go to bed."

"Maybe he doesn't know it's Christmas," the girl suggested. "Let's sing a carol so he'll remember."

The man in the stall listened. In a low tone, because it was a mysterious business they were on, the two sang

From a mile away down the road came faintly the sound of hoof-beats. Alice and Benny, standing patient, thrilled suddenly as a strange, hoarse voice issued from the darkness.

"Merry Christmas, children!" the voice said.

The girl clutched the boy's shoulder. "He's talkin'—Nigger's talkin'," Benny announced, interested, but unperturbed.

"Merry Christmas, Nigger," said Alice. "I'm so glad you really can talk—it must seem nice after being dumb."

"Yes, it's nice. You must go back to the house, children, at once. You'll catch cold."

"But, Nigger," Alice pleaded, "we want to talk to you—we want to ask you some questions."

"What questions?" the hoarse voice demanded. "Be quick!"

"We'd like some hidden treasure," explained Benny, "to send father South where it's warm, 'cause he's sick. We want you to tell us where to get some treasure for father."

"There isn't any buried around here. But if you're good children and go straight into the house, then your father is going to have enough money to take him South—this winter or next. Now run quickly!"

When Doctor Harding drove in, the figure of a man stood black in the patch of brightness.

"Who is that?" he asked, cheerily.

"It's a friend—Carl Maxwell."

"Carl Maxwell! What do you mean—how can it be Carl Maxwell?"

The man swung forward. "Look at me," he said, and pulled away his hat. Harding looked searchingly, and with a quick movement set on the floor the bag he held and caught the other's hand.

"My boy, I'm glad to see you," he said. "Help me un-

The Speaker

harness. We must get a fire and something to eat as soon as possible."

When the horse stood cared for and blanketed in its stall, Maxwell swung across the stable, and lifted the small black bag

"I'll take that, Carl," the clergyman spoke, quietly.

"No—let me carry it for you."

There was a second's hesitation, Harding's fingers loosened; he turned to the door; Carl Maxwell held the bag in his hands. Down the slope the clergyman led the way. He threw open the door and stood aside to let his guest enter.

"I don't know about *you*, Carl, but I'm hungry." He held out a plate of sandwiches.

The young fellow set the bag down hurriedly, and stretched out his hand. He was shivering and he looked starved. Then the hand dropped. His teeth chattered, and he stared blankly into the clergyman's face

"I came here to rob you," he said

Harding gazed at him, his glance wandered to the black bag; he turned his back, and bent over the coffee, bubbling over an alcohol lamp

"We'll talk that over later, Carl," he said. "Sit by the fire—you're cold. And drink this coffee"

Ten minutes later the man stood before the fire and told his story. He finished the recital with a look of bitterness in his eyes

"I believe I'm a fool," he said. "The money means the chance of my life for a start—and I've no other chance. I meant to take it, until the children came, and then I lost my nerve. Alice has grown a lot. I taught her her first word—do you remember? I didn't do the best act entirely to get rid of them. I did it so they wouldn't be disappointed. I'm a fool. I'd planned the thing, and I ought to have put it through"

"Carl, I've something to tell you about your cousin Sidney," said the clergyman

"I don't want to hear it. When I saw him walking with you to-day in his furred overcoat, and his prosperity, I wanted to kill him. He's forgotten I'm alive. It's nothing to him that I'm strangling—in the depths."

"That's where you're mistaken. It's very much to him. He told me to-day that Christmas never came but the thought of you was with him; that he had tried in

vain to find you; that it was a constant grief to him that he and his father had judged you harshly; that he would give his fortune to know where you are and make things right. You see what child's play it seemed to me when you spoke of stealing three thousand dollars, with the Maxwell millions waiting. You thought you could do it, but you never could—never”

“Perhaps I couldn't,” the man said, brokenly. “I meant to—I don't know what stopped me.”

“The Lord,” Harding answered, tersely. “It isn't the first time He has made children His messengers”

“I—I used to believe those things,” said Maxwell. “I'd like to now. I've been a long way down. But I've never liked it. I've been unhappy. It doesn't seem possible that I'm to have a chance. I can't believe I've been faced about—in a minute”

“My lad, it appears to me that going into wrong-doing is like going into a tunnel that leads downhill to darkness. At every step the walking gets harder, and the air gets worse, and it's dirtier, and more uninteresting. And all the time all you have to do is to face about, and you see the sunlight. Of course it's not simple getting back—I know that. Sure as fate you'll bark your shins, and stagger into holes, and fall down and maybe get discouraged. But Heavens, man! what's that, when you see daylight and see you're getting to it! You have swung about, and sunshine and friends are waiting for you—a clean life—a man's work—a place in the world”

The worn man whose inspired eyes burned him, who stood for force beyond either of them, had poured strength and will into Maxwell. He threw out his arms, drew a quick breath, and rose to his feet resolutely.

“Lord helping me, I'll do it,” he said.



To make the most of dull hours, to make the best of dull people, to like a poor jest better than none, to wear the threadbare coat like a gentleman, to be out-voted with a smile, to hitch your wagon to the old horse if no star is handy—that is wholesome philosophy.—
Bliss Perry

The Speaker

Failure

BY THEODOSIA GARRISON.

From the "Joy o' Life"

Oh, long and dark the stairs I trod
With stumbling feet to find my God.

Gaining a foothold bit by bit,
Then slipping back and losing it.

Never progressing, striving still
With weakening grasp and fainting will.

Bleeding to climb to God, while He
Serenely smiled, unnoting me.

Then came a certain time when I
Loosened my hold and fell thereby.

Down to the lowest step my fall
As though I had not climbed at all.

And while I lay despairing there,
Listen, a footfall on the stair!

In the same path where I, dismayed,
Faltered and fell and lay afraid.

And lo! when hope had ceased to be,
My God came down the stairs to me



In what we meditate of evil, frustrate our will, in what of good, further our endeavors Cause injuries to be forgot and benefits to be remembered —*Robert Louis Stevenson, "Evening Prayer."*

Tonio

BY THEODOSIA GARRISON.

From the "Joy o' Life."

I played all day—the other children worked
 Hard in the vineyard, and my father said,
 "Hungry to-night shall 'Tonio go to bed!"
 And scolded. Where I hid I heard his words
 And laughed and ran; the leaves were gold and red
 And the wind whirled them through the woods like
 birds.

All day I played—the sun and wind and I;
 Between the trees and up and down the hill;
 And the noon came and it was still, so still;
 And I stretched out full-length upon the grass
 And watched the clouds like white sails reach and fill
 And catch the sun for freight, and drift and pass.

I played all day. Oh, it was good to think
 How hard my brothers worked while I went free.
 "Hungry to-night goes 'Tonio," so said he;
 But I danced on the hilltop with the moon,
 A great red moon that came up merrily
 And called the wind to pipe us both a tune.

"Hungry to-night shall 'Tonio go to bed!"
 Ah, well, to-morrow I shall work and eat
 And go to bed with aching hands and feet,
 And sleep as oxen sleep that plow all day;
 To-night I shall sleep hungry but dream sweet—
 I wish that I could always starve and play.



The inner side of every cloud is bright and shining.
 I therefore turn my clouds about
 And always wear them inside out
 To show the lining.

—Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler.

*The Speaker***His New Suit**

BY S. E. KISER.

I remember well the way
She looked up at me that day
When first I put on the gray,
And said good-bye, back there in '63.
She and I were sweethearts then,
And I hear her voice again
As she nestled up to me,
Saying in her gentle way:
"Ah, how brave you look in gray,
And how tall and handsome, too—
Gray's the color, dear, for you!"

There's a ragged suit of gray
She has long had laid away—
There are memories that cling around it, too;
But the years have come and gone,
And at present I have on
A suit of Uncle Sam's beloved blue.

When she saw me yesterday,
She wiped a tear away
For the memory of the gray,
That dear, old, ragged suit of '63.
And she sweetly spoke again—
Spoke more fervently than then,
As she nestled up to me,
Saying, in her gentle way:
"As, how brave you looked in gray!
But you're braver still in blue—
Blue's the color, dear, for you!"



No one thing does human life more need than a kind consideration of the faults of others. Everyone sins, everyone needs forbearance. Our own imperfections should teach us to be merciful.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

Irish Names

BY JOHN LUDLOW.

Names wid the musical lilt of a troll to thim,
 Names wid a rollickin' swing an' a roll to thim,
 Names wid a body, an' bones an' a soul to thim—
 Shure an' they're poethry, darlint asthore!
 Names wid the smell o' the praties an' wheat to thim,
 Names wid the odor o' dillisk an' peat to thim,
 Names wid a lump o' the turf hangin' sweet to thim—
 Where can yez bate thim, the whole wurruld o'er?

Brannigan, Flannigan, Milligan, Gilligan,
 Duffy, McDuffy, Mullarky, Malone,
 Rafferty, Lafferty, Connelly, Donnelly,
 Dooley, O'Hooey, Muldowny, Malone;
 Maddigan, Caddigan, Hallahan, Callahan,
 Fagan, O'Hagan, O'Houlihan, Flynn,
 Shanahan, Lanahan, Fogarty, Hogarty,
 Kelly, O'Skelly, McGinnis, McGinn,

Names wid a fine old Hibernian sheen to thim,
 Names wid the dewy shamrocks clingin' green to thim,
 Names wid a whiff of the honest potheen to thim—
 Shure, an' they're beautiful, darlint asthore!
 Names wid the taste o' the salt o' the earth to thim,
 Names wid the warmth o' the ancisthral hearth to thim,
 Names wid the blood o' the land o' their birth to thim—
 Where can yez bate them, the whole wurruld o'er?



God doth not need

Either man's work, or his own gifts: who best
 Bear his mild yoke, they serve Him best His state
 Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest.
 They also serve who only stand and wait —*John Milton,*
"Sonnet on his Blindness."

The Mourner

BY T. A. DALY.

Out o' bed of a mornin' was Mary McCroal
 Before ever a sunbeam had cut its first caper,
 An' had fetched from her doorstep her bit of a roll
 And her wee jar o' milk an' her mornin' newspaper
 Then, the while she was wettin' her kittle o' tay,
 She'd the paper forninst her ould specks as she read
 What she held "the importantest news o' the day"—
 An' that same was no more nor the list o' the dead.
 She could aisily wait fur the bit an' the sup,
 But the hunger fur news she could never control,
 Readin' wan colyume down an' the nixt colyume up,
 Till. "Here's wan at St Ann's," cried ould Mary
 McCroal,
 "May the Lord rest his soul!"

She'd make way wid her tay in two minyutes or less,
 An' she'd ready the table an' lay the cloth on it,
 An' she'd deck hersel' out in her dacint black dress
 An' her cashymere shawl an' her ould velvet bonnet.
 Then 'twas off at a trot to the church o' St Ann—
 To be there when the corpse an' the mourners came in
 Shure, what odds if she never had heard o' the man,
 Nor had knowledge at all of a wan of his kin?
 Faix, 'twas little, indeed, that the corpse needed care,
 An' no bar to his soul on the way to its goal,
 If no wan o' the mourners there bowin' in prayer
 Prayed as strong or as long as ould Mary McCroal:
 "May the Lord rest his soul!"

Ye might canvass the parish; not wan on the list—
 Not a wan—but would tell ye he couldn't remember
 Anny funeral mass that she ever had missed,
 Under roses o' June or in snows o' December
 An' there's some that'd smile, recollectin' the sight
 Of a red flannel petticoat, aye! an' a show
 Of a dacint clane stockin', ould-fashioned an' white,

Whiskin' over the graves in the dust or the snow
 There was some might have said, wid a shake o' the head,
 She was jist an ould crow. But ye'd find, on the
 whole,
 Not a wan o' thim all, when they buried their dead,
 But was glad o' the prayers of ould Mary McCroal.
 May the Lord rest her soul!

Aye! "the Lord rest *her soul*," Ah! the church was so
 bare

When she lay there th'-day, fur the mourners were
 few.

But, shure, why should she care that the only wans there
 Were the sexton, the priest, an' ould woman or two?
 An' what odds if the prayers at her passin' were brief
 As the ride to the grave, when those prayers had been
 said?

Fur, shure, death was a joy to this friend o' the dead.

Ah! 'tis well to believe that the prayers that she prayed
 Fur the many before her who shared of her dole,
 They have gathered together an' woven an' made
 As a ladder o' light fur ould Mary McCroal.
 May the Lord rest her soul!



Poe

From "The Man and the Rose"

BY ALANSON TUCKER SCHUMANN

He is the poet of the weird and drear:
 For things uncanny he awakes and calls;
 He sits with midnight in deserted halls,
 Amid the hush and imminence of fear;
 He walks where foul shapes hover hugely near,
 Where death's chill step his shuddering soul appalls;
 He sees in caves, round hollow waterfalls,
 Slim serpents their hot hissing crests uprear.

The Speaker

In visions vague, disconsolate, and grim,
 He roams lone lands where wailing winds blow shrill,
 And the gaunt ghost of desolation dwells,
 With ebon croak the Raven comes to him;
 Then, music-tranced, he hears the throb, the thrill,
 The revel and the rapture of the Bells.



My Little Boy

BY CECILE JOYCE.

O little boy, my little boy,
 Why do you stay so long?
 The night is here, with shadows drear,
 'Tis time for mother's song
 The cheering crowds have gone away,
 The streets are still and dead,
 Why do you stay so long at play,
 'Tis more than time for bed?

A great, great day this day has been,
 'Tis writ in blood and flame,
 And in the papers that they brought
 I read your precious name
 Your name, my boy—O little boy—
 What do you know of war?
 Could God have meant the brow I've kissed
 Should wear a battle scar?

O little boy—my little boy,
 They tell me you have grown,
 But, dear, 'twas only yesterday
 You could not stand alone
 How could those tender, clinging hands
 A heavy rifle bear?
 You were too tired to march, I know,
 And so they left you there.

O little boy—my little boy,
You've rested all the day;
Wake up—the game is played and won,
'Tis time you came away
The country has a million arms
To claim the nation's due,
A million hearts to bleed and break,
But I have only you.

Wake up—wake up!—the hour is late,
You should not tarry there;
The night is dark on San Juan hill,
Too dark for hope or prayer
Wake up!—my arms are opened wide
To welcome you with joy,
And still you sleep—and sleep—and sleep,
O little, little boy!



The Christmas Fire

In Woman's Home Companion

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

The tree grew green in the forest,
Grew green in the sun and the dew,
His branches reached for the shadows,
He feathered his tops in the blue,
And happy the air about him
Wherever his balsams flew!

Drenched with the rains of the summer,
Fine from his stems spun the showers,
Soft dropped the snow on his mantle,
Dream-work of silver and flowers,
And over him white light trailing
The stars swam through darkling hours.

The Speaker

Groping where great rock-pillars
Stand shouldering rank on rank,
His roots at the cold sweet sources
The ancient juices drank,
And he swept with the earth companion
As the vast skies rose and sank.

His boughs brushed low on your forehead,
As a passing wing might brush
When night-winds made shrill music
In the heavens; and hush, oh, hush!
For deep in his deepest covert
He hid the hermit thrush.

Low have they laid the giant,
And they hale him home with mirth,
And they fan the fires that twinkle,
And sing round his mossy girth,
And make with a mighty magic
The life of the Christmas hearth.

For his flames give the spicy fragrance
Of the summer atmosphere,
While the breath of the woody hollows,
The luster and light of the year,
The blossom, the bird-song, the breezes,
He sheds through the Christmas cheer.

And the message of peace and blessing
In the great fire's glow they mark,
With the lad from the war, and the sailor
Home from his tossing bark,
Ere the Christmas bells come chiming
Like the touch of the frost on the dark.

And widely on pane and ceiling
Sparkles a fiery foam;
And the children dance with their shadows
Like the forest sprite with the gnome,
While the great log roars and blazes,
The heart of the joy of home

And the cheek that has long been withered
 With an old rose blooms once more,
 As memories glow like the embers
 Whose flashes sink and soar
 With the Christmas fire's warm glory
 Where the log burns red at the core.



Grandpa and the Foghorn

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT.

Is a fog-horn on th' shore
 Where we live, an' it just make
 Sometimes such a nawful roar
 Till your ears inside they ache
 But it only roars just when
 They's a fog—'cause ships they might
 Try to sail right in, an' then
 They be wrecked all up some night!

Grampa come to visit us,
 An' las' night th' fog-horn start
 Settin' up a nawful fuss—
 Roarin' awful close apart
 Course we go right on an' sleep,
 'Cause we're used to it, you know,
 An' don't hear it while it keep
 "Waw-in'" an' a "Waw-in'" so.

But poor grampa he ain't been
 Visitin' us since we come
 To this house an' moved 'way in
 From th' house we moved out from.
 So he just don't sleep at all
 An' he let his boiled egg fall
 Purt' near right into his lap.

The Speaker

An' he ast us if some one
 Ain't got cows some place that's near,
 An' pa say he guess there's none—
 If there is, w'y he ain't hear.
 Grampa say, "I heard a cow
 Beller all night fer her calf
 My, but she kicked up a row!" —
 An' my goodness! How we laugh!



Vot to Call Him

BY GEORGE V HOBART.

Der leedle boy vot yust arrived
 Aboud some veeks ago,
 His voice vas learning for to make
 Dot noise vich is a crow.
 Und also somedimes ven I vent
 Und sboke mit him a vile
 He tvists his leedle face aount
 Und makes vot is a smile!—
 I vonder vot to call him?

Some say Thomas,
 Some say Tim,
 Some say Stephen,
 Some say Jim;
 Some say Diederich,
 Some say Matt;
 Some say Daniel,
 Some say Pat;
 Some say Goethe,
 Some say Choe;
 Vot to call him
 I doan'd know

I ask dot leedle boy himself
 Vot name he dinks vill do,
 Und den he makes a funny vink
 Und says py me, "Ah, Goo!"

Ah Goo! dot is a Chinese name!
I guess vot he doan'd like
To be called dot ven he grows ub,
Much better id vas Mike!
I vonder vot I call him?

Some say Heinrich,
Some say Net,
Some say Villum,
Some say Fret;
Some say Eddie,
Some say Bill;
Some say Teddy,
I doan'd tink I vill
Some say Chasper,
Some say Snitz;
So I dink I
Call him Fritz



The Vagabond

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Give to me the life I love;
Let the lave go by me,
Give the jolly heaven above
And the highway nigh me.
Bed in the bush with stars to see,
Bread I dip in the river,
There's the life for a man like me!
There's the life forever!
Let the blow fall soon or late,
Let what will be o'er me
Give the face of earth around
And the road before me.
Wealth I ask not, hope nor love,
Nor a friend to know me,
All I ask, the heaven above
And the road below me

Pat Magee's Wife

BY LENA BARRINGTON

In "Longman's Magazine"

Livin' wid Pat Magee,
 In a cabin forment the bay,
 Sea in front an' bog behin',
 Stretchin' for miles away.
 An' often he comes an' says
 "Honey," he says, says he,
 "Do ye ever repent the day that ye went
 An' married wid Pat Magee?"

There's a bit av a childie now,
 Playin' around the floor,
 Runnin' about wid a laugh an' a shout,
 In an out av the door,
 Mick wid his father's eyes—
 Bits av the sky for blue,
 An' aich hair av his head like a golden thread,
 An' the voice av his father, too
 An' often he comes an' says:
 "Honey," he says, says he,
 "Do ye ever repent the day that ye went
 An' married wid Pat Magee?"

Times when the evenin' falls,
 An' the work av the day is done,
 An' the boy's in bed an' supper spread,
 I sit in the settin' sun,
 An' think av me girlhood's days,
 An' the love that came me way,
 An' the price, the price that a woman pays
 An' is well content to pay
 An' I laugh when he comes an' says:
 "Honey," he says, says he,
 "Do ye ever repent the day that ye went
 An' married wid Pat Magee?"

Never be tellin' a man
All that he'd like to know,
Give him half av the whole that he wants
An' he'll love ye the better so,
But times I misdoubt he knows,
Nearly as well as me,
That I'll never repent the day that I went
An' married wid Pat Magee.



Pat Magee

BY LENA BARRINGTON.

Walkin' wid Pat Magee
Down by the Tullah bog,
"Mind where ye're settin' yer stheps," says he,
"Lest yez put yer foot on a frog
Frogs is the divil," says he.
"I'm thinkin'," he says, says he,
"Av I carried yez over to yondher wall
The sorry a frog we'd see"

Sittin' wid Pat Magee
Atop of a loose-built wall,
"It's unaisy I am in me mind," says he,
"Dhreadin' the stones might fall.
Stones is the divil to slip.
I'm thinkin'," he says, says he,
"Av I gave yer waist a bit of a clip,
The sorry a fear there'd be"

Talkin' wid Pat Magee,
Wid the arm av him round me waist,
An' the red sun sinkin' "Arrah," says he,
"Will yez let me speak to the praste?
Delays is the divil's delight.
An' I'm thinkin'," he says, says he,
"Av the two av us settled this matter to-night,
'Tis married next week we'd be"

The Crowning Indignity

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT.

Just 'cause my brother Alfred, he
 Is two years olderer 'an me,
 W'y, ever'thing he gets 'at's new
 They give to me when he gets through.
 I try my best to not to grow
 An' catch up with his old things so,
 But when he gets too big for clo'es,
 W'y, I'm growed just exackly so's
 They'll do for *me*—an' then I've got
 To keep on wearin' 'em a lot!

My brother Alfred's pants just wait
 An' 'never get tored on th' gate
 Or ripped on nails, or wore out none
 Until my catchin' up is done
 When he gets *new* ones, my ma, she
 Says his *old* pants will do for me
 An' Alfred grins, an' looks so glad
 It always makes me awful mad!
 An' 'at's th' way it always goes—
 I even get his *underclo'es*!

An' all th' boys at school they grin
 At me when I come walkin' in,
 An' whisper when they get th' chance,
 "W'y, how-de-do to Alfred's pants!"
 An' let on like 'at's all they see
 An' like they never heard o' me
 W'y, when I'm little, Alfred's crib
 Was give' to me, an' Alfred's bib,
 An' Alfred's hobby-horse, an' swing,
 An' caster oil, an' ever'thing!

But now it's worse 'an ever! I'm
 Just mad clean through an' through this time.
 It's got to more 'an I can stand—
 This gettin' his things secon'-hand!
 An' I told ma 'at I think it
 Is pretty near th' time to quit.

My brother Alfred, he's been sick
With *measles*—he was speckled thick,
But now he's through with them, you see,
He's gone an' give 'em all to *me*!



The Song of Peace

BY JOAQUIN MILLER

The grass is green on Bunker Hill,
The waters sweet in Brandywine;
The sword sleeps in the scabbard still,
The farmer keeps his flock and vine;
Then who would mar the scene to-day
With vaunt of battlefield or fray?

The brave corn lifts in regiments
Ten thousand sabers in the sun;
The ricks replace the battle tents,
The bannered tassels toss and run.
The neighing steed, the bugle's blast,
These be but stories of the past.

The earth has healed her wounded breast,
The cannons plough the field no more,
The heroes rest! Oh, let them rest
In peace along the peaceful shore!
They fought for peace, for peace they fell;
They sleep in peace, and all is well

The fields forget the battles fought,
The trenches wave in golden grain;
Shall we neglect the lessons taught,
And tear the wounds agape again?
Sweet Mother Nature, nurse the land,
And heal her wounds, with gentle hand.

The Speaker

Lo! peace on earth. Lo! flock and fold.
 Lo! rich abundance, fat increase,
 And valleys clad in sheen of gold!
 Oh, rise and sing a song of peace!
 For Theseus roams the land no more,
 And Janus rests with rusted door.



Fulton*

BY JULIA WARD HOWE.

'A river flashing like a gem,
 Crowned with a mountain diadem,
 Invites an unaccustomed guest
 To launch his shallop on her crest—
 A pilgrim whose exploring mind
 Must leave his tardy pace behind:
 "My bark creeps slow, the world is vast;
 How shall its pace be overpassed?"

Responsive to his cry appears
 A visionary, young in years,
 Commissioned with prophetic brain
 The mystic problem to explain
 "Where fire and water closest blend,
 There find a servant and a friend"

Yet many a moon must wax and wane,
 With sleepless nights and days of pain,
 Pleading a monarch's Court before,
 Shrewd processes and study sore,
 Ere on the silver tide shall float,
 Swifter than thought, young Fulton's boat.

And not alone for Hudson's stream
 Avails the magic power of steam.

*Read by Mrs Howe at a dinner given during the Hudson-Fulton Celebration in New York

Blessings of unimagined worth
 Its speed shall carry 'round the earth;
 Knowledge shall on its pinions fly,
 Nor land nor race in darkness lie,
 Commerce her hoards shall freely bring
 To many an urgent summoning,
 And Want and Wealth, in sundered lands,
 Shall closely clasp redeeming hands,
 While master minds new gospels span,
 The holy brotherhood of man

Rest, Fulton, in thine honored grave,
 Remembered with the wise and brave;
 Thy message visits every sea,
 Herald of benefits to be
 So nearly may our world relate
 The mighty movements of her fate,
 So Doom and Dangers wide apart
 Appeal to every human heart

And, as one sun doth compass all
 That shall arise or may befall,
 One fiat on creation's night
 Bestowed the blessed boon of light,
 So shall all life one promise fill
 For Freedom, Justice, and Good-will.



Dot Long-handled Dipper

BY CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS.

Der boet may sing off "Der Oldt Oaken Bookit,"
 Und in schveetest langvitch its virtues may tell,
 Und how, vhen a poy, he mit eggdsasy dook it,
 Vhen dripping mit coolness it rose vrom der vell
 I don't take some schtock in dot manner off trinking!
 It vas too mooch like horses und cattle, I dink.
 Dhere vas more sadisfactions, in my vay off dinking,
 Mit dot long-handled dipper, dot hangs py der sink.

The Speaker

"How schveet vrom der green, mossy brim to receive :
 Dot vould soundt pooty goot—eef it only vas true —
 Der vater schbills ofer, you petter pelieve it!
 Und runs down your schleeve, und schlops indo your
 shoe
 Dhen down on your nose comes dot oldt iron handle,
 Und makes your eyes vater so gwick as a vink;
 I dells you dot bookit it don't hold a candle
 To dot long-handled dipper, dot hangs py der sink.

How nice it musd been in der rough vinter veddher,
 Vhen it settles righdt down to a coldt, freezing rain,
 To haf dot rope coom oup so light as a feddher,
 Und findt dot der bookit vas broke off der chain,
 Dhen down in der vell mit a pole you go fishing,
 Vhile indo your back cooms an oldt-fashioned kink;
 I pet you mine life all der time you vas vishing
 For dot long-handled dipper, dot hangs py der sink.

How handy it vas schust to turn on der faucet,
 Vhere der vater flows down vrom der schpring on
 der hill!
 I schust vas der schap dot vill always indorse it
 Oxspecially nighdts vhen der veddher vas chill
 Vhen Pfeiffer's oldt vell mit der schnow was all cofered,
 Und he vades droo der schnow-drifts to get him a
 trink,
 I schlips vrom der hearth, vhere der schiltren vas
 hofered,
 To dot long-handled dipper, dot hangs py der sink

Dhen gife oup der bookits und pails to der horses;
 Off mikrobos und tadpoles schust gife dhem dheir fill!
 Gife me dot pure vater dot all der time courses
 Droo dhose pipes dot run down vrom der schpring on
 der hill
 Und eef der goot dings off dis vorld I gets rich in,
 Und frendts all aroundt me dheir glasses schall clink,
 I schtill vill rememper dot oldt coundtry kitchen,
 Und dot long-handled dipper, dot hangs py der sink.

Der Oak Und der Vine

BY CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS.

I don'd vas preaching voman's righdts,
 Or anything like dot,
 Und I likes to see all beoples
 Shust gondented mit dheir lot;
 Budt I wants to gondradict dot shap
 Dot make dis leedle shoke,
 "A voman vas der glinging vine,
 Und man, der shturdy oak "

Berhaps, somedimes, dot may be drue;
 Budt, den dimes oudt off nine,
 I find me oudt dot man himself
 Vas peen der glinging vine;
 Und ven hees friendts dhey all vas gone,
 Und he vas shust "tead proke,"
 Dot's ven der voman shteps righdt in,
 Und peen der shturdy oak.

Shust go oup to der paseball groundts
 Und see dhose "shturdy oaks"
 All planted roundt ubon der seats—
 Shust hear dheir laughs and shokes!
 Dhen see dhose vomens at der tubs,
 Mit glothes oudt on der lines,
 Vhich vas der shturdy oaks, mine friendts,
 Und vhich der glinging vines?

When Sickness in der householdt comes,
 Und veeks and veeks he shtays,
 Who vas it fighdts him mitoudt resdt,
 Dhose veary nighdts and days?
 Who beace und gomfort alvays prings,
 Und cools dot fefered prow?
 More like id vas der tender vine
 Dot oak he glings to, now

"Man wants budt leedle here below,"
 Der boet von time said,
 Dhers's leedle dot man he *don'd* vant,
 I dink id means, inshted;

The Speaker

Und ven der years keep rolling on,
 Dheir cares und droubles pringing,
 He vants to pe der shturdy oak,
 Und, also, do der glinging.

Maype, vhen oaks dhey gling some more,
 Und don't so shturdy peen,
 Der glinging vines dhey haf some shance
 To helb run Life's masheen.
 In helt und sickness, shoy und pain,
 In calm or shtormy veddher,
 'Twas beddher dot dhose oaks und vines
 Should always gling togeddher.



One Li'l' Lamb

BY MARTHA YOUNG

I'm a little sheep mos' too black to see,
 So de hire-man-shepperd can't never find me
 When I'm wrop around wid de dark er de night,
 And de odder sheep shine in de dusk so white—
 So he gadder dem all safe inter de fol',
 And leave me a-trimblein' out in de col'.
Coo-ee!
 Sheep-ee!

Folks say dar's one black sheep in every flock,
 But dat hire-man-shepperd don't hear me knock;
 Hit seem lak he'd ruther his sheep be all white
 When he shut 'em all up safe and sound at night—
 He count dat he got in de half and de whole,
 When he shut-to de door of de warm sheep-fol'.
Coo-ee!
 Sheep-ee!

But de Master come singin' a-down dat way
 To see ef His sheep airy one gone astray;

And He say, "I wants nairy one los', you know."
 But de hire-man-shepperd he don't sesso—
 He pull his forelock and he speak out right bol':
 "Yas, sah, Massa, de good uns is all in de fol',"
 Coo-ee!
 Sheep-ee!
 Des a little black sheep am me!

Den de Master look all around, and he say,
 "I'm missin' of *one*"—He speak des dat-a-way.
 Den out on de mountain all col' and so dark,
 He go callin' dis-a-way: "Sheep—oo— Ah, hark!"
 He finds and he ketches me wid a firm hol',
 And dar's sholy one little Black Lamb in de fol'!
 Coo-ee!
 Sheep-ee!
 And Mammy's little Black Lamb am he!



Dot Baby of Mine

BY CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS.

Mine cracious! Mine cracious! shust look here and see
 A Deutscher so habby as habby can pe.
 Der beoples all dink dat no prains I haf got,
 Vas grazy mit trinking, or someding like dot;
 Id vasn't pecause I trinks lager and vine,
 Id vas all on aggount of dot baby off mine.

Dot schmall leedle vellow I dells you vas qveer;
 Not mooch pigger 'round as a goot glass off beer,
 Mit a barefooted hed, and nose but a schepeck,
 A mout dot goes most to der pack of his neck,
 Und his leedle pink toes mid der rest all combine
 To gife sooch a charm to dot baby off mine.

I dells you dot baby vas von off der poys,
 Und beats little Yawcob for making a noise;
 He shust had pegun to shbeak goot English, too,
 Says, "Mamma," und "Bapa," und sometimes, "Ah-goo!"
 You don't find a baby den dimes oudt off nine
 Dot vas qvite so schmart as dot baby off mine

The Speaker

He graws der vloer over, and drows dings aboutt,
 Und puts efryding he can find in his mout,
 He tumbles der sthairs down, und falls vrom his chair,
 Und gifes mine Katrina von derrible shcare.
 Mine hair stands like shquills on a mat borcupine
 Ven I dink of dose pranks off dot baby off mine

Der vas someding, you pet, I don't likes pooty vell;
 To hear in der nighdt-dimes dot young Deutscher yell,
 Und dravel der ped-room midout many clo'es,
 Vhile der chills down der shpine off mine pack quickly
 goes

Dose leedle shumnasdic dricks vasn't so fine
 Dot I cuts oop at nighdt mit dot baby off mine

Vell, dese leedle schafers vos goin' to pe men,
 Und all off dese droubles vill peen ofer den;
 Dey vill veear a vhte shirt-vront inshted of a bib,
 Und wouldn't got tucked oop at nighdt in deir crib
 Vell' vell' ven I'm feeple und in life's decline,
 May mine oldt age pe cheered by dot baby off mine



Fate

BY SUSAN MARR SPALDING

Two shall be born, the whole wide world apart,
 And speak in different tongues and have no thought
 Each of the other's being, and no heed
 And these, o'er unknown seas to unknown lands
 Shall cross, escaping wreck, defying death;
 And all unconsciously shape every act
 And bend each wandering step to this one end—
 That, one day, out of darkness they shall meet
 And read life's meaning in each other's eyes

And two shall walk some narrow way of life
 So nearly side by side, that should one turn
 Ever so little space to left or right,
 They needs must stand acknowledged, face to face,

And, yet, with wistful eyes that never meet,
And groping hands that never clasp, and lips
Calling in vain to ears that never hear,
They seek each other all their weary days
And die unsatisfied—and this is Fate!



A Dream of Past Christmases

BY F. A. SECORDIN

Last night I sat by the old fireplace,
And I saw in the embers' glow
A toddling form and a laughing face
That I knew in the long ago,
I thought I heard at the side of my chair
A voice that I used to hear,
Repeating the words of an evening prayer
Timidly, low and clear.
And I thought I heard the good-night word
From the toddling form in white,
I knew that I dreamed, but, oh, it seemed
So real in the flickering light

I thought I saw in the corner dim
Last night, as I used to see,
A tiny sock that was hung by him
On Christmas eve with glee,
That the children's saint might see it there
And know that a little boy
Had gone to bed with an earnest prayer
For the morrow's Christmas joy.
But I heard no beat of pattering feet,
As I did in bygone years;
I knew I but dreamed, and oh, it seemed
That my heart would drown in tears

The Man Who Fought With the Tenth

BY EDITH M. THOMAS.

In the quick-coming dusk of the tropical night,
What was it that barred the way?
The colonel, walking the lines of the Tenth,
Stooped down where a soldier lay.

Dead he lay; but he guarded still
A paper in his right hand.
And the colonel said. "This soldier fought
To-day under my command.

"This is the man whose voice I heard
In the thick of the battle to-day:
'I've lost my regiment, sir—the Ninth,
I'll fight with the Tenth, if I may!'

"Men were falling to right and left,
The bullets around us flew;
I looked at him sharply, he simply said,
'My duty I'd like to do.'

"'Be it so,' I answered, 'serve with the Tenth'—
And he disappeared from sight.
They say he fought with a gallant will;
I saw him no more till to-night.

"One hour ago before me he stood,
His voice was steady and low;
'I'll find my regiment, now,' he said,
'If you'll give me leave to go

"'But lest my captain should think I shirked,
Will you write him a line to say
I fought with the Tenth, under your command,
And have done my duty to-day?'

"Quickly I wrote (this paper would show
He had done his soldierly part);
But little I thought to find him here,
With a stray shot in his heart!

"He served with us, with our dead let him rest,
And give him a comrade's place"
The man who had fought with the Tenth seemed
to smile,
As he lay with his upturned face.

They slipped the paper he never would need
Into his hand again,
And the colonel passed slowly along the lines
To cheer his drooping men.



The Waifs

BY J. W. FOLEY.

The motherless girl had her arms full of toys
That she hugged with delight all so new,
And the fatherless, brotherless, sisterless boys
Went wondering, tiptoeing through
The piles of tin treasures that circled the tree
With whispers of glee and surprise,
And the little lame boy, he came wheeling to me
With a wonderful look in his eyes

The sad little boy had a drum in his lap,
And a joy, oh, so new, in his heart;
The tired little boy was just taking a nap
With his dimpled cheeks stained from a tart
The glad little boy went a-marching to war
With a musket and sword of great size,
And the lame little boy, he wheeled over the floor
With that wonderful look in his eyes.

"I can go with them now when they go out to play,"
As he wheeled himself up in his chair,
"So I won't have to sit like I used to all day,
And hear them and wish I was there"
Then he rolled away with a heart full of glee

The Speaker

And mingled his shouts with their cries,
And wheeled himself once, twice, and thrice 'round the
tree

With that wonderful look in his eyes

And the pale little girl, with her orphanage new,
And the hale little boy, whose was old,
Went hand-in-hand, whispering, wondering through,
To see what each packet might hold,
And my throat held a lump and my heart held a prayer
That some Heaven might hold its chief prize
For the soul who had thought of the little wheeled chair
That brought such a look to those eyes!



Solomon and the Bees

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

When Solomon was reigning in his glory,
Unto his throne the queen of Sheba came—
So in the Talmud you may read the story—
Drawn by the magic of the monarch's fame,
To see the splendors of his court, and bring
Some fitting tribute to the mighty king

Nor this alone: much had her highness heard
What flowers of learning graced the royal speech;
What germs of wisdom dropped with every word;
What wholesome lessons he was wont to teach
In pleasing proverbs; and she wished, in sooth,
To know if Rumor spoke the simple truth.

Besides, the queen had heard (which piqued her most),
'How through the deepest riddles he could spy;
How all the curious arts that women boast
Were quite transparent to his piercing eye;
And so the queen had come—a royal guest—
To put the sage's cunning to the test.

And straight she held before the monarch's view,
 In either hand, a radiant wreath of flowers;
 The one bedecked with every charming hue,
 Was newly culled from nature's choicest bowers;
 The other, no less fair in every part,
 Was the rare product of divinest art

Which is the true, and which the false?" she said.
 Great Solomon was silent All amazed,
 Each wondering courtier shook his puzzled head,
 While at the garlands long the monarch gazed.
 As one who sees a miracle, and fain
 For very rapture, ne'er would speak again.

"Which is the true?" once more the woman asked,
 Pleased at the fond amazement of the king;
 "So wise a head should not be hardly tasked,
 Most learned liege, with such a trivial thing!"
 But still the sage was silent; it was plain
 A deepening doubt perplexed the royal brain

While thus he pondered, presently he sees,
 Hard by the casement—so the story goes—
 A little band of busy, bustling bees,
 Hunting for honey in a withered rose.
 The monarch smiled, and raised his royal head:
 "Open the window!"—that was all he said.

The window opened at the king's command;
 Within the room the eager insects flew,
 And sought the flowers in Sheba's dexter hand!
 And so the king and all the courtiers knew
 That wreath was nature's; and the baffled queen
 Returned to tell the wonders she had seen.

My story teaches (every tale should bear
 A fitting moral), that the wise may find
 In trifles light as atoms of the air
 Some useful lesson to enrich the mind—
 Some truth designed to profit or to please—
 As Israel's king learned wisdom from the bees.

Daisies ✓

BY FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

At evening when I go to bed
 I see the stars shine overhead;
 They are the little daisies white,
 That dot the meadows of the night,
 And often when I'm dreaming so
 Across the sky the moon will go.
 It is a lady, sweet and fair,
 Who comes to gather daisies there,
 For when at morning I arise,
 There's not a star left in the skies,
 She's picked them all, and dropped them down
 Into the meadows of the town



Inishail

From "A Little Garland of Celtic Verse."

ANONYMOUS.

I will go, and leave the streetways,
 And the world's wild, dinsome places,
 With the hurrying, weary footways,
 And the folks of frenzied faces;
 I will go through darkened spaces,
 Morning glad, or starlight pale,
 Through the rivers and the passes,
 Till I find, among the grasses,
 Long, sweet sleep among the grasses
 Of the graves of Inishail

Ah, ye daunt me, with your wonder,
 And your toils about you lying,
 O ye cities, with your thunder,
 And I weary, ever sighing,

For the whisper of the west,
And your children in you, dying,
Where the glow and glamour meeting,
And the waves on long shores beating,
Are but echoes of the beating
Of the life's blood in my breast.

I will plait a roof of rushes
For the low place of my sleeping,
Where the wistful water splashes,
Crooning, croodling, laughing, weeping,
And the winds from Cruachan sweeping,
Join their gladness and their wail;
Till the angels' glory blinds me,
And the long sleep comes and finds me,
In the tangled grasses finds me,
By the graves in Inishail.



No Lack of Practice

A widower who was married recently for the third time, and whose bride had been married once before herself, wrote across the bottom of the wedding invitations: "Be sure to come; this is no amateur performance."



The Freshman Surprised

The college president was entertaining a freshman at dinner, when the conversation turned upon football. To the student's surprise, the president displayed a thorough familiarity with the game, and proceeded to discuss it as earnestly as though it had been Greek or mathematics. Indeed, his treatment of the topic brought out so many points that the freshman had overlooked that the youth was moved to remark to his hostess:

"Well, this talk with President Blank has showed me how true it is that we never meet anyone from whom we can't learn something."

Fanny Squeers' Tea-party*

Arranged by Theodora Ursula Irvine

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

SCENE I

A TEA-ROOM IN THE SQUEERS HOME.

FANNY SQUEERS. *With a squint*
 MATILDA PRICE. *Bosom friend of Fanny*
 NICHOLAS NICKLEBY. *Tutor, trying to escape Fanny*
 JOHN BROWDIE *Betrothed of Matilda*
(Enter Matilda Price and Fanny Squeers)

Fanny—Where's John, 'Tilda?

Matilda—Only gone home to clean himself. He will be here by the time the tea's drawn.

Fanny—I do so palpitate.

Matilda—Oh, I know what it is

Fanny—I have not been used to it, you know, 'Tilda.

Matilda—You'll soon get the better of it, dear.

Fanny (*setting tea things on table*)—There he is! Oh, 'Tilda!

Matilda—Hush. Hum! Say, come in.

Fanny (*famly*)—Come in

(Enter Nicholas Nickleby)

Nicholas—Good evening I understand from Mr Squeers that—

Fanny—Oh, yes, it's all right Father don't tea with us, but you won't mind that, I dare say (*archly*). Oh, pardon me (*giggling*) Miss Price, Mr Nicholas Nickleby

Nicholas (*bowing low*)—Pleased, I'm sure

Fanny (*peering into tea-pot*)—We are only waiting for one more gentleman

(Nicholas walks to window and sighs)

Matilda—What a sigh! You seem in rather low spirits, Mr Nickleby, but if it's caused by my being here don't mind me a bit, for I'm quite as bad. You may go on just as you would if you were alone.

* Scene from "Nicholas Nickleby," by Charles Dickens.

Fanny (blushing)—'Tilda, I am ashamed of you! *(The two friends burst into giggles, and glance at Nicholas who is first astomshed, then amused, and laughs heartily)*

Nicholas (aside)—Well, as I am here, and seem expected, for some reason or other, to be amiable, it's of no use looking like a goose. I may as well accommodate myself to the company. *(Business of offering ladies chairs at table with great gallantry Seats himself, much at home.)*

(Small talk of table)
(Enter John Browdie)

Matilda—Well, John?—

John—Weel

Fanny—I beg your pardon—Mr. Nickleby, Mr. John Browdie

John—Servant, sir

Nicholas (eating bread and butter hungrily)—Yours to command, sir

John (after several grins, with mouth full)—Old wooman awa', bean't she?

(Nicholas and Browdie both eat eagerly)

John (after staring at Nicholas a long time)—Ye wean't get bread and butther ev'ry neight, I expect, mun
(Nicholas affects not to hear)

John—Ecod! they dean't put too much intiv 'em Ye'll be most bot skeen and boans if you stop here long eneaf. Ho! ho! ho!

Nicholas—You are facetious, sir

John—Na, I dean't know, but t'other teacher, 'cod he wur a lean 'un, he wur. *(Laughs immoderately, wipes eyes on coat cuffs)*

Nicholas (in a towering rage)—I don't know whether your perceptions are quite keen enough, Mr. Browdie, to enable you to understand that your remarks are offensive, but if they are, have the goodness to—

Matilda (stopping John's mouth)—If you say another word, John, only half a word, I'll never forgive you, or speak to you again

John (kissing her)—Well, my lass, I dean't care about 'im; let 'im gang on, let 'im gang on

Fanny (affecting alarm and horror)—O please, Mr. Nickleby, don't quarrel with him Dear Mr. Nickleby, for my sake.

The Speaker

(The men shake hands gravely across the table. Miss Squeers is overcome and sheds tears.)

Matilda—What's the matter, Fanny?

Fanny *(sobbing)*—Nothing 'Tilda

Matilda—There never was any danger, was there, Mr. Nickleby?

Nicholas—None at all. Absurd

Matilda *(whispering to Nicholas)*—That's right, say something kind to her, and she'll soon come around Here! Shall John and I go into the little kitchen and come back presently?

Nicholas *(alarmed)*—Not on any account. What on earth should you do that for?

Matilda *(beckoning him aside, and speaking contemptuously)*—Well, you are a one to keep company.

Nicholas—What do you mean? I am not a one to keep company at all—*here* at all events. I can't make this out.

Matilda—No, nor I neither, but men are always fickle, and always were, and always will be; that I can make out very easily.

Nicholas—Fickle! What do you suppose? You don't mean to say that you think—

Matilda *(peevishly)*—Oh, no, I think nothing at all. Look at her, dressed so beautiful and looking so well—really, almost handsome. I am ashamed of you.

Nicholas—My dear girl, what have I got to do with her dressing beautifully or looking well?

Matilda—Come, don't call me a dear girl, or Fanny will be saying it's my fault *(Aloud)* Come, we're going to have a game of speculation *(Going over to John)*

Fanny *(looking shyly at Nicholas)*—There are only four of us, so we had better go partners, two against two.

Matilda—What do you say, Mr. Nickleby?

Nicholas—With all the pleasure in life

Fanny *(hysterically)*—Mr. Browdie, shall we make a bank against them?

John *(apparently overwhelmed by Nicholas' impudence)*—I will

(All sit)

Nicholas *(playing)*—We intend to win everything

Fanny *(maliciously)*—'Tilda has won something she didn't expect, I think, haven't you, dear?

Matilda—Only a few points, love

Fanny (sneering)—How dull you are to-night.

Matilda—No, indeed, I am in excellent spirits I was thinking you seemed out of sorts

Fanny (biting her lips)—Me! Oh, no!

Matilda—That's well. Your hair's coming out of curl, dear

Fanny (tittering)—Never mind me, you had better attend to your partner.

Nicholas—Thank you for reminding her. So she had.

Matilda (coquettishly)—I never had such luck, really It's all along of you, Mr. Nickleby, I think I should like to have you for a partner always.

Nicholas—I wish you had.

Matilda—You'll have a bad wife, though, if you always win at games

Nicholas—Not if your wish is gratified. I am sure I shall have a good one in that case.

(*Long pause*)

Nicholas—We have all the talking to ourselves, it seems.

Fanny—You do it so well that it would be a pity to interrupt, wouldn't it, Mr. Browdie? He! he! he!

Nicholas—Nay, we do it in default of having anybody else to talk to

Matilda—We'll talk to you, you know, if you'll say anything

Fanny (majestically)—Thank you, 'Tilda, dear.

Matilda—Or you can talk to each other if you don't choose to talk to us John, why don't you say something?

John—Say summat?

Matilda—Ay, and not sit there so silent and glum

John (striking the table heavily with his fist)—Well, then! What I say 's this: Dang my boans and boddy if I stan' this ony longer Do yo gang whoam wi' me, and do yon lought an' toight young whipster, look sharp out for a broken head, next time he cums under my hond—

Matilda (in affected astonishment)—Mercy on us, what's all this?

John (sternly)—Cum whoam, tell 'e, cum whoam.

(*Fanny Squeers bursts into shower of tears*)

Matilda—Why, here's Fanny in tears now. What can be the matter?

Fanny (making a face)—Oh, you don't know, miss, of course you don't know. Pray don't trouble yourself to inquire.

Matilda—Well, I'm sure

Fanny (making another face)—And who cares whether you are sure or not, ma'am?

Matilda—You are monstrous polite, ma'am.

Fanny—I shall not come to you to take lessons in the art, ma'am.

Matilda—You needn't take the trouble to make yourself plainer than you are, ma'am, however, because that's quite unnecessary.

Fanny—I thank the Lord that I haven't the bold face of some people.

Matilda—I am glad that I have not the envious feelings of other people that I know

Fanny—It is never safe to associate with low persons

Matilda—I agree with you perfectly It is true indeed I have thought so for a long time.

Fanny (with dignity)—Tilda, I hate you

Matilda (tying bonnet strings with a jerk)—Ah. There's no love lost between us, I assure you You'll cry your eyes out when I'm gone; you know you will

Fanny—I scorn your words, minx.

Matilda (bowing very low)—You pay me a great compliment when you say so Wish you a very good-night, ma'am, and pleasant dreams attend your sleep

(Exit Matilda and John, scowling back at Nicholas. Fanny bursts into most copious tears. Nicholas stands doubtfully)

Nicholas—This is one consequence of my cursed readiness to adapt myself to the society into which chance carries me If I had sat mute and motionless, as I might have done, this would not have happened. *(Exit)*

(Miss Squeers, looking up from her handkerchief, discovers that he has gone Tosses her head and flirts out opposite door.)

SCENE II.

Characters—Fanny Squeers, Matilda Price, Nicholas Nickleby.

SCENE—Parlor in Squeers' house. TIME—The following night

Discovered Fanny Squeers seated

(*Enter Matilda Price*)

Matilda—Well, Fanny, you see I have come to see you, although we *had* some words last night

Fanny—I pity your bad passions, 'Tilda, but I bear no malice I am above it

Matilda—Don't be cross, Fanny. I have come to tell you something that I know will please you

Fanny—What may that be, 'Tilda?

Matilda—This After we left here last night, John and I had a dreadful quarrel

Fanny (*smiling*)—That doesn't please me.

Matilda—Lor! I wouldn't think so bad of you as to suppose it did. That's not it

Fanny (*relapsing into melancholy*)—Oh, go on

Matilda—After a great deal of wrangling and saying we would never see each other any more, we made it up, and this morning John went and wrote our names down to be put up, for the first time, next Sunday, so we shall be married in three weeks, and I give you notice to get your frock made.

Fanny—I'll get the frock in plenty of time, 'Tilda, and I hope you'll be happy, though at the same time I don't know I would not have you build too much upon it, for men are strange creatures Yes, indeed! A great many married women are very miserable, and wish themselves single again with all their hearts

Matilda—But come now, Fanny. I want to have a word or two with you about young Mr Nickleby

Fanny (*with hysterical symptoms*)—He is nothing to me I despise him too much!

Matilda—Oh, you don't mean that, I am sure Confess, Fanny, don't you like him, now? (*Miss Squeers falls into paroxysm of spiteful tears*)

Fanny—Oh! I am the most wretched, neglected, miserable person in the world! I hate everybody, and I wish that everybody was dead—that I do

Matilda—Dear, dear, you are not serious, I am sure.

Fanny (*tying knots in her handkerchief and clenching her teeth*)—And I wish I was dead, too There!

Matilda—Oh! You'll think very differently in another five minutes. How much better to take him into favor

again, than to hurt yourself by going on in that way. Wouldn't it be much nicer, now, to have him all to yourself on good terms, in a company-keeping, love-making, pleasant sort of manner?

Fanny—I don't know but what it would Oh! 'Tilda, how could you have acted so mean and dishonorable! I wouldn't have believed it of you, if anybody had told me

Matilda (*giggling*)—Heyday! One would suppose I had been murdering somebody at least

Fanny (*passionately*)—Very nigh as bad.

Matilda—And all this because I happen to have enough of good looks to make people civil to me Persons don't make their own faces, and it's no more my fault if mine is a good one than it is other people's fault if their's is a bad one

Fanny (*shrilly*)—Hold your tongue, or you'll make me slap you, 'Tilda, and afterwards I should be sorry for it!

(*Both burst into tears*)

Both—I never thought that I should be spoken to in this way!

(*Both remonstrate, explain and embrace. Both seated again.*)

(*Enter Nicholas Nickleby Looks on table for book*)

Fanny—I feel fit to drop into the earth

Matilda—Shall we slip out before he looks? He don't see us yet

Fanny—No, 'Tilda. It is my duty to go through with it, and I will!

Nicholas (*turning and observing them*)—Good morning (*Starts for door*)

Fanny—He is going I shall choke. 'Tilda.

Matilda—Come back, Mr. Nickleby! Do come back, Mr. Nickleby!

Nicholas—Did you wish anything from me, ladies?

Matilda—Don't stop to talk, but support her on the other side How do you feel now, dear?

Fanny (*laying her head on Nickleby's shoulder*)—Better. This foolish faintness!

Matilda (*enjoying humor of situation*)—Don't call it foolish, dear You have no reason to be ashamed of it. It's those who are too proud to come 'round again, without all this to-do, that ought to be ashamed.

Nicholas (smiling)—You are resolved to fix it upon me, I see, although I told you last night it was not my fault

Matilda—There; he says it was not his fault, dear. Perhaps you were too hasty, too jealous with him. He says it was not his fault. You hear, I think that's apology enough

Nicholas—You will not understand me. Pray dispense with this jesting, for I have no time and really no inclination to be the subject or promoter of mirth just now.

Matilda (affecting amazement)—What do you mean?

Fanny—Don't ask him, 'Tilda. I forgive him.

Nicholas (as Fanny's head drops to his shoulder again)—Dear me, this is more serious than I supposed. Allow me! Will you have the goodness to hear me speak? (*lifting her head from his shoulder and meeting in astonishment her look of tender reproach*) I am very sorry—truly and sincerely sorry—for having been the cause of any difference among you last night. I reproach myself most bitterly for having been so unfortunate as to cause the dissension that occurred, although I did so, I assure you, most unwittingly and heedlessly

Matilda—Well, that's not all you have got to say, surely.

Nicholas (stammering)—I fear there is something more; it is a most awkward thing to say—but—the—very mention of such a supposition makes one look like a puppy—still—may I ask if that lady supposes I entertain any—in short, does she think that I am in love with her?

Fanny (aside)—Delightful embarrassment! I have brought him to it at last. Answer for me, dear.

Matilda—Does she think so? Of course, she does.

Nicholas (energetically)—She does!

Matilda—Certainly.

Fanny—If Mr. Nickleby has doubted that, 'Tilda, he may set his mind at rest. His sentiments are recipro—

Nicholas (hurriedly)—Stop; pray hear me. This is the grossest and wildest delusion, the completest and most signal mistake that ever human being labored under or committed. I have scarcely seen the young lady half a dozen times, but if I had seen her sixty times, or were destined to see her sixty thousand, it would be, and

The Speaker

will be, precisely the same. I have not one thought, wish or hope connected with her, unless it be—and I say this, not to hurt her feelings, but to impress her with the real state of my own—unless it be the one object, dear to my heart as life itself, of being one day able to turn my back upon this accursed place, never to set foot in it again, or think of it—even think of it—but with loathing and disgust (*Exit*)

(*Fanny faints in Tilda's arms*)

CURTAIN.



Bound to be Saved

Senator Taylor, of Tennessee, when he was Governor pardoned more men and boys from the prisons than any Governor the State has had before or since. He came to be known to the public as "Pardoning Bob."

There was a campmeeting in one of the back counties, and an old man who had a bad local record was on the verge of conviction.

"Do it now," urged the evangelist "Go forward now!"

The old rascal hesitated

"Now!" shouted the evangelist. "Go forward now! The Lord will pardon your sins"

"I guess He will," sobbed the old man as he rose from his seat. "If He won't, Bob Taylor will"



The Motive for Moving

A man from Indiana moved out and homesteaded a quarter-section in the West

"Friend," said a man who had a ranch hard by, "where'd you come from?"

"From Indiana"

"How was it you left that well-settled and fertile State to come 'way out here on these prairies?"

"Why," said the newcomer, "they got to slanderin' me back there somethin' frightful, sayin' all sorts of mean things about me, and I jist concluded to move"

"But why didn't you make them prove them slanders?"

"They did"

Jim's Woman

BY AVERY ABBOTT.

An Extract from the "Century Magazine."

JEN had been drinking again. The fire was out, there was no supper ready, but Jim had the promise of a job. He lighted the fire, ate his supper, and spoke almost good-naturedly to her when she waked. But she was sulky, and so for a time there was stillness in the room. Then there was a brief thumping rap at the door. Jim jerked it promptly open to find nothing but a confused mass on the doorstep. Fleeing footsteps died in the distance and he heard a thin, sharp cry from the bundle at his feet.

Swift as a cat, his wife sprang toward him.

"Give it here!" she ordered. "Light the lamp!" Then her red hands went burrowing rapidly among the rags.

"Just look a' there, Jim!" she cried, a vibrant note in her voice. "Just look a' there!"

But she could not wait for him to look. With the bundle in her arms she was back in the chair again, bending down to hold her feebly wailing armful close to the warmth of the stove. Jim, stumbling after in bewilderment, bent down, too, and caught a glimpse of tiny features over which the blue-white skin was drawn so tightly that the eyes protruded.

"Lord!" he said, and turned away.

His wife was disgusted with him.

"Can't you do nothin' but stan' there an' gawp?" she demanded. "Don't you see it's starvin'?"

Then she told him what to do. He was to get milk at Rosenstein's. He was to get a rubber nipple at the drug store. He was to hurry.

Left alone, Jen stooped to the fire, opening the lower door of the stove to give it further draft. By and by, with the child against her shoulder, she brought a bottle from the cupboard, rinsed it with hot water and put it on the hearth. Then she sat down again, holding up a corner of the blanket to shield the baby from the direct

heat All the while her arms were swaying gently, and in her throat she was making soft, hushing noises

She was still sitting so, the firelight all rosy on her face, when her husband's half-reluctant tread struck the threshold

"Put just a little in a basin," she said, and smiled gently as she spoke. "Then bring it here to warm."

With fumbling hostility Jim did his wife's bidding, and at the first touch of nourishment the strained cry of the child was hushed Then, as warmth and comfort permeated the tiny body, the fixed stare of the eyes grew softer and the bluish lids began to blink with coming drowsiness, but the thread-like fingers of the hand which lay outside the rags kept clutching aimlessly.

As Jim looked at the child he extended one of his own thick fingers, and with extreme caution touched the baby's wrist. Then he glanced up into his wife's face with a sheepish and fatuous grin

"Turrible little, ain't it? Looks like it would get broke awful easy Who do you s'pose the kid b'longs to?"

"Don't b'long to nobody," she proclaimed, and caught the child against her breast "Starvin' it—that's what they was—starvin' it to death!"

With a shade of protest, the man asked:

"Yeh ain't goin' t' keep it, Jen?"

"Ain't I?"

The baby was unswathed, made clean and wrapped warm Jim watched his wife as her deft hands cared for the child and a thought, a new idea, came to him

"I like to see you do that," he said to her, and she smiled But he was not going to pamper the woman "It won't live," he said

They began to talk to each other; they found things to say; they talked more than they had talked for years; they were good friends Then they went to bed.

Occupying the extreme edge of the bed, Jim kept on thinking about his woman, and about this thing that had happened The foundling asylum could have the child He did not want it. All the same, it was queer and nice the way things had turned out His finger that had touched the baby's wrist felt warm and different He raised himself to look at his wife and at the little bundle tucked in between her and the wall.

"I don't s'pose," he began—"don't s'pose he—could sleep in the middle, could he?"

"You'd roll on him, that's what you'd do," she said.

"Naw, I wouldn't," Jim answered; "'but I guess he's all right where he is."

His wife said nothing. She raised her head. Then the two almost timidly kissed each other.

"Daddy!" she whispered, and the man chuckled, laughed quietly, went to sleep. A new era had opened for Jim Mackenna.

But the gossips of the vicinity said Jen was no fit person to take care of a child.

One day a pudgy man with a star on the lapel of his waistcoat, a deputy sheriff, brought the woman a paper which she tore to bits and threw into the stove as soon as he was gone. When Jim came home, she told him all about it. Her husband said nothing. He did not complain that supper was not ready for him. He understood.

"Juv'nile court," he said, "is like p'lice court. You have t' go, or else they come after you." Awhile he was silent and then he added in a quiet voice: "Guess we can't have him, Jen; guess they won't leave us keep him."

"Why?" she asked. "Why won't they?"

But Jim had nothing to say. Nor had Jen anything further to say. She confined herself to action, and when her case was called in juvenile court the baby was clad in all that any well-kept baby need have. The woman herself was outwardly tidy and composed. She was studying the face of Judge Sunderland, to whom the probation officer briefly recited the facts.

"The mother abandoned the baby. She is now in the city jail. Of course she is not at all a proper person to have the child. It looks a lot better now than it did. This woman wants to keep it. Her name is Mackenna."

"This is a sick baby," said Judge Sunderland, and his voice was gentle; but his next words struck terror to the woman. "It should be taken to the Child-Saving Institute."

"You *ain't* goin' to take him away from me, Judge?"

"This baby," he reasoned, "needs professional care—needs a trained nurse."

"No nurse can't train him no better'n I can. You jes' ought t' seen what he looked like when I got him." She

laid the baby against her shoulder, and her tone changed as she continued: "Ain't you John Sunderland?"

The court nodded inquiringly.

"Don't s'pose you remember me," the woman continued quietly. "We used to go to school together. In B Sixth you set just across the aisle. I was Jennie MacDonald."

Listeners about the courtroom were smiling. The judge himself was both nonplussed and amused.

"So you are Jennie MacDonald," he said. "Yes, I remember Jennie MacDonald." And now, as he looked at the woman, he seemed less amused.

"Well, it don't matter," he heard her saying. "We've both been getting along some since then. I guess you've got along some better'n I have. Mebbe I—I just thought mebbe—if you knew who I was, you might feel different about lettin' me have the baby."

The judicial look had returned to the man's face.

"Is your husband willing?" he questioned.

"Yes."

"Have you any children?"

The woman opened dry lips and swallowed.

"I ain't never had any."

The judge was peering intently into her face.

"Do you drink?" he asked.

"Ve-ry seldom," Jen answered, with emphasis.

"I think you understand," Judge Sunderland began, "how necessary it is that a child, especially a child like this, should be surrounded by the best of influences. I think you know, too, how every child needs the help of good example."

He paused. The woman hoarsely articulated:

"Yes."

Then there was silence. The woman's face drooped forward. She put forth her arms, with the baby upon them; she rested him upon the table. Then, slowly, carefully, she drew her arms away.

"Take him," she said. "I ain't fit."

The court waited, but the woman did not look up.

"I am sorry," he said, "I'm sorry, Mrs Mackenna, but it is best to take the baby from you. I am going to give him to some one whom I believe will make him a good mother—some one I used to know. I'm going to give him to—Jennie MacDonald."

The woman looked at him dully
 "You understand, don't you?" he asked. "Jennie MacDonald is to have him. I am going to depend on her to be the kind of mother he ought to have. Are you willing to shake hands with me on that?"

Very slowly, very uncertainly, the woman got up from her chair. She reached for the baby, gathered him up greedily and pressed him tight. Then, without a syllable, across the little white bundle in her arms, she held out her hand to the judge.



The Easiest Way

There was a newly fledged dentist who, when his first patient applied, determined to exercise all that genius and understanding which Boston men generally exercise in the practice of their profession. The patient, coming from the country, told him he wanted two teeth, which he pointed out to him, pulled. The dentist placed him in a chair, and in a few minutes had pulled out his two front teeth. The patient left the chair, and it occurred to him that the circumstance might be of sufficient importance to call the dentist's attention to it.

"I told you to pull out these two back teeth," he said
 "Yes," said the dentist, "so you did, but I found that the front ones were kind of handier to get at."—*From toast, "How to Avoid the Subject," Horace Porter*



In Blissful Ignorance

An Irish foreman on one of our large railway lines has the wit of his race. One warm afternoon, while walking along the line, he found one of his men placidly sleeping on the embankment. The "boss" looked disgustingly at the delinquent for a full minute, and then remarked

"Slape on, ye lazy spalpeen, slape on; for as long as you slape you've got a job, but when you wake up you ain't got none."

I Want to Live in a College Town

BY GEORGE ADE

Some girls would be by the sounding sea,
 Where the rolling breakers beat,
 Some girls would stay on a mountain top
 In a quiet, safe retreat,
 Some vegetate in a rural state
 Among the placid yaps,
 While some are ripe for the sporty type
 Of the Hoorah city chaps
 But if I had my say
 Of some good place to stay,
 I think I'd rather settle down
 In Indiana's college town

REFRAIN

I want to live in a college town
 Where men are thick as bees,
 Where the noisy boys in corduroys
 Are grouped beneath the trees
 Each night a light
 In the parlor bright
 And a song in the key of G,
 With a real Dutch lunch
 For the midnight bunch,
 A college town for me



"Live So That You May Beautify Your Name"

I think people make their names nice or ugly just by what they are themselves . . . Live so that you beautify your name, even if it wasn't beautiful to begin with, making it stand in people's thoughts for something so lovely and pleasant that they never think of it by itself—*L M Montgomery*.

Washington's Grave

BY MARSHALL S PIKE

Disturb not his slumbers, let Washington sleep
'Neath the boughs of the willows that over him weep,
His arm is unnerved, but his deeds remain bright
As the stars in the dark-vaulted heavens at night

Oh, wake not the hero, his battles are o'er,
Let him rest undisturbed on Potomac's fair shore;
On the river's green borders, so flowery drest,
With the heart he loved fondly let Washington rest.

Awake not his slumbers, tread lightly around,
'Tis the grave of the freeman, 'tis liberty's mound.
Thy name is immortal, our freedom ye won,
Brave sire of Columbia, our Washington

Oh, wake not the hero, his battles are o'er,
Let him rest, calmly rest, on his dear, native shore,
While the stars and the stripes of our country shall wave
O'er the land that can boast of our Washington's grave



Never give way to melancholy; resist it steadily, for the habit will encroach I once gave a lady two and twenty recipes against melancholy: one was a bright fire; another to remember all the pleasant things said to and of her; another to keep a box of sugar plums on the chimneypiece and a kettle simmering on the hob I thought this mere trifling at the moment, but have, in after life, discovered how true it is that these little pleasures often banish melancholy better than higher or more exalted objects; that no means ought to be thought too trifling which can oppose it either in ourselves or others—*Sydney Smith.*

Tim Calligan's Grave-money*

BY ARLO BATES.



WAS a fool's notion to get tipped out of a boat anywhere," said Tim Calligan to his circle of fellow-pensioners at the Dartbank poor farm, "me that's been on the water like a bubble from the day me mother weaned me, saints rest her soul, and she as dacent a woman as ever was born in County Cork."

Tim was relating the oft-told tale of his escape from drowning, a story of which they were fond, and which he delighted to tell.

"So there was meself drownin' like a blind kitten in a pond—and many's the litter of 'em I'd sent to the cat's Purgatory by the way of that very river, saving that the Purgatory of cats there ain't any, having no souls, by the token that having nine lives they'd belike have nine souls, and being so many they'd crowd good Christian souls in Paradise—blessings on the holy saints for preventing it.

"No more could I make me head stay out of water than if it was a stone. 'Good-by, Tim, me boy,' sez I to meself, 'ye're gone this time,' sez I, 'and I'll miss nothing in not being at yer wake, by the token that there won't be no wake, and ef there was,' sez I, still to meself, 'there could be nothing to drink but water here in this cursed stream.' And down I went again, like a dasher in a churn. 'Holy St. Bridget,' thinks I, 'how far'll it be to the bottom of this ondecient river! Likely it goes clean thru to Chiny,' thinks I, 'and one of them bloody, onbelaving heathen'll be grabbing me presently with his mice-eating hands. But it's better being pulled out by a heretic heathen than staying in and soaking.' With that up again I goes, like a shillaly at a fair, and it was like fire flashing in me eyes. Sez I to meself, 'That'll be Widdy Malony's bit of a house,' sez I, speaking always in me mind, because of the floods of water in me mouth. 'It'll be burning to

* From book of short stories entitled "An Intoxicated Ghost," by Arlo Bates. Arranged by Susie B. Davis.

the very ground,' sez I, 'and me missing all the fun of it. The blessed saints help the poor woman, turned out of house and home to get bite and sup for her children like a chipmunk, and every one of them taking after Dennis, and I might have married her meself long ago if they was fewer, for I'd want a ready-made family small,' sez I to meself, plunking up and down in the water like a dumpling in the broth. 'Faith, and 'twould be better for the both of us if she had more water and meself more fire,' sez I, in me mind. And all the time 'twas no fire, but just the blessed sun I'd never see again, barring I hadn't got saved, and it shining and flashing in the eyes of me from the widdy's windows."

The tale was long, but as at the poor farm time was not an object, except of slaughter, the length of the narrative was its greatest recommendation.

"And with that," Tim at last ended his recital, "I felt the whole top of me head pulled off as I lay soft and easy on the bottom of the flood, and thinking nothing at all, but reflecting how soft the mud of it were, and pitying Pat Donovan that he'd never get the quarter I owed him. And all the time it was Bill Trafton catching me by the hair, him having dove for me just shortly after me being dead, and dragging me to the top when I was likely to die any minute, saving that it was dead already that I was. And he saved me life, by the token that the soul had gone out of me peaceful."

"Somebody's comin'," old Simeon interrupted; "likely it's the new overseer

"Yes, that's him," Tim assented. "That's Dan Springer"

"I 'spected he was a-comin'," Grandsire Welsh commented, with a senile chuckle. "Huldy and Sam's been a-slickin' up things"

"Huldy and Sam," in more official language Mr and Mrs. Dooling, were the not unworthy couple who had the poor farm in charge

"Wa'n't you sayin' t'other day," asked old Simeon, "thet you particular wanted to see the overseer?"

"It's pining for him I am the time," Tim answered

The old men sat silent, watching the approach of the visitor, who drove up to the hitching post near them,

and who leaped from his wagon with a briskness almost startling to the aged chorus

"Spry," old Simeon commented. "I've seen the time, though, when I was spry, too"

Springer fastened his horse, and came toward them

"How d' do, boys?" he said, cheerily "How goes it?"

The contrast between his great hearty voice and the thin quavers in which they answered him was pathetic. He lingered a moment and then turned to make his way into the house. Tim rose and hobbled rheumatically after him.

"Whist, Mr Springer," he called, "would ye be after waiting a wee bit till I have a word of speech with yer?"

"Well, what can I do for you?" Springer asked good-naturedly. "Don't they treat you well?"

"Whist!" he said, with a strange and sudden air of excitement. "Wait till I'm after telling yer Your honor'll mind, I'm after *trusting* yer, *trusting* yer, and ye'll no be betraying an old man. It's meself is ninety-three the day"

"Are you as old as that? I'd keep your secret if you were twice as old," Springer returned, with clumsy but kind jocoseness

Tim raised himself until he stood almost upright.

"It's the money," he whispered, "the money I've saved for me burying."

He turned to stretch his thin, bloodless finger toward the bleak cluster of mounds on the hillside, where mouldered the dead of the poor-farm

"I'll no lie there," he said, with husky intensity. "I've scraped and scraped, and saved and saved, and it's the wee bit money I've got to pay for a spot of consecrated ground over to Tiverton Ye'll no put me here when I'm gone! I'll no rest here! Me folks was respectable in the Old Isle, an' not unbeknowing the gentry, and there's never a one put outside consecrated ground Ye'll promise me I'll be put in the graveyard over to Tiverton, and me got the money to pay"

Springer was as unemotional and unimaginative as a hearty, practical, well-fed man could be, but seeing the tears in the old pauper's bleared eyes, and hearing the passion of his tone, he could not but be moved. He had heard something of this before. A vague sympathy

was felt for the pathetic longing to be assured of a grave in consecrated ground.

"It's all right, Tim," the overseer said "If you go off while I have the say, I'll see to it myself If you'll be any more comfortable over in Tiverton, we'll plant you there"

"Thank yer honor kindly," Tim answered. "The Calligans has always been decent, God-fearing folks, and it's meself'd be loth to disgrace the name a-crawling up out of the unholy graveyard forby on Judgment Day, and all the world there to see, and I never could do it so sly but the O'Tools and the O'Hooligans'd spy on me, and they always so mad with envy of the Calligans they'd be after tattling the news all over Heaven, and bringing shame to me whole kith and kin"

The overseer laughed, and with a brisk step he passed on to attend to the sordid affairs of his office within The most troublesome matter was left until the last.

"As to the Trafton child," he said to Huldy and Sam, "I don't see that anything can be done I've spoken to the selectmen about it, and they don't think the town should be called on to pay out twenty-five dollars when here's a place for the child for nothing."

"That's just what I told Louizy," Huldy responded "I said that's what they'd say, but Louizy's dretful cut up."

"I know she is," Springer said, "if I could afford it, I'd send the child to her folks myself, but I can't, and I don't see but the girl's got to go to 'Lizy Ann Betts. Perhaps she won't be so hard on her."

"Hard on her," sniffed Huldy, "she'll just kill her, that's all."

At the word a wretched-looking woman pushed into the kitchen as if she had been listening at the door She held out before her a right hand withered and shriveled by fire

"Oh, Mr Springer," she broke out, tears running down her cheeks, "don't send my Nellie to be bound to that woman! She's all I've got in the world, and she never wanted till I was burned Send her to my folks in Connecticut and they'll treat her as their own."

"It's hard, I know," Springer answered, awkwardly, "but Nellie will be near you and she wouldn't be in

Connecticut. 'Lizy Ann Betts ain't a bad-hearted woman. She'll do well by the child, I hope"

"She'll do well?" the mother cried, shrilly. "Did she do well by the last girl that was bound to her from this farm? Didn't she kill her?"

"There, there, Louzy," interposed Huldy, "it ain't no sort of use to make a fuss. What the s'lectmen say they say, and——"

She was interrupted by a cry without, and in an instant the door was flung open by old Simeon, who with wildly waving arms and weirdly working face cried out

"F' th' Lord's sake! Come quicker'n scat! Old Tim's in a fit!"

II

The account old Simeon and Grandsire Welsh gave of Tim's seizure was that he had been sitting outside the kitchen window, where they all were listening with interest to the conversation within, when suddenly he had thrown up his arms, crying out that he could not do it, and fallen in a fit. No one at the poor-farm could know that Tim had reached the crisis of a severe mental struggle which had been going on for days. He had for days listened to the bitter words of Mrs. Trafton, and had sympathized with her grief over her child, and all the time he listened he had been secretly conscious that the little hoard he had gathered for his burying would save Nellie from the Betts woman, a shrew notorious all over the county for her cruelty. He remembered that Bill Trafton had saved him from drowning, that Mrs. Betts had the credit of having caused the death of her last bound child, and against this he set the terror of rising at the Resurrection from the unblessed precincts of the Dartbank Potter's Field. The mental conflict had been too much for him, and the appeal of Mrs. Trafton to the overseer had broken old Tim down.

Tim was got to bed, and in time recovered his senses, although he was very weak. Mrs. Trafton volunteered to watch with him that night, and so it came about that at midnight she sat in the bare chamber where old Tim lay. As the hours wore on Tim seemed much brighter,

and asked her to talk to him to while away the time
The only subject in her mind was her child

"If Nellie was with my folks," she said, "I'd try to stand being away from her; but it's just killing me to have that Betts woman starve her and beat her the way she's done with the others. She'd kill Nellie."

Tim moved uneasily in bed.

"But ye'd be after seein' the child here," he muttered, feebly.

"I'd see her no more'n if she was with my folks," returned Louizy bitterly; "but I'd know how she was suffering."

The sick man did not answer. He turned his face to the wall and lay silent. After a time his regular breathing showed that he slept, while the watcher brooded in hopeless grief. At length Tim grew restless and began to mutter in his sleep.

"The poor creature's having a bad dream," Louizy said to herself, as his words grew more vehement and wild. "I wonder if I'd better wake him."

She was still debating the matter in her own mind when Tim gave a sudden cry and sat up in bed, trembling in every limb. His face was ghastly.

"Oh, I will, I will," he cried out. "I will, so help me Holy Mary!"

"Tim, Tim, what's the matter?" asked the nurse.

"'Tis a vision meself has had this night, Louizy."

She thought his mind was wandering, but in a moment he went on with more calmness; "I'll tell it to ye all, Louizy. Give me a sup till I get strength. I'm no more strong than a blind kitten that's just born."

She gave him nourishment and stimulant, and Tim feebly and with many pauses told his dream.

"But it was a fearsome dream's had holt on me the night. 'Tis meself's been palavering with the blessed St Peter face to face and tongue to tongue, and if I'd ought to be some used to it through having been dead once already by drowning, this time I was broke up by being dead in good earnest, by the same token that when St Peter set his two piercing black eyes on me, I could tell by the look of 'em that it was straight through me whole body he was seein'.

"And the first thing I knew in my dream I was going

all sole alone on a frightsome road all sprinkled over with ashes and bones, and I that crawly in my back I could feel the backbone of me wiggling up and down like a caterpillar, so my heart was choking in my throat with the fear of it And I went on and I went on, and all the time it was in the head of me there was that coming behind was more fearsome than all the bones and skelingtons forninst. And I went on and I went on, seeming to be pushed along like, and not able to help meself; and all the time something was creeping, and creeping, and creeping behind, till all the blood in my body was that chilled the teeth of me chattered And I went on and I went on, till I couldn't stand it one mortal minute more, but I had to turn if the life went out of me for it And there behind me was a mite of a girl, a wee bit thing, thin and starved looking, and seeming that weak it was pitiful to see. 'Poor thing,' sez I to my own ghost, 'it's pitying her the day is Tim Calligan, if I be him,' sez I, 'and not some other body, for having no body perhaps I ain't anybody at all, but just a spook in this place that ain't nowhere' And all the time I was that scared of the wee bit child, being it were where it couldn't be, and me dead before it and it dead behind me, and always following and following; so without thinking deeply what was to be done, I starts up and runs as hard as my legs that was turned into ghost shanks would let me And I run through them ashes, stumbling on bones and seeing shadows that would get in the way and I had to run through 'em, and the weight of the horror of it words wouldn't tell

"And when I run, the wee bit child run, and it scared me worse than ever when the further I run away from it, the closer it was to me, till at last it had a grab on the tail of my coat; and it clung on, and I that mad with fear I had no more sense than a hen with its head cut off that goes throwing itself round about for anger at the thought of being killed, and not knowing it is dead already. And oh, Louizy, the scaresomeness of the places I run through a-trying to get rid of that wee bit thing! It's downright awful to think of the things that can happen to a dead man while he's alive all the time and forgetful of it through dreaming!

"So when I'd been going on till mortal man couldn't

stand it no longer, let alone a ghost, there I was just forninst the gate of Heaven, not in the least knowing how I come there or would I get in, and blessed St Peter himself on a white stone outside the gate, sitting and smiling and looking friendly so the terror went out of me like a shadow in the sun. And I scraped my foot, and I went up close to him, standing that way would hide the child ahind of me, for sez I to meself, 'What'll I say to his Reverence and he axes me about the girl?' And St Peter sez to me, mighty polite and condescending, 'Good-morning,' sez he. 'The top of the morning to your Reverence, and thank ye kindly,' sez I, answering as pert as ever I could; for there was that in his manner of speaking that made me feel shivery, as if me heart'd been out all night in a snowstorm. 'It's a decent respectable body I am, your Reverence,' sez I, 'though I say it as shouldn't, having nobody else at hand that would put in a word for me.' 'And was ye buried in holy ground?' sez he. 'I was that,' sez I, 'and many's the weary year I've been scraping to do that,' sez I. 'And what'll that be behind ye?' sez he. And I looked this way and that way, trying to make as if I didn't know; and at last I pretended to spy the child, an' to be that surprised he couldn't suspect I ever clapped eyes on the wee bit thing before. 'That, your Reverence,' sez I, 'has the look of a scrap of a girl. Is it one your Reverence is bringing up?' sez I, being that desperate I was as bold as a brass kettle. 'And what'll she be doing here?' sez his Reverence, paying no heed to the impertinence of the question. 'Sure, how'll I know that?' sez I. 'Will she be coming with you?' sez he. 'Don't she belong hereabouts?' sez I, trying hard to brazen it out, and feeling my heart go plump down out of my mouth into my boots, more by token that I was barefoot the time. 'Will she be coming with you?' sez he again. 'Sorra a bit,' sez I, 'I just couldn't get away from her,' sez I. 'And what for'll you be trying to get away from her, and her no bigger than a bee's knee?' sez he, looking at me so hard that I couldn't hold up my face forninst him. 'Well, your Reverence,' sez I, looking down at the stones, and seeing the weeds trying to grow between them in the very face of Heaven itself, 'it's inconvenient traveling with a child anywhere, let alone the ondecient places I've been through this

night; and the girl wasn't mine, and I might get blamed for keeping her out late, with her folks getting scared about her, not knowing where she was, and not understanding she was where your Holiness would be after caring for her.' And with that St. Peter put out his hand, looking that sharp his eyes went through me like needles; and he pulled the wee bit child from behind me, and he sez to her: 'What is the name of yer?' 'Nellie,' sez she, her voice so thin you couldn't scarcely hear it 'And how came you here?' sez he 'I was beat and starved to death,' sez she, shivering till 'twas a mercy she didn't go to pieces like a puff of smoke And with that St. Peter looked at me once more, and the cold sweat run down my backbone like rain down a rain conductor in a thunder-storm 'Your Reverence,' sez I, trembling, 'I didn't beat and starve the girl' 'That may be,' sez he, 'but there'll be some reason why she's hanging on to your coat-tail like a burr on a dog!' sez he 'What for are you following Tim Calligan,' sez he to the girl, 'and he dead and resting in holy ground?' And with that she put out her little front finger, that was as thin as a sparrow's claw that's starved to death in winter, and she pointed to me, and sez she 'He wouldn't give the money to send me to my folks,' sez she; 'and my own father saved the life of him when he was dead and drowned before I was born,' sez she. 'What for wouldn't you give the money, Tim?' sez St Peter, sitting there on that white stone like a judge trying the life of a man 'Your Reverence,' sez I, falling down on the stones at the feet of him, 'twenty years was I struggling and saving and scraping to get the bit money for a grave in holy ground' If I'd give it to the child I'd be down this blessed minute I'm having the honor of conversing with your Holiness, lying in unconsecrated ground with heretics, and like as not getting my bones mixed with theirs at the blessed resurrection. Sorra a bit did I know the suffering of this poor wee bit thing' 'And did her father save your life?' sez he. 'He did that,' sez I, 'and a good, decent, God-fearing man he were,' sez I 'Tim,' sez St. Peter, 'Tim, 'tis no use trying the palarver on me,' sez he 'Ye know ye let this child get bound to that Betts woman, and now she'll be bate to death, and who's to bear the blame if not ye that might have stopped it? Do ye think,

Tim Calligan,' sez he, 'you're sleeping in holy ground when the price of the grave your worthless old carcass is in was the life of this wee bit child?' And I fell to sobbing and praying to St. Peter for mercy, and the first thing I knew I woke up in bed, praise be to the handiworks of God! Made alive again, this being the third time, counting the time I was first born."

Tim's tale was long, and it was interrupted by frequent intervals of rest made necessary by his weakness. When he ended he lay quiet for a long time. At last he roused himself to feel beneath the mattress, and to bring to light a dirty bag of denim. This he pressed into the hand of his nurse.

"It'll take you both," he murmured feebly. "Blessings go with ye, and the saints be good to the soul of Tim Calligan, coming up at the Day of Judgment like a scared woodchuck out of unblessed ground!"

III.

Tim failed rapidly. The excitement of his dream and the moral struggle through which he had passed had worn upon his enfeebled powers. On the second day after his seizure the priest came from Tiverton to administer the last rites. When this was over, Tim lay quiet, hardly seeming alive. Thus he was when Springer, who drove over late in the afternoon, came in to see him.

"Tim," Springer said, "Mrs. Dooling has told me what you have done. The ground you lie in will make little difference to a man that would do a thing as white as that."

"Thank you kindly," Tim answered, in the shadow of a voice. "Father O'Connor's promised to bless my grave. It's not the same as being at Tiverton where the ground would be soaked with the blessing all round, but leastways St. Peter'll not be after flinging it in my face that the blood of the child's on me."

The overseer regarded him with such tenderness as did not often shine within the doors of the poor-farm.

"Tim," he said, "don't worry any more. I'll pay for your grave at Tiverton, and see that you are put in it."

The old pauper clasped his thin withered hands, trembling like rushes in the winds of autumn.

"Holy and Blessed Virgin," he prayed, almost with a sob, "be good to him for giving a poor old dying creature the wish of his heart! Blessed St Peter——"

But the rush of joy was too great With a face of ecstasy the old man died.



The One Hundred and Oneth*

BY ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL.



REBECCA MARY took another stitch. Then another. "Ninety-sevvun, ninety-eight," she counted aloud, her little pointed face gravely intent. It was getting very close to the time now.

"At the hundred an' oneth, it's almost *it*."

"Ninety-n-i-n-e, one hunder-ed"—it was so very close now! The next stitch would be the hundred and oneth Rebecca Mary's face suddenly grew quite white.

"I'll wait a minute, I'm just a little scared When you've been lookin' 'head to the hundred and oneth so long and you get the very next door to it, it scares you a little. I'll wait until—oh, until Thomas Jefferson crows, before I sew the hundred and oneth "

Thomas Jefferson was prospecting under the currant bushes Once in a while he stalked dignifiedly out of the bushes and crowed.

The great sheet billowed and floated round Rebecca Mary, scarcely whiter than her face. She held her needle poised, waiting for the signal of Thomas Jefferson. At any min—He was coming out now! A fleck of snow-white was pricking the green of the currant leaves.

"He's out Any minute he'll begin to cr"—He was already beginning! The warning signals were out—chest expanding, neck elongating, and great white wings aflap——

* Adapted from "Rebecca Mary," by Bromley Smith From "Harper's Magazine," February, 1903

"I'm just a little scared," breathed the child in the foam of the sheet. Then Thomas Jefferson crowed

"Hundred and one!" Rebecca Mary cried out, clearly, courage born within her at the crucial instant. The time—the time—had come. She had taken her last stitch

"It's o-ver," she panted. "It always was a-coming, and it's come. I knew it would. When it's *come*, you don't feel qu-ite so scared. I'm glad it's over."

"Rebecca! Rebecca Mary!" Aunt Olivia always called like that. If there had been still another name—Rebecca Mary Something Else—she would have called, "Rebecca! Rebecca Mary! Rebecca Mary Something Else!"

"Yes'm, I'm here."

"Where's 'here'?" sharply

"*Here*—the grape-arbor, I mean."

"Have you got your sheet?"

"I—yes'm."

"Is your stent 'most done?"

Rebecca Mary rose slowly to her reluctant little feet, and with the heavy sheet across her arm went to meet the sharp voice. At last the time had come.

"I've got it *done*, Aunt 'Livia "

"Every mite o' that seam? Then I guess you can't have it done very well, that's what I guess! If it ain't done well, you'll have to take it——"

"Wait—please won't you wait, Aunt 'Livia? I've got to say something I mean I've got all the over-'n'-over-ing I'm ever goin' to do done. *That's* what's done. The hundred and oneth stitch was my stent, and it's done I'm not ever going to take the hundred and twoth. I've decided."

Understanding filtered drop by drop into Aunt Olivia's bewildered brain She gasped at the final drop.

"Not ever going to take another stitch?" she repeated, with a calmness that was awfuller than storm.

"No'm "

"You've decided?"

"Yes'm "

"May I ask you when this—this state of mind began?"

"It's been coming on, I've felt it I knew all the time it was a-coming—and then it came I've over-'n'-overed 'leven sheets and you said I did 'em pretty well. I tried to I was going to do the other one well, till you said there was going to be another dozen. I couldn't

bear another dozen, Aunt 'Livia, so I decided to stop. When Thomas Jefferson crowed I sewed the one hundred and oneth stitch. That's all there's ever a-going to be."

"Well! You've had your say; now I'll have mine. Listen to me, Rebecca Mary Plummer! Here's this sheet, and here's this needle in it. When you get good and ready you can go on sewing. You won't have anything to eat till you do. I've got through."

The grim figure swept right-about-face and tramped into the house as though to the battle-roll of drums. Rebecca Mary stayed behind, face to face with her fate.

"She's a Plummer, so it'll be *so*," Rebecca Mary thought, with the dull little thud of a weight falling into her heart. Rebecca Mary was a Plummer, too; but she did not think of that.

"I wonder"—her gaze wandered out towards the currant bushes and came to rest absently on Thomas Jefferson's big, white bulk—"I wonder if it hurts very much" She meant to starve.

"We're going to have layer-cake for supper. I'm *very* fond of layer-cake. I suppose, though, after a few weeks I shall be glad to eat *anything*. Perhaps I shall want to eat a—horse. I've heard of folks. You get very unparticular when you're starving."

It was five o'clock. Aunt Olivia stood in the kitchen doorway and rang the supper-bell in long, steady clangs just as usual. But no one responded just as usual.

"She's a Plummer," sighed Aunt Olivia, inwardly.

Rebecca Mary stayed out-of-doors until bedtime. She made but one confidant.

"I've done it, Thomas Jefferson; you ought to be sorry for me. I suppose now I shall have to starve. You'd think it was pretty hard to starve, I guess, Thomas Jefferson."

Thomas Jefferson made certain gloomy responses in his throat to the effect that he was always starving, that any contributions on the spot in the way of corn kernels, wheat grains, angle-worms would be welcome.

At breakfast next morning—at dinner time—at supper—Rebecca Mary absented herself from the house. Aunt Olivia set on the meals regularly and waited with tightening heartstrings. It did not seem to occur to her to eat her own portions. At nightfall the second

day she began to feel real alarm. Then it suddenly occurred to her that Rebecca Mary was a Plummer. At midnight she went into Rebecca Mary's room. She had been in three times before

"She looks thinner than she did last time," Aunt Olivia murmured, distressedly "To-morrow night—how long do children live without eating? It's four meals now—four meals is a great many for a little thing to go without!" Aunt Olivia had been without four meals, too, she would have been able to judge how it felt—if she remembered that part. She stood in her scant, long nightgown, gazing down at the little sleeper. The veil was down and her heart was in her eyes.

Rebecca Mary threw out her arms and sighed "It *looks* good, Thomas Jefferson," she murmured "When you're *very* hungry you can eat things raw." Suddenly the child sat up in bed, wide-eyed and wild. She did not seem to see Aunt Olivia at all

"Once I ate a pie!" she cried. "It wasn't a whole one, but I could eat a whole one now—I think I should eat the *plate* now." She swayed back and forth weakly, awake and not awake.

"Once I ate a layer-cake. There was jam in it. I wouldn't care if it was apple jelly in it now—I'd *like* apple jelly in it now Once I ate a pudding and a doughnut a-n-d—a—a—I think it was a horse I'd eat a horse now. Hush! Don't tell Aunt Olivia, but I'm going to eat—to—e-a-t—Thom-as—Jeffer—" She swayed back on the pillows again

"Rebecca! Rebecca Mary! Rebecca Mary *Plummer!*" Aunt Olivia shrilled in her ear. "You get right out of bed this minute and come downstairs and eat your supper! It's high time you had something in your stomach—I don't care if it's twelve o'clock. You get right out o' bed—*Rebecca Mary!*"

Aunt Olivia had the limp little figure in her arms, shaking it gently again and again Rebecca's startled eyes flew open. In that instant was born inspiration in the brain of Aunt Olivia. She thought of an appeal to make.

"Do you want *me* to starve, too? Right here before your face and eyes? I haven't eat a mouthful since you did, and I shan't till you *do*"

Rebecca Mary slid to the floor with a soft thud of

The Speaker

little brown, bare feet Slow comprehension dawned in her eyes "Are—did you say *you* was starving, too?"

"Yes," grimly

"Does it hurt you, too?"

"Yes," unsteadily.

"*Very* much?"

"Yes."

"Why don't you eat something?"

"Because you don't I'm waiting for you to."

"Shan't you ever?"

"Not if you don't"

"Shall I be—to blame?" She was moving toward the door now. With an irresistible impulse Aunt Olivia gathered her up in her arms and covered her lean little face with kisses

"You poor little thing! You poor little thing! You poor little thing!" over and over.

Rebecca Mary gazed up into the softened face and read something there. It took her breath away. She could not believe it without further proof

"You don't—I don't suppose you *love* me?" panted Rebecca Mary. But Aunt Olivia was gone out of the room in a swirl of white nightgown.

"Everything's on the table," she called back from the stairs. "I'm going to light a fire. You come right down. I think it's high time——" her voice trailing out thinly.

"She does," murmured Rebecca Mary, radiant of face

At half-past twelve o'clock they both ate supper—both in their scant, white nightgowns, both very hungry, indeed But before she sat down in her old place at the table, Rebecca Mary went around to Aunt Olivia's place and whispered something rather shyly in her ear. She had been by herself in a corner of the room for a moment.

"I've sewed the hundred and twoth," Rebecca Mary whispered.

The Speaker

69

"Mother"

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

I'm gittin' old—I know—
It seems so long ago—
So long sence John was here!
He went so young!—our Jim
'S as old now most as him—
Close on to thirty year'!

I know I'm gittin' old—
I know it by the cold,
From time 'at first frost flies
Seems like—sence John was here—
Winters is more severe,
And winter I de-spise!

And yet, it seems, some days,
John's here, with his odd ways . . .
Comes soon-like from the corn-
Field, callin' "Mother" at
Me—like he called me that
Even 'fore Jim was born!

When Jim come—(La! how good
Was all the neighborhood!—
And Doctor!—when I heerd
Him joke John, kind o' low,
And say: "Yes, folks could go—
'Pa' needn't be afeard!")

When Jim came—John says—'e—
A-bending over me
And baby in the bed—
And jes us three—says 'e,
"Our little family!"
And that was all he said. . . .

And cried jes like a child!—
Kissed me again, and smiled,
'Cause I was cryin', too.
(And here I am again
A-cryin' same as then—
Yet happy through and through)

The Speaker

The old home's most in mind
And joys long left behind!
Jim's little h'istin' crawl
Acrost the floor to where
John set a-rockin' there!
(I'm gittin' old—that's all!)

I'm gittin' old—no doubt!—
(Healthy as all git-out!)
But, strangest thing I do—
I cry so easy now—
I cry jes anyhow
The fool-tears wants me to!

But Jim he won't be told
'At "Mother's" gittin' old! . . .
Hugged me, he did, and smiled
This morning, and bragged "shore"
He loved me even more
Than when he was a child!

That's his way; but ef John
Was here now, lookin' on,
He'd shorely know and see.
"But, 'Mother,'" s'pect he'd say,
"'Spose you air gittin' gray,
You're younger yet than me!"

I'm gittin' old—because
Our young days, like they was,
Keeps comin' back—so clear,
'At little Jim, once more,
Comes h'istin' 'crost the floor
Fer John's old rockin'-cheer!

O, beautiful—to be
A-gittin' old, like me! . . .
Hey, Jim! Come in now, Jim!
Your supper's ready, dear!
(How more, every year,
He looks and acts like him!)

A Love Story of Old Madrid*

BY MARION CRAWFORD.



THIS is a story of the time when the Spanish Dominion was sombrely magnificent and gravely cruel, when its power extended to the end of the world; when its subjects gladly gave life in defense of the principle of the Divine Right of their gloomy and despotic sovereigns.

On this eventful night the royal company sat at dinner in the old Alcazar of Madrid. Philip the Second, gloomiest, most heartless of despots, sat at the head of the table, and his large, yellowish face and unnaturally still eyes, gazing with terrifying fixedness, dominated everything. He seemed like a monstrous evil spider absolutely motionless in the midst of its evil web. At table with him sat the pale, nervous, unhappy queen, his favorite wife, and the king's brother, Don John of Austria. Don John had but shortly returned from the wars, and had been met by an affectionate and enthusiastic greeting that had aroused all the king's passionate jealousy and distrust. Don John was all in dazzling white—white velvet, white satin, white silk, white lace, white shoes, and wearing neither sword nor ornament of any kind, the most faultless vision of young and manly grace that ever glided into woman's dreams. But Don John had eyes only for one, the fairest of the court, Dona Maria Dolores de Mendoza, who loved him with the same truth that marked his love for her. No one looked with favor on the love of the young people, for Philip saw political advantage to be gained by an alliance with another nation, and Dolores' father bitterly opposed a marriage which he felt was fraught with much danger to his beloved, motherless child.

When the triumphal procession, with Don John at its head, had come into Madrid, Dolores' impatience to see her lover had led her into an indiscretion that greatly displeased her father. He determined to put an end to her infatuation for the prince, and caused her to be

* From "In the Palace of the King"

The Speaker

locked up, intending to carry her away to a convent the next day. Dolores escaped from the room with her lover, and then, in danger of detection, she slipped for a few minutes into her lover's room until the danger had passed. Footsteps were heard coming. Dolores concealed herself in an inner room and the king entered. A quarrel ensued, for the events of the day had made the king wild with jealousy of his brother, and at last Philip stabbed Don John and he fell to the floor dead.

Mendoza, commander of the guards and Dolores' father, was in attendance on the king. With a gesture of excuse he took the king's sword and wiped off the blood. There was a strange look in his old eyes and a sort of wan greatness came over his war-worn face.

"I throw myself upon your majesty's mercy. I have killed Don John of Austria in a private quarrel and he was unarmed."

Philip understood well enough. Mendoza would die on the scaffold if need be, and it would be enough for him to know that he had saved the king. No word would ever pass his lips. The man's loyalty would bear any proof. He felt horror at the thought that Philip could have done it, but the king's name must be saved at all costs. The king's divine right must be sustained before the world.

As soon as it was known that Don John was killed the court would think that the king had killed him or caused him to be murdered. But if Mendoza took the blame upon himself the court would believe him, for everyone knew how bitterly the old soldier was opposed to Don John's wooing of Dolores.

Mendoza knew all this when he offered his life to shield Philip's honor. Philip knew it, too, but he accepted the sacrifice without protest, as his vast selfishness would have accepted the sacrifice of all mankind.

Mendoza was thrown into prison and the infuriated people who loved Don John were clamoring for instant and summary vengeance.

Dolores of course knew the whole truth. She was at first crazed with grief for her lover, and then she heard of her father's danger. She insisted upon a private audience with the king.

She was very beautiful as she stood waiting for him to speak, and met his gaze fearlessly with a look of cold

contempt, such as no living person had ever dared to turn to him, while the light of anger burned in her deep, grey eyes.

"Be seated, Donna Dolores." I am glad that you have come, for I have much to say to you and some questions to ask of you. In my life I have suffered more than most men in being bereaved of the persons to whom I have been most sincerely attached. One after another those that I have loved have been taken from me, until I am almost alone in the world that is so largely mine. My sorrows have reached their crown and culmination to-day in the death of my dear brother. I know why you come to me; you wish to intercede for your father. That is natural, and you are right to come to me yourself."

"I ask justice, not mercy, sire"

"Your father shall have both, for they are compatible"

"He needs no mercy, for he has done no harm. Your majesty knows that as well as I."

"I cannot guess what you know or do not know."

"I know the truth."

"I wish I did. Tell me; you may help me to sift it. What do you know?"

"I was close behind the door. I heard every word I heard your sword drawn and I heard Don John fall, and then it was some time before I heard my father's voice taking the blame upon himself lest it should be said that the King of Spain had murdered his own brother in his room unarmed. Is that the truth or not?"

While she was speaking a greenish hue overspread Philip's face, ghastly in the candlelight. He sat upright in his chair, his hands straining on its arms and pushing as if he would have got further back if he could.

Dolores continued, holding him under her terrible eyes:

"I came in and I found him dead. He was unarmed, murdered without a chance for his life, and my father took the blame to save you from the monstrous accusation. Confess that what I say is true. I am a Spanish woman and I would not see my country branded before the world with the shame of your royal murders; and if you will confess and save my father I will keep your secret for my country's sake. If you will not, by the God that made you I will tell all Spain what you are,

and the men who loved Don John of Austria shall rise and take your blood for his blood, though it be blood royal, and you shall die as you killed, like the coward you are."

She was silent a moment. He made no sound and she moved toward the door. Her hand was almost on the knob when he raised himself by the arms of his chair and cried out to her in a frightened voice.

"No, No! Stay here, you must not go. What do you want me to say?"

"Say, 'You have spoken the truth,' " she answered, dictating to him as if she were the sovereign and he a guilty subject.

"Stay—yes—it is true—I did it—for Spain—for God's mercy do not betray me."

She came slowly back to him, keeping her eyes upon him as if he were some dangerous wild animal that she controlled by her look alone.

"That is not all. That was for me, that I might hear the words from your own lips."

"What more do you want of me?"

"My father's freedom and safety. I must have an order for his instant release. Send for him. Let him come here at once as a free man."

"That is impossible. He has confessed the deed before the whole court. He must at least have a trial. Can you forget to whom you are speaking?"

"I am not asking anything of your majesty. I am dictating terms to my lover's murderer."

"You shall not impose your insolence on me any longer. I shall call help—"

"Call whom you will, you cannot save yourself. In ten minutes there will be a revolution in the palace, and to-morrow all Spain will be on fire to avenge your brother. Spain has not forgotten Don Carlos yet. You tortured him to death. There are those alive who saw you give Queen Isobel the draught that killed her—with your own hand. Are you mad enough to think that no one knows these things; that your spies who spy on others do not spy on you; that you alone of all mankind can commit every crime with impunity?"

"Take care, girl! Take care!"

"Beware, Don Philip of Austria, King of Spain and half the world, lest a girl's voice be heard above yours,

and a girl's hand loosen the foundation of your throne. Outside this door there are men who guess the truth already; who hate you as they hate Satan, and who loved your brother as every living being loved him, except you. One moment more Order my father to be set free or I will open and speak One moment! You will not? It is too late, you are lost!"

He sprang to his feet, seized the pen and began to scrawl words rapidly Then he held the paper out without a word, but his other hand moved toward a bell on the table

She was standing with her hand on the knob of the door.

"If you ring that bell I will open the door. Bring the order here where I am safe I must read it myself before I am satisfied"

He brought the paper to her. She took it from his hand, keeping her eyes on his, for something told her that he would try to seize her and draw her from the door while she was not ready for it For some seconds they faced each other in silence She slowly turned the handle and drew the door to her and she saw his face fall. She moved to one side so that she could have sprung out if he had tried violence, and then at last she allowed her eyes to glance down at the paper. It was an order and would be obeyed She saw that at a glance, for it said that Don Diego de Mendoza was to be set at liberty instantly and unconditionally.

She threw the door wide open and curtsied low:

"I humbly thank your majesty and take my leave."



Senator Elkins, of West Virginia, let out a terrible roar when the coal schedule was up for discussion during the debate on the tariff bill in the Senate

A guide was showing some visitors through the Capitol He took them to a Senate gallery and pointed out the celebrities. "That's Senator Elkins," he said. "He's an insurgent just at present."

"Insurgent?" said one of the visitors incredulously. "I supposed him a hide-bound Republican"

"Nope," answered the guide with great distinctness, "not hide-bound—coal-bound."

The Song of the Dancing Dervishes*

BY WALLACE IRWIN.

This is the song that the Dervishes sing
 As they whirl, as they skirl, in a magic ring,
 As cheek by jowl
 They holler and howl
 And prance and dance and whoop and wail
 Till their lips are pale,
 In the land of the mad Mad Mullah,
 As they caper and kick
 Like Haroun el Nick
 In the moon of the Blue Abdullah:

*"Allah il Allah'
 Do-see-do!
 Yip' Bismallah
 And up we go'
 Bang! Bang!*

There was a man in Khoordistan,
 A very holy Mussulman
 From the mosque of the Great Malecca,
 Who had nine wives in his fair hareem—
 But he left 'em all in a prophet's dream
 And walked on his hands to Mecca.
Kismet bang! but he perspired,
 And when his hands grew very tired:
 'T'll rest a while,' he said,
 So upside-down he stood, and thrust
 His holy turban in the dust
 And slept upon his head.
 *Boo! boo!
 Yip, huroo!*

* From *The Saturday Evening Post*. Copyright, 1906, by the Curtis Publishing Company.

He was a good Mohammedan,
 A very famous Mussulman
 In the faith of the mad Mad Mullah!"
 Sing the Dervishes as they whirl and whiz,
 As they jip and jog
 Through a maniac clog
 In the moon of the Blue Abdullah.

This is the song that the Dervishes shout,
 Turning cartwheels in and out,
 While the Slaves of the Sheik
 Bellow and shriek.
 While pilgrims come to the tum-tum-tum
 Of the kettledrum,
 As long as the daylight lingers,
 As they throw fierce spasms
 Across the chasms
 And whistle upon their fingers:

*"Allah il Allah!
 Do-see-do!
 Yip! Bismallah
 And up we go!
 Bang! Bang!*

In Badahir an old Emir
 Balanced a broomstick on his ear
 For three successive winters
 Upon that ear his faith he pinned
 Till up there came a desert wind
 And broke the broom to splinters.
Kismet bang! but he was sad—
 Being the only broom he had
 Its loss he did deplore—
 And so to gain his soul's repose
 He balanced toothpicks on his nose
 For seven summers more
*Hoo' hoo'
 Kalamazoo!*

A faithful Moslemite was he,
 An ardent, earnest devotee
 To the faith of the mad Mad Mullah!"
 Sing the Dervishes as they whirl and whiz,
 As they skip and hop
 And flip and flop
 In the moon of the Blue Abdullah.

The Speaker

De Captaine
of de "Marguerite"*

BY WALLACE BRUCE AMSBARY.

You want to know who 'tis I am?
 You're stranger man, I see;
 I don' min' tell you som't'ing
 Concernin' de life of me
 My fadder's com' from Canadaw,
 'Long vit Père Chiniquy,
 'Vay in de early fifty year,
 To lan' of libertee
 An' I am born here on de State,
 An' rose soon high to be
 De captaine of de Marguerite,
 Dat sail de Kankakee.

De people all is know me here.
 Ven I vent down de street,
 Vit moch respec' dey's bow at me,
 Venever dem I meet.
 De ladies call me "Captaine,"
 De men is call me "Cap",
 De children overe de hull place
 Dey's mos'ly call me "Pap";
 I'm "*caractère public*," dey say,
 Vatever dat may be,
 I'm captaine of de Marguerite,
 Dat sail de Kankakee.

An' ven der var is outbreak
 In de spring of nanty-ate,
 I grow so patriotique,
 An' I am so moch elate
 To haf' de chance to go to front;
 I will be brave, bold man,

* From "Ballads of Bourbonnais" Copyright, 1904, by the Bobbs Merrill Company and *The Century Magazine* Used by special permission

An' fight the Spanish grandee:
 But I'll fight not on de lan'.
 I go op on de gentlemen
 Of var, I say to me,
 I'm captaine of de Marguerite,
 Dat sail de Kankakee.

An' den I put de Marguerite
 In dry dock for avile;
 I gat me to Chicago town,
 My face is all on smile;
 Dey mak' recruit for navee dere,
 For seamen advertise;
 De officere he's dress lak' doode,
 Say I's mos' undersize.
 "Vat experance it is you haf',
 My man?" he say to me,
 Den I tol' him 'bout de Marguerite,
 Dat sail de Kankakee

An' ven he hear me all of dis
 He mak' de gran' salute,
 An' say he vill accept me—
 Mighty glad of dat to boot
 Ven Messieu' Schley an' Sampson,
 De bossmen of de fleet,
 Vas know I join de navee
 Vill mos' tak' dem off dere feet.
 All of dis talk I hear I t'ink
 Is gratify to me,
 As captaine of de Marguerite,
 Dat sail de Kankakee.

An' ven ve're down on blockade,
 Off Cienfuegos Bay,
 I's man de boat dat cut de line
 Of cable vire dat day;
 De bullets dey com' t'ick an' fas',
 An' deat' he's com' dere, too,
 An' in dat hell of fire an' smoke
 Vas awful how-de-do.
 It's differante from quiet tam's
 Dan ven I go to sea,—
 I's captaine of de Marguerite,
 Dat sail de Kankakee

The Speaker

An' in dat Santiago fight
 I's cut op quite a dash;
 I's on de Gloucester steamboat
 Dat is smash dem all to smash.
 Ve's mak' 'em scat like grasshopper,
 Vit shell ve's mak' 'em bus',
 De Brooklyn an' de Texas vere
 Not in it at all wit' us!
 I's man behin' de gun, I's pull
 De trigger, don' you see?
 Galant captaine of de Marguerite
 Dat sail de Kankakee.

An' ven de var is overe
 I gat honorab' discharge,
 I t'inks I now haf' tam' to t'ink
 Of Rosalie LaFarge;
 Dat gairl she's twice refuse me vonce,
 But now dat I'm hero
 She'll t'ink about it two-t'ree tam'
 Before she let me go
 She's glad I no mak' bait for shark
 Dat swim open de sea,
 But still captaine of de Marguerite,
 Dat sails de Kankakee.

At home dey meet me wit' brass-ban',
 Sky rocket an' flambeau;
 Dey turn de town upside ovére,
 At me de rose dey t'row;
 I's ride in state to Cité Hall,
 To me dey mak' a speak,
 I try to mak' von, too, but I
 Gat mix op an' I steak;
 I's talk about de country dat I save
 An' 'bout de flag,
 An' den I sit me down again,
 For me I don' lak' brag:
 It's not become de hero man
 To talk an' speak so free,
 Nor the captaine of de Marguerite,
 Dat sail de Kankakee

An' den dere vas de gran' banquay,
 To honneur me dey geeve,
 De maire an' all de council here
 In Kankakee dat leeve.
 Dey mak' a toas', I give von back;
 Ve haf' som' jollie fone;
 An' den ve sing an' laugh an' shout,
 Den de hull place ve ron;
 Dey's fill me op vit cognac
 Till again I's on de sea,
 Formere captaine of de Marguerite
 Dat sail de Kankakee.

An' now I'm com' back from de var,
 I t'ink I's rose op high,
 If I keep on a-goin' op
 I'll gat op to de sky.
 Dey say I vas première factor
 In fight opon de sea,
 An' now ven I go down de street
 Here's vat dey say at me.
 De ladies call me "Admiral,"
 De men is call me "Ad,"
 De children overe de hull place
 Dey's lov' to call me "Dad."
 You see, from *caractère public*,
 I am exalt' to be,
 De Admiral Gran' of de hull fleet
 Dat sail de Kankakee.



"Fellow citizens! Clouds and darkness are round about Him! His pavilion is dark waters and thick clouds of the skies! Justice and judgment are the establishment of His throne! Mercy and truth shall go before His face! Fellow citizens! God reigns, and the Government at Washington still lives!"—*Gen James A Garfield, New York speech on learning of President Lincoln's assassination.*

When I Heard the Learn'd Astronomer

BY WALT WHITMAN.

When I heard the learn'd astronomer,
 When the proofs, the figures, were ranged in columns
 before me,
 When I was shown the charts and diagrams, to add,
 divide and measure them,
 When I sitting heard the astronomer where he lectured
 with much applause in the lecture-room,
 How soon unaccountable I became tired and sick,
 Till rising and gliding out I wander'd off by myself,
 In the mystical moist night air, and from time to time
 Look'd up in perfect silence at the stars



Her Faults



BY HARRY B SMITH.

My sweetheart has faults in plenty,
 Which I perceive with much distress;
 For instance, she is only twenty,
 And one would think her even less,
 While I may mention it between us—
 Excuse the confidence betrayed—
 Her form is plagiarized from Venus,
 And no acknowledgment is made.
 Her hair is much too fine and curly;
 Her lips are merely Cupid's bow,
 Her teeth absurdly white and pearly;
 But still we all have faults, you know

So, in spite of this and spite of that,
 Whate'er betide, whate'er befall,
 These things let others cavil at;
 I love my sweetheart, faults and all

From such defects this little lady
 Of mine is anything but free.
 Her lashes are "extremely shady,"
 Her eyes are "much too deep for me"
 Two dimples have been thought too many
 For one small maiden to possess
 Her rivals wish she hadn't any;
 But what's a dimple more or less?
 Her voice attracts o'er much attention
 Because of its melodious ring
 Her foot—but that I shall not mention—
 It's such a very little thing.

Yes, in spite of that and spite of this,
 Whate'er betide, whate'er befall,
 Though others may perfection miss,
 I love my sweetheart, faults and all.



Names

BY SAMUEL T. COLERIDGE.

I asked my fair, one happy day,
 What I should call her in my lay;
 By what sweet name from Rome or Greece
 Lalage, Neæra, Chloris,
 Sappho, Lesbia, or Doris,
 Arethusa or Lucrece

"Ah!" replied my gentle fair,
 "Beloved, what are names but air?
 Choose you whatever suits the line;
 Call me Daphne, call me Chloris,
 Call me Lalage or Doris,
 Only, only call me thine."

The Irish Colonel*

BY A. CONAN DOYLE

Said the king to the colonel,
 "The complaints are eternal,
 That you Irish give more trouble
 Than any other corps "

Said the colonel to the king,
 "This complaint is no new thing,
 For your foemen, sire, have made it
 A hundred times before "

* From "Songs of Action" Copyright, 1898, by Doubleday & McClure Co., New York.



Stolen Fruit

BY LEIGH HUNT.

(From the Italian)

We the fairies, blithe and antic,
 Of dimensions not gigantic,
 Though the moonshine mostly keep us,
 Oft in orchards frisk and peep us

Stolen sweets are always sweeter,
 Stolen kisses much completer,
 Stolen looks are nice in chapels,
 Stolen, stolen be your apples

When to bed the world is bobbing,
 Then's the time for orchard-robbing;
 Yet the fruit were scarce worth peeling
 Were it not for stealing, stealing.

The Bluebell

BY MARGARET DELAND.

In love she fell,
 My shy Bluebell,
 With a strolling Bumblebee;
 "I love you so,"
 He whispered low,
 "Sweet, give your heart to me!"
 "I love but you,
 And I'll be true,
 Oh, give me your heart, I pray!"
 She bent her head,—
 "I will," she said;
 When, lo, he flew away!



A Laughing Chorus*

Oh, such a commotion under the ground
 When March called, "Ho, there! ho!"
 Such spreading of rootlets far and wide,
 Such a whispering to and fro.
 And "Are you ready?" the Snowdrop asked;
 "'Tis time to start, you know."
 "Almost, my dear," the Scilla replied;
 "I'll follow as soon as you go."
 Then, "Ha! ha! ha!" a chorus came
 Of laughter sweet and low
 From the millions of flowers under the ground—
 Yes—millions—beginning to grow
 "I'll promise my blossoms," the Crocus said,
 "When I hear the bluebirds sing"
 And straight thereafter Narcissus cried,
 "My silver and gold I'll bring."
 "And ere they are dulled," another spoke,
 "The Hyacinth bells shall ring"
 And the violet only murmured, "I'm here,"
 And sweet grew the breath of spring

* From "Nature in Verse" Copyrighted, 1895, by Silver, Burdett & Company.

The Speaker

Then, "Ha! ha! ha!" a chorus came
 Of laughter soft and low
 From the millions of flowers under the ground—
 Yes—millions—beginning to grow.

Oh, the pretty, brave things! through the coldest days,
 Imprisoned in walls of brown,
 They never lost heart, though the blast shriek loud,
 And the sleet and the hail came down,
 But patiently each wrought her beautiful dress,
 Or fashioned her beautiful crown,
 And now they are coming to brighten the world,
 Still shadowed by winter's frown;
 And well may they cheerily laugh, "Ha! ha!"
 In a chorus soft and low,
 The millions of flowers hid under the ground—
 Yes—millions—beginning to grow.



"I Mean to Wait for Jack"*

BY FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

Sweet Kate at Wyndham's Dairy, and Jack of Oldham
 Mill—
 Oh, long they woo'd and fond they coo'd, a faithful Jack
 and Jill!
 But times were bad for lass and lad, and sadly both con-
 fess'd
 'Twas not the thing to buy the ring before they'd lined
 the nest
 "Courage, lad!" said Katie "Yes, we'll have to wait;
 But though, my dear, it's twenty year, I'll take no other
 mate"

* From "Ballads and Legends"

But England wanted Jacky, for war was in the air,
And arms more grim were press'd on him than Katie's
bonny pair.
So all through Spain, in rough campaign, he chivied
bold Mossoo,
And fired his gun and made him run like fun at Waterloo.
When the lads came round her, Katie bade them pack.
"There's girls enow* for you to woo, I mean to wait
for Jack"

The grey in Katie's ringlets was mingling with the
brown,
When, bump-a-thump, an eager stump came pegging
through the town
"It's me, you see, come back," says he, "except a leg
or so;
And safe and sound, here's twenty pound, so let the
parson know."
Jangle, jingle, jangle! set the bells a-chime,
And health and bliss to love like this that bravely bides
its time.

* Pronounce *enoo*, as commonly in the Midlands.



The First Idealist ✓

BY GRANT ALLEN.

A jelly-fish swam in a tropical sea,
And he said, "This world it consists of me:
There's nothing above and nothing below
That a jelly-fish ever can possibly know,
(Since we've got no sight, or hearing, or smell,)
Beyond what one single sense can tell,
Now, all that I learn from the sense of touch
Is that fact of my feelings, viewed as such.
But to think they have any external cause
Is an inference clean against logical laws.
Again, to suppose, as I've hitherto done,
There are other jelly-fish under the sun,

The Speaker

Is a pure assumption that can't be back'd
By a jot of proof or a single fact.
In short, with Hume, I very much doubt
If there's anything else at all without.
So I come at last to the plain conclusion,
When the subject is fairly set free from confusion,
That the Universe simply centres in me,
And if *I* were not, then nothing would be."
That minute, a shark, who was strolling by,
Just gulped him down in the wink of an eye,
And he died, with a few convulsive twists,
But, somehow, the Universe still exists.



The Dead Ones

BY WALT MASON.

The poets of these later days have cold feet all the time, for people read their soulful lays and cry "What rotten rhyme! Why can't they write as Byron wrote, and hit the heights of song? They strike a harsh and jarring note—the clanging of a gong." This Byron, in his lusty prime, made something of a hit; yet critics who perused his rhyme declared it counterfeit "His song," they say, "gives us a pain, a dry pain in the neck, it's just such stuff as Laura Jean will write when she's on deck. Why can't he strike the Shakespeare gait, and sing a song worth while?" And when the Bard of Avon smote the harp that had no peer, folks said, "The bleating of a goat sounds sweeter to the ear. When Chaucer wrote his rhymes had sense, and when he came to bat, he knocked the ball clear through the fence and scored, you bet your hat!" And thus it was when Homer wrought, and plied his fountain pen, and ground out epics smoking hot; they jumped upon him then. They told him of some grassfed Greek whose wickiup was near, who wrote more Hot Stuff in a week than he could in a year.

Parting

BY NORMAN GALE.

Why, love, don't weep!
 Our joy was long,
 Sweet twenty years
 Of smile and song.
 I shall but wait
 Asleep, asleep,
 For you to come—
 Why, love, don't weep!

Why, love, don't weep!
 The end is this:
 There comes a bound
 To speech and kiss;
 For joy like ours
 The price is cheap—
 Sweet twenty years!
 Why, love, don't weep!



Smiling Blue Eyes

BY BEN F. MOUNTS.

You may talk about eyes that are fair as the skies,
 And eyes that are ever so bright;
 About eyes that are clear, that you always hold dear,
 And eyes like the midsummer night
 Of eyes that are gray and will take you away
 To visions of things you would do,
 But for me all the while is the girl with the smile
 And eyes of the prettiest—*blue!*

There's eyes then of brown that will bring you around,
 In the sway of their magical spell;
 And eyes that appear so lovely and clear
 Like the eyes of a gentle gazelle,
 But there's none worth the while and will bring
 forth a smile
 Of pleasure and joy to view
 Like the sweetest of all, a smile and a call,
 From the girl with eyes of—*blue!*

Thanksgiving Day

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

For summer rain, and winter's sun,
For autumn breezes crisp and sweet,
For labors doing, to be done,
And labors all complete;
For April, May and lovely June,
For bud, and bird, and berried vine,
For joys of morning, night and noon,
My thanks, dear Lord, are Thine!

For loving friends on every side,
For country, and for liberty,
For all the blessed Heavens wide,
And for the sounding sea;
For mountains, valleys, forests deep,
For maple, oak, and lofty pine,
For rivers on their seaward sweep,
My thanks, dear Lord, are Thine!

For light and air, for sun and shade,
For children merry, and for cheer,
For music, and the glad parade
Of blessings through the year;
For all the fruitful earth's increase,
For home, and life, and love divine,
For hope, and faith, and perfect peace,
My thanks, dear Lord, are Thine!



The late Bishop Foss once visited a Philadelphia physician for some trifling ailment. "Do you, sir," the doctor asked, in the course of his examination, "talk in your sleep?"

"No, sir," answered the bishop. "I talk in other people's. Aren't you aware that I am a divine?"

What's Your Hurry?

Where're you going, friend, so fast?
 What's your hurry?
 Think of all the fun you've passed
 In your hurry
 Take it easy; spare a minute for a pleasant, friendly
 talk.
 There are blessings all about you if you travel at a walk
 There are smiles to cure your worries, kindly words your
 cares to balk
 What's your hurry?

Won't the prize you strive for keep?
 Must you hurry?
 If it won't, it's surely cheap
 Cut the hurry!
 Many years the world has waited for your message or
 your song—
 If the world still waits a little, it will likely get along,
 And the song will be the sweeter and the message just
 as strong.
 What's your hurry?

Life rewards us day by day—
 What's your hurry?
 Don't forget to take your pay
 In your hurry.
 By and by, you say? But listen; by and by you'll have
 to rest
 With a ton of earth and granite pressing firmly on your
 chest
 As a delicate reminder that to travel slow is best.
 What's your hurry?



"When you are in the right you can afford to keep
 your temper, and when you are in the wrong you can't
 afford to lose it"—*George Horace Lorimer.*

Commination

BY WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

Taking my walk the other day,
I saw a little girl at play,
So pretty, 'twould not be amiss,
Thought I, to venture on a kiss
Fiercely the little girl began—
"I wonder at you, nasty man!"
And all four fingers were applied,
And crimson pinafore beside,
To wipe what venom might remain—
"Do if you dare the like again;
I have a mind to teach you better,"
And I, too, had a mind to let her.



Sing Heigh-ho!

BY CHARLES KINGSLEY.

There sits a bird on every tree,
Sing heigh-ho!
There sits a bird on every tree,
And courts his love, as I do thee;
Sing heigh-ho, and heigh-ho!
Young maids must marry.

There grows a flower on every bough,
Sing heigh-ho!
There grows a flower on every bough,
Its petals kiss—I'll show you how:
Sing heigh-ho, and heigh-ho!
Young maids must marry.

From stream to stream the salmon roam;
Sing heigh-ho!
From stream to stream the salmon roam;
Each finds a mate, and leads her home;
Sing heigh-ho, and heigh-ho!
Young maids must marry.

The sun's a bridegroom, earth a bride,
Sing heigh-ho!
They court from morn till eventide:
The earth shall pass, but love abide;
Sing heigh-ho, and heigh-ho!
Young maids must marry.



The Green Gnome

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

Ring, sing! ring, sing! pleasant Sabbath bells!
Chime, rhyme! chime, rhyme! through the dales and dells!
Rhyme, ring! chime, sing! pleasant Sabbath bells!
Chime, sing! rhyme, ring! over fields and fells!

And I gallop'd and I gallop'd on my palfrey white as
milk,
My robe was of the sea-green woof, my serk was of the
silk,
My hair was golden yellow, and it floated to my shoe,
My eyes were like two harebells bathed in shining drops
of dew;
My palfrey, never stopping, made a music sweetly blent
With the leaves of autumn dropping all around me as
I went;
And I heard the bells, grown fainter, far behind me
peal and play,
Fainter, fainter, fainter, till they seem'd to die away;
And beside a silver runnel, on a lonely heap of sand,
I saw the green Gnome sitting, with his cheek upon
his hand;

The Speaker

Then he started up to see me, and he ran with cry and
 bound,
 And drew me from my palfrey white, and set me on the
 ground.
 O crimson, crimson, were his locks, his face was green
 to see,
 But he cried, "O light-hair'd lassie, you are bound to
 marry me!"
 He claspt me round the middle small, he kissed me on
 the cheek,
 He kissed me once, he kissed me twice—I could not stir
 or speak;
 He kissed me twice, he kissed me thrice—but when he
 kissed again,
 I called aloud upon the name of Him who died for men!

Ring, sing! ring, sing! pleasant Sabbath bells!
 Chime, rhyme! chime, rhyme! through the dales and dells!
 Rhyme, ring! chime, sing! pleasant Sabbath bells!
 Chime, sing! rhyme, ring! over fields and fells!

O faintly, faintly, faintly, calling men and maids to pray,
 So faintly, faintly, faintly, rang the bells afar away,
 And as I named the Blessed Name, as in our need we can,
 The ugly green, green Gnome became a tall and comely
 man!

His hands were white, his beard was gold, his eyes were
 black as sloes,

His tunic was of scarlet woof, and silken were his hose;
 A pensive light from Faeryland still linger'd on his cheek,
 His voice was like the running brook when he began to
 speak:

"O you have cast away the charm my step-dame put
 on me,

Seven years I dwelt in Faeryland, and you have set me
 free!

O I will mount thy palfrey white, and ride to kirk with
 thee,

And by those sweetly shining eyes we twain will wedded
 be!"

Back we gallop'd, never stopping, he before and I behind,
 And the autumn leaves were dropping, red and yellow,
 in the wind,

And the sun was shining clearer, and my heart was high
 and proud,
 As nearer, nearer, nearer, rang the kirk bells sweet and
 loud,
 And we saw the kirk before us, as we trotted down the
 fells,
 And nearer, clearer, o'er us, rang the welcome of the
 bells!

Ring, sing! ring, sing! pleasant Sabbath bells!
 Chime, rhyme! chime, rhyme! through the dales and dells!
 Rhyme, ring! chime, sing! pleasant Sabbath bells!
 Chime, sing! rhyme, ring! over fields and fells!



The Dream and the Deed

BY JAMES C. McNALLY.

The Dream is the babe in the lovelit nest,
 And the rollicking boy at play;
 The Dream is the Youth with the old, old zest
 For the rare romance of a day
 Then the Deed strides forth to the distant goal
 That has dazzled since life began;
 For the Dream is the child of the rampant soul—
 But the Deed is the man!

The Dream is the mask that would make men fair
 And the boast that would count them brave;
 The Dream is the honors that heroes wear
 And the glory that high hearts crave;
 Then the Deed gives battle to pride and pelf
 As only a conquerer can,
 For the Dream is the child of the Better Self—
 But the Deed is the man!

The Speaker

A Rose

BY ARLO BATES.

'Twas a Jacqueminot rose
That she gave me at parting;
Sweetest flower that blows,
'Twas a Jacqueminot rose.
In the love garden close,
With the swift bushes starting,
'Twas a Jacqueminot rose
That she gave me at parting.

If she kissed it, who knows—
Since I will not discover,
And love is that close,
If she kissed it, who knows?
Or if not the red rose
Perhaps then the lover!
If she kissed it, who knows,
Since I will not discover

Yet at least with the rose
Went a kiss that I'm wearing!
More I will not disclose,
Yet at least with the rose
Went whose kiss no one knows—
Since I'm only declaring,
"Yet at least with the rose
Went a kiss that I'm wearing"



"He who has a thousand friends
Has never a one to spare,
And he who has one enemy
Will meet him everywhere"

Kirtle Red

BY W. H. BELLAMY.

A damsel fair, on a summer's day—
—Sing heigh, sing ho, for the summer!
Sat under a tree in a kirtle gray,
Singing, "Somebody's late at 'tryst to-day;
Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
Or the leaves may fall in summer!"

Answered a little bird overhead—
As birds will do in summer;
'Somebody *has* kept tryst," it said,
'With somebody else in a kirtle red,
And they are going to be married"
Sing heigh, sing ho, for the summer!

"With all my heart, little bird," said she;
Sing heigh, sing ho, for the summer!
"He's welcome to kirtle red for me,
Somebody's fast, while somebody's free!
There's nothing, no, nothing, like libertie!"
Sing heigh, sing ho, for the summer!



To the New Year

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

One song for thee, New Year,
One universal prayer;
Teach us—all other teachings far above—
To hide dark Hate beneath the wings of love;
To slay all hatred, strife,
And live the larger life!
To bind the wounds that bleed,
To lift the fallen, lead the blind
As only Love can lead—
To live for all mankind!

The Speaker

Teach us, New Year, to be
 Free men among the free;
 Our only master Duty, with no God
 Save one—our Maker—monarchs of the sod!
 Teach us with all its might,
 Its darkness and its light,
 Its heart-beat tremulous,
 Its grief, its gloom—
 Its beauty and its bloom—
 God made the world for us!



Charley Taft's Good Sense

Charley, youngest son of President Taft, is a real American boy who avails himself of all the privileges that are coming to him as a budding citizen, but consistently refuses to take advantage of the fact that his father is President. The President likes this, and was much amused at a story told about Charley.

At a party in Washington recently Charles Taft was placed at a table beside a girl of his own age, who had not learned his name and failed to recognize him. They got on extremely well together. As the acquaintance progressed to a point where names seemed desirable the girl asked:

"What is your name?"

"Charley," laconically replied her escort.

Still somewhat at a loss to place the pleasant-faced boy who seemed so desirable an acquaintance, another question was propounded.

"Where do you live?"

"On Pennsylvania Avenue," was the answer.

This did not satisfy, and the girl followed it by another:

"What does your father do?"

"Oh, he is a political office holder here," was the answer.

The Speaker

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The Story of the Wrinkles

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT

Her face is wrinkled—yet how fair
Is she, with all her snowy hair
Above it, for each wrinkle seems
A line set there by laughter's gleams
A bit of sunshine that was left
When wrinkles wove their warp and weft
Across her aging cheek and brow
To tell the story they tell now

'Tis written there in prose and rhyme
As though the necromancer, Time,
Had set his mystic symbols in
Her cheeks and brow and trembling chin
To show us what a life may be,
If we will only look and see
And when we know of what they mean
The wrinkles are but dimly seen.

We see her bending o'er the child—
Her cheek is wrinkled where she smiled,
We see her comforting the sad,
Or soothing some unhappy lad,
Or bringing gladness in once more
Where sorrow has stalked through the door—
All this the wrinkles tell, for they
Were made in some old yesterday

So many kindly words and deeds,
And ministering to sore needs,
And patient waitings—when to wait
Seemed useless in the face of fate,
But when the patience could impart
New strength to some less trusting heart—
Each word or deed that banned a care
Has left its telltale wrinkle there.

The Speaker

God bless ner, then!! Ah, God has blest
 And given of His grace the best
 To her, for now 'tis hers to hold
 The fairest of all memory's gold
 Our faces may all wrinkled be,
 May they thus chronicle our years
 And show the smiles saved from our tears.



His One Book

BY JAMES BALL NAYLOR.

He is not a collector of volumes antique,
 With their black-letter characters grim,
 Nor of private editions nor bindings unique,
 There's one book—and but one!—that suits him.
 'Tis a flexible, pocket-size copy, in calf,
 Of a book he has learned bit by bit,
 And the price of an Elzevir wouldn't be half
 Of the value he puts upon it.

He has carried this book, as he sweated and toiled,
 Till the cover is shabby and black—
 Till the strap that embraced it is hopelessly spoiled,
 And the leaves, which are loose from the back—
 Well, they're dog-eared and thumb'd and all greasy and
 gummed
 But their every secret he knows;
 And their problems of life he has figured and summed—
 And he cons them wherever he goes.

Oh! this pocket-size volume in flexible calf
 Tells the jolliest stories e'er told;
 Of a beggar who died with a sneer and a laugh—
 Of a widow thrust out in the cold;
 Of an orphan who perished for want of a crust
 To keep body and soul in accord,
 Of a beautiful girl who was driven to lust—
 For the living she couldn't afford.

Some dull day or dark night the old fellow will die—
 All alone, it may be, and unmissed,
 Not a friend in attendance nor relative nigh!—
 With the fat volume clutched in his fist,
 And his eyes will be fixed in a stoical stare,
 A last longing and lingering look,
 On the book that has been both his comfort and care—
 On his greasy old pocketbook!



The Living Flag

BY MRS CHARLES M. HARL.

Canst be that thou insensate art,
 Oh, flag, so loved and cherished,
 That armies countless thousands strong
 Have fought for thee and perished?
 That armies countless thousands strong,
 By thy dumb call elated,
 Again would spring to arms for thee,
 Though knowing death awaited?

Nay, quivers life through ev'ry fold,
 Each wave and undulation,
 And measures with its rise and fall
 The heart-throbs of a nation
 Aye, in thy folds, a century old,
 A century's life is surging,
 And over all waves a clarion call
 To blood that needs no urging.

Life thrills thy red, to courage wed;
 The purity of thy whiteness;
 Thy field of blue, in truth's own hue;
 Thy stars of dazzling brightness;
 And courage, truth and purity,
 Thus in thy colors blended,
 Have fired the hearts and nerved the arms
 Which have thy cause defended.

The Speaker

So, children of the men of old,
 Who first unfurled to glory
 The beauty of thy stars and stripes,
 Now famed in song and story,
 To save the flag their blood baptized
 When we were born a nation,
 We pledge our life-blood and our sons,
 In solemn consecration.



Say Something Good

BY STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN.

Pick out the folks you like the least and watch 'em for a
 while;
 They never waste a kindly word, they never waste a
 smile;
 They criticise their fellow-men at every chance they get,
 They never found a human just to suit their fancy yet
 From them I guess you'd learn some things, if they were
 pointed out—
 Some things that every one of us should know a lot
 about,
 When some one "knocks" a brother, pass around the
 loving cup—
 Say something good about him if you have to make it up.

It's safe to say that every man God made holds trace of
 good
 That he would fain exhibit to his fellows if he could;
 The kindly deeds in many a soul are hibernating there,
 Awaiting the encouragement of other souls that dare
 To show the best that's in them, and a universal move
 Would start the whole world running in a hopeful, help-
 ful groove
 Say something sweet to paralyze the "knocker" on the
 spot—
 Speak kindly of his victim, if you know the man or not.

The eyes that peek and peer to find the worst a brother
holds,
The tongue that speaks in bitterness, that frets and fumes
and scolds,
The hands that bruise the fallen, though their strength
was made to raise
The weaklings who have stumbled at the parting of the
ways—
All these should be forgiven, for they "know not what
they do,"
Their hindrance makes a greater work for wiser ones
like you
So, when they scourge a wretched one who's drained
sin's bitter cup,
Say something good about him if you have to make it
up.



Wolsey's Soliloquy*

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

So farewell to the little good you bear me
Farewell! a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him;
And third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And, when he thinks good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me, and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye:

* From "King Henry VIII," Act 3, Scene 2

I feel my heart new open'd O! how wretched
 Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors.
 There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
 That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
 More pangs and fears than wars or women have,
 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
 Never to hope again.



Peace and Pain

BY JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

The day and night are symbols of creation,
 And each has part in all that God has made:
 There is no ill without its compensation,
 And life and death are only light and shade
 There never beat a heart so base and sordid
 But felt at times a sympathetic glow;
 There never lived a virtue unrewarded,
 Nor died a vice without its meed of woe.

In this brief life despair should never reach us;
 The sea looks wide because the shores are dim;
 The star that led the Magi still can teach us
 The way to go if we but look to Him
 And as we wade, the darkness closing o'er us,
 The hungry waters surging to the chin,
 Our deeds will rise like stepping-stones before us—
 The good and bad—for we may use the sin

A sin of youth, atoned for and forgiven,
 Takes on a virtue, if we choose to find.
 When clouds across our onward path are driven,
 We still may steer by its pale light behind.
 A sin forgotten is in part to pay for,
 A sin remembered is a constant gain.
 Sorrow, next joy, is what we ought to pray for,
 As next to peace we profit most from pain

Which Firm Are You In?

BY JOE CONE.

Do you belong to "Grin & Bearit,"
The firm that is sure to rise?
Or are you concerned with "Flunk & Tumble,"
The one that so quickly dies?
The tough old firm of "Grin & Bearit"
Is built of the real old stuff;
But the weaker firm of "Flunk and Tumble"
Goes out with a simple puff.

"Grin & Bearit" are wisely founded,
Keen-eyed, with the strength of youth;
Built on the rock of honor; their slogan
Is determination and truth.
Get out of the firm of "Flunk & Tumble,"
It savors of dire distress,
Get into the firm of "Grin & Bearit,"
And grow to a great success.



The Snow Man

BY JOE CONE.

You've seen the snow man in the yard?
How stiff and white he stands!
He is a monstrous, lifeless hulk,
Built up with childish hands.
He serves a purpose, in a way,
And yet how short his life;
He either melts some later day,
Or tumbles in the strife.

Don't be a snow man in the yard,
A useless hulk of white;
Don't be so full of nothingness
You can't put up a fight.

Don't be a front yard ornament,
Though pleasing to the eye,
The snow man melts and runs away,
And leaves no memory!



The Manger Song of Mary

BY EDWIN MARKHAM.

Hark, Baby, hark
To the bells in the dark.
Here are the three that are led by the star—
Melchior and Gaspar and swart Baltazar
Great are the gifts in the hands of the wise . . .
Mother has only a kiss for Your eyes!

Croon, Baby, croon,
Like a dove at the moon
Melchior with beard reaching down to the knee,
Pours You the gold from the hills and the seas,
Brings You a gift for a King to command . . .
Mother has only a kiss for Your hand!

Sleep, Baby, sleep,
For the shadows are deep
Gaspar with pearls on his red turban comes,
Bringing You myrrh and Arabian gums
Wind where he passes is delicate sweet . . .
Mother has only a kiss for Your feet!

Dream, Baby, dream,
For the star is a gleam.
Baltazar kneels by the manger and sings,
Burning white frankincense, rings over rings,
They have brought treasure from mountain and mart . .
Mother has nothing to give but her heart!

The Belles

BY T. H. DALY.

O' the belles!
Summer belles;

What a plentitude of heartaches their giddiness compels;
How they giggle, giggle, giggle,
In the sea-breeze laden night,
How their victims squirm and wriggle
In the ecstasy of fright

How they hurt
When they flirt,
When with ghoulish glee they gloat
On the squirming of a fellow when they have him by
the throat.

O' the belles!
Brazen belles,
How they conjure, scheme and plan
To entrap the summer man,
The ribbon counter gentlemen who masquerade as
swells

O' the belles!
Greedy belles;
How they wring, wring, wring
Soda water, everything,
From the pockets of those "Cash!" exclaiming swells

O' the belles!
Foxy belles;
What a wealth of hints they fling
To compel the pleasant ring,
Diamond Ring
Ah! the heart-engaging ring
Of the golden wedding bells, bells, bells, bells, bells,
O' the belles!

Under the Talcum Powder Bag

BY GEORGE ADE

You've heard the chanticleer declare
That when he flops his wings and crows,
The sun emerges from its lair
And o'er the earth a splendor throws.
O mighty herald of the dawn,
Your occupation now is gone,
The cockadoodle of the men
No longer awes the cackling hen,
For I am quite prepared
To demonstrate to you,
The little hen now rules the roost,
And rules the rooster, too.

Refrain.

O happy, fast-approaching day,
When woman has her own sweet way;
Within six months our country's flag
Will be a talcum powder rag.



Bethl'em Star

BY RUTH McENERY STUART.

Twinkle, twinkle, Bethl'em star!
Angels worship where you are,
Up above our world so high
Like a beacon in our sky

When Life's blazing sun is set,
And Death's brow with dew is wet,
Then your clear and kindly light
Leads lone souls through else dark night.

And when Faith is sound asleep,
Oft you through Life's windows peep,
And you'll never shut your eye
Till God's Son is in the sky.

Twinkle, then, oh, Beth'lem star!
Through all time and space afar,
And, whene'er we fall asleep,
Be on guard, our souls to keep.



The Road to Laughtertown

BY KATHERINE D. BLAKE.

Oh, show me the road to Laughtertown,
For I have lost the way!
I wandered out of the path one day,
When my heart was broken, my hair turned gray,
And I can't remember how to play,
I've quite forgotten how to be gay,
It's all through sighing and weeping, they say.
Oh, show me the road to Laughtertown,
For I have lost the way.

Would ye learn the road to Laughtertown,
Oh, ye who have lost the way?
Would ye have young heart though your
hair be gray?
Go learn from a little child each day,
Go serve his wants and play his play,
And catch the lilt of his laughter gay,
And follow his dancing feet as they stray;
For he knows the road to Laughtertown,
Oh, ye who have lost the way!

The Land of Beginning Again

BY MRS BOOTH TARKINGTON

I wish that there were some wonderful place
Called the Land of Beginning Again,
Where all our mistakes and all our heartaches
And all of our poor, selfish grief
Could be dropped, like a shabby old coat at the door,
And never put on again

I wish we could come on it all unaware,
Like the hunter who finds a lost trail,
And I wish that the one whom our blindness had done
The greatest injustice of all
Could be at the gates like an old friend that waits
For the comrade he's gladdest to hail

We would find all the things we intended to do
But forgot, and remembered—too late,
Like praises unspoken, little promises broken,
And all of the thousand and one
Little duties neglected that might have perfected
The day for one less fortunate.

It wouldn't be possible not to be kind
In the Land of Beginning Again;
And the ones we misjudged and the ones whom we
grudged
Their moments of victory here,
Would find in the grasp of our loving handclasp
More than penitent lips could explain

For what had been hardest we'd know had been best,
And what had seemed loss would be gain,
For there isn't a sting that will not take wing
When we've faced it and laughed it away,
And I think that the laughter is most what we're after
In the Land of Beginning Again

So I wish that there were some wonderful place
Called the Land of Beginning Again,
Where all our mistakes and all our heartaches
And all of our poor, selfish grief
Could be dropped, like a shabby old coat, at the door,
And never put on again.

A Delicate Question

A prominent church worker of Baltimore was delivering one Sabbath a talk to a class comprising pupils who lived in a rather squalid section of the town.

The good man touched upon the quality of untruthfulness; and, at one point in his address, he said

"I want every little boy who has never told a lie to raise his hand"

Not a hand went up, but a lad in the rear rose to ask a question

"What is it, my boy?"

"Well, sir, what I want to know is, is it a lie if nobody ever knows?"



No Mixing Desired

I could not, if I would, undertake merely to be entertaining to you. I am very much in that respect like an old dinky I knew of down in Virginia, who on one occasion was given by his mistress some syllabub. It was spiced a little with, perhaps, New England rum, or something quite as strong that came from the other side of Mason and Dixon's Line—but still was not very strong. When he got through she said:

"How did you like that?"

He said: "If you gwine to gimme foam, gimme foam; but if you gwine to gimme dram, gimme dram"—*From toast, "The Torch of Civilization," Thomas Nelson Page.*



Washington's Cherry Tree Again

Old Mr. and Mrs. Washington, the parents of George, found on one occasion that their supply of soap for the use of the family had been exhausted, and so they decided to make some family soap. They made the necessary arrangements and gave the requisite instructions to the family servant. After an hour or so the servant returned and reported to them that he could not make that soap.

"Why not?" he was asked, "haven't you all the materials?"

"Yes," he replied, "but there is something wrong."

The folks proceeded to investigate, and they found they had actually got the ashes of the little cherry tree that George had cut down with his little hatchet, and there was no lye in it.—*From toast, "The Flag of the Union Forever," Fitzhugh Lee.*



New Facts About Sir Walter Raleigh

A boy wrote a composition on Sir Walter Raleigh, and it was like this. "Sir Walter Raleigh was a great man; he took a voyage and discovered America, and then he took another voyage and discovered Virginia, and when he had discovered Virginia, he discovered the potato, and when he had discovered the potato, he discovered tobacco. And when he had done so, he called his associates about him, and said. "My friends, be of good cheer; for we have this day lighted in England a flame which, by God's grace, shall never be quenched"—*From "Social Discontent," John William Griggs.*

The Speaker

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PROFESSOR GEORGE P BAKER, of Harvard University, the man who has probably done more for the development of the dramatic instinct in the young men of our colleges than anyone else, said in his speech on "Signs of the Times in the Drama" before the Browning Society of Philadelphia recently.

"I believe heartily in the reading of good plays: first for the pleasure to be gained in the reading and, secondly, because pleasure in hearing the plays will probably be increased, for it will be more sympathetic and comprehending. I doubt, however, if most people, even with long experience, can completely visualize a play when reading it. At least so visualize it as to be perfectly sure of its exact values in the smallest detail. A play is written to be acted. It can be properly acted and finally judged only when seen in action under the conditions of the stage for which it was planned. I should find it quite impossible to do the work I am trying to do at Harvard were my students not able to see, from time to time, at the Castle Square Theatre, in the performances of the Harvard Dramatic Club and elsewhere, what seem in the reading the best of the plays they have written. Again and again in such performances the authors come to understand for the first time errors which have been pointed out to them. Matters in debate are thus settled. Some who have been doubtful about the merits of a play are brought willingly to admit the merits about which they have been dubious. A play is only half alive when you read it; to act it properly is to put the breath of life into it."

During the past decade a number of successful dramatists have developed under Professor Baker's guidance and encouragement, and for a man of his experience to speak so favorably of the power of the visualized drama certainly is a strong argument in favor of the value of the acted drama in our schools and colleges, where the imagination of the young should be cultivated and the dramatic instinct fostered.

DRAMATIC INSTINCT.

The dramatic instinct, the desire to personate, the enjoyment of mimicry are inherent in all of us, and are especially abundant in children. If the children in the grammar schools and high schools were given more chance to develop the imagination and sympathy, instead of learning continually some exact knowledge, the result would be young men and young women of keener imaginative powers, instead of the products who enter our colleges possessed of facts alone.

Charles Dickens' character, Thomas Gradgrind, "a man of facts," might well be held up as an example to-day, for although there have been great changes since Dickens wrote his satire on the school system of his day, still there is much room for improvement.

Miss Alice Herts, who has done a great work in New York through the Children's Educational Theatre, says "It (the Children's Educational Theatre) will be a true civic force, since it will evolve from the people and be a part of the life of the community. Youth's desire to see and play the acted story is a spontaneous effort to make material of thought, to construct an operative image, and through its use is found new power of capacity in the human soul. This desire must be used as material for moral progress, not shoved aside as impedimenta. The suppression of this desire, or the turning of it to base ends, means the abortion of a new birth such as is constantly germinating in every robust soul. The Children's Educational Theatre, training the imagination of youth through purposeful play, will lessen the percentage of crime and augment the number of self-reliant, altruistic citizens."

DEVELOPMENT OF IMAGINATION.

"Without the imaginative faculty the intellect becomes barren, colorless, mechanical." A cultured person is not recognized as such for his wisdom, or for mere book knowledge, but by his appreciation of the fundamental things that go to make up life, and by his universal experience. By the study of the drama in a visualized form the student is able to see its vital force. In a closet read-

ing of a drama the emotions are the emotions of characters more or less foreign to the reader, but if the character is to be acted, the emotion becomes a part of the actor, and he is able to feel and appreciate the character as he can do in no other way. The student is brought to see the soul of the characters by the magical power of imagination, and not only to see it himself, but to reveal to others the beauty and truth that might otherwise be hidden from the casual reader of the drama. It is often observed that students who have taken many courses of literature in college cannot make that literature vital. They know the printed page from the standpoint of philology, they know every reference in the text, but they have missed the spiritual, the vital, the soul of literature, which can only be grasped by stimulating the imagination.

What better exercise for the cultivation of the imagination and the higher emotions than the study of the greatest drama and poetry of all ages? Not only its history and origin, but to study to represent the characters as real living human beings! What an inspiration to recreate a Hamlet, or a Portia; to feel that self has been eliminated for a time, and you have allowed yourself to be someone else, that you have given your imagination full swing, that you have gratified your dramatic instinct.

Of course, not all characters in a play are moral or uplifting in themselves, for it needs the low, the sordid, the despicable to bring out and enhance the beauty of the good, the true, the lovely. The student is not degraded by the acting of a bad character if the play itself is of the right order; for sin becomes more odious to him when he has once felt the effects of sin *with* the character he is interpreting. He is more apt to shun conditions that might bring him into a similar state than if he had never had presented to him in this vivid manner the penalty of wrongdoing.

DEVELOPS LATENT ABILITY.

A student sometimes "finds himself" for the first time in the study of the interpretation of a character. It has no doubt been the experience of every one who has trained students to act the parts in a play to notice in one

or more of the members of the cast a development of latent ability that never before had been known to exist—real dramatic talent, which is different from the dramatic instinct common to all of us. This is felt not only by the instructor, but often by the student himself, and the change is noticeable not only in histrionic ability but in future efforts of the student along other lines. He has realized his possibilities, life itself seems different, broader, more real, the imagination has been developed; the student sees deeper into life; he has been lifted out of self by experiencing the emotions of another life, he has felt the joy of self-expression. In other words, the study of the character has contributed to his culture, his sympathy, his deeper feelings and his ambitions.

MANNER OF TRAINING.

The person who is coaching a play for presentation should, as far as possible, allow each member of the cast to exercise originality of thought and action. If the trainer merely has the student mechanically learn his lines and make gestures, and do "thus and so" on a particular word or line, without giving the student a chance to develop his own idea of the part, little value can be attached to acting in such a presentation. Frequent discussions of the character with the student and suggestions from the trainer often open the way for other ideas to develop, and when the student is thus encouraged and guided he will often see other possibilities that had never before suggested themselves. This is the kind of coaching that educates.

WILL PLAYS IN COLLEGES TEND TO ADOPTION OF THE STAGE AS A PROFESSION?

The student who has gone through the rehearsals necessary for the careful production of a drama, whether classic or modern, knows the patience, hard work and ability that are necessary, and is less likely to dream of easy conquests on the stage than one who has had no such experience. The glamour of the theatre comes mainly from ignorance of the hard work necessary in order to be a success. If a college man or woman who

has had experience in college plays does adopt the stage as a profession, it is usually done because he or she possesses dramatic talent in a marked degree, and not merely to satisfy the dramatic instinct.

THE VALUE OF THE GREEK DRAMA.

To quote in a general way from Franklin Sargent's article on "The Development of the Humanities in the Greek Drama":

"Could we transport ourselves to olden Greece, we would certainly go with the whole populace into the great open-air theatre. Twenty thousand people are there, for everyone is admitted, even the slaves. The play is more than a play—it is a state ceremony. The great circle, or acting place, with its altars, statues, and burning incense, the near background of low wall, and the distant background of trees and mountains and cloudless sky, all thrill the waiting audience with enthusiasm for the coming dramatic contest, for it is a contest, and the prize for which the actors all yearn is a simple wreath.

"To the audience of that time the play meant much more than it could possibly mean to us to-day, for it was their intellectual stimulus, their sole reference library of history and fiction. The episodes were separated by the odes of the chorus, who in song and dance, composed of rhythmic and symbolic movements, told of or commented upon the events of the drama in progress. The plays taught that each act had a universal influence, and that suffering was always the punishment of sin."

The dignity and simplicity of the Greek tragedy cannot help but be beneficial to students who study to act it. Drama, in print, especially the ancient drama, when read in the schoolroom or in the home, is often considered as an inanimate thing, but acted with dignity becomes a living and everlasting thing. All drama to be understood in its completeness should be acted; but especially is this true of the ancient drama, for we are so far removed from its influences that we cannot fully appreciate it unless we assume the characters and enter into the lofty spirit of the ancient Greeks who were the first to avail themselves of the power of the dramatic instinct that is inherent in all of us.

THE VALUE OF SHAKESPEAREAN PLAYS.

Professor Baker says:

"What more delightful food could the imagination feed on than Shakespeare's plays? The student who has *lived* a play of Shakespeare's has tasted the best in English drama." The men and women in colleges are presenting Shakespeare's plays every day; in some colleges the Shakespeare play is an annual affair. What better way of getting at the truth, the life, the spirit, the real meaning of the play? Contrast the visualized Shakespearean play with a study of the play chiefly from the standpoint of origin and history and phraseology. Casting no disparagement on the latter method, which is necessary for the student of literature, yet how lifeless when compared to learning and acting the living poetry of the acutest intellect, the man of profoundest imagination and the greatest rhythmic genius that ever lived.

Can you imagine a young man ceasing his interest in Shakespeare after having acted in one of his plays? Will he not be eager to read more of this great writer, gaining a wider and truer interest in the characters, a well-established love for Shakespeare's work, an interest in the history of Shakespeare's time? Are not these educative results worth while?

PLAYS OF THE MODERN DRAMATISTS.

Nor should the study of acting drama be confined to the plays of the old dramatists. We have modern playwrights whose plays are worthy of the study of the college student. Sir Arthur Pinero, Bernard Shaw, Henrik Ibsen, Maurice Maeterlinck, James Barrie, Henry Arthur Jones, Louis Parker, and our own poetic dramatist, Percy MacKaye, and many others offer splendid plays for study and presentation by college students.

Students will usually be more interested in the presentation of the modern play; but although the modern play is valuable in such a course of study, it should not be acted to the exclusion of the works of the old dramatists. For the proper study of the drama we should go to its source and study its development. The course in acting drama should include the Greek tragedy, the Ro-

man comedy, the Miracle or Mystery play, the pre-Shakespearean drama, the Shakespearean comedy and tragedy and the drama of to-day, not omitting the plays of the dramatists of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries—Beaumont and Fletcher, Ben Jonson and Goldsmith and Sheridan

Since the colleges are rapidly beginning to see the value and importance of the visualized drama, and a great awakening has taken place in the dramatic world, we shall soon have men and women going out from our colleges, not only with their minds stored with facts, but with their imaginations quickened, their sympathies broadened, and their minds ready to appreciate life in its truest sense.

MIRIAM LEE EARLEY



The Fishing Party

Wunst we went a fishin'—me
An' my Ma and Pa—all three,
When they was a picnic, 'way
Out to Hauch's Woods one day.

An' there was a crick out there,
Where the fishes is and where
Little boys 'at ain't big and strong
Better have their folks along

My Pa he ist fished and fished,
An' my Ma she said she wished
Me and her was home, and Pa
Said he wished so wors'n Ma.

Pa said if you talk or say
Anythin', er sneeze, er play,
Hain't no fish, alive er dead,
Ever gom' to bite, he said

The Speaker

Purt' nigh dark in town when we
Got back home, an' Ma, says she,
Now she'll have a fish for shore,
And she buyed one at the store.

Then at supper Pa he won't
Eat no fish, an' says he don't
Like 'em. An' he pounded me
When I choked. Ma, didn't he?



Gold

BY ARTHUR GUITERMAN.

"Meed of the Toiler," "Flame of the Sea"—
Such were the names of your poets for me
"Metal of Mammon," "Curse of the world"—
These are the libels your preachers have hurled
Dug from the mountainside, washed in the glen,
Servant am I or the master of men
Steal me, I curse you; earn me, I bless you,
Grasp me and hoard me, a fiend shall possess you
Lie for me, die for me, covet me, take me—
Angel or Devil, I am what you make me.

Falsely alluring, I shimmer and shine
Over the millions that hold me divine.
Trampling each other, they rush to adore me,
Heaping the dearest of treasure before me—
Love and its blessedness, Youth and its wealth,
Honor, Tranquillity, Innocence, Health—
Buying my favor with evil and pain;
Huge is the sacrifice, poor is the gain,
Naught but my effigy, passionless, cold,
God of a frenzied idolatry—Gold!

Mob Scene from the Little Minister

BY J. M. BARRIE.



LONG ago a minister of Thrums was to be married, but something happened and he remained a bachelor. Then when he was old he passed in the square the lady who was to have been his wife, and her hair was white, but she, too, was still unmarried. The meeting had only one witness, a weaver and he said solemnly afterward, "They didna speak, but just gave one another a look, and I saw the lovelight in their e'en." Had it not been that the battered old weaver had known that lovelight he would never have been able to recognize it in the square that day.

It is of another minister I am to tell, but only to those who can sympathize.

Gavin Dishart was barely twenty-one when he and his mother came to Thrums—light-hearted like the traveler who knows not what awaits him at the bend of the road.

In eight days Gavin's figure was more familiar in Thrums than many who had grown bent in it. Though short of stature he cast a great shadow. He was so full of his duties, Jean said, that though he pulled the door to as he left the manse, he passed the currant bushes before it snerked.

So passed the first four weeks, and then came the fateful night of the 17th of October, and with it the strange woman. Gavin had made one convert since he had come to Thrums, Rob Dow, a weaver. He was in the habit of spending an evening each week in prayer in Dow's cottage. On the night of the 17th he was returning home from Rob's cottage by Caddam wood. The mystery of woods by moonlight thrilled the Little Minister. His eyes rested on the shining roots, and he remembered what had been told him of the legend of Caddam; how once on a time it was a mighty wood, and a maiden most beautiful stood on its confines, panting and afraid; for a wicked man pursued her. How he drew near and she ran a little way into the wood, and he

The Speaker

followed her, and she still ran and still he followed, until both were forever lost, and the bones of her pursuer lie beneath a beech, but the lady may still be heard singing in the wood if the night be fine, for then she is a glad spirit, but weeping when there is wild wind, for then she is but a mortal seeking a way out of the wood.

The Little Minister drew a deep breath and his foot snapped a brittle twig. Then he remembered who and where he was and stopped to pick up his staff. But he did not pick it up, for as his fingers were closing on it the lady began to sing.

For perhaps a minute Gavin stood still like an intruder. Then he ran toward the singing, which seemed to come from Windyghoul, a straight road through Caddam that farmers use in summer, but leave in the back of the year to leaves and pools. On Windyghoul there is either no wind or so much that it rushes down the sieve like an army, entering with a shriek of terror, as escaping with a derisive howl. The moon was crossing the avenue. Gavin only saw the singer. She was still fifty yards away, sometimes singing gleefully, and again letting her body sway lightly as she came dancing up Windyghoul. Soon she was within a few feet of the Little Minister, to whom singing, except when out of tune was a suspicious thing, and dancing a device of the devil. His arm went out wrathfully, and his intention was to pronounce judgment on this woman.

But she passed, unconscious of his presence, and he had not moved or spoken. The grace of her swaying figure was a new thing in the world to him. Only while she passed did he see her as a gleam of color, a gypsy elf, poorly clad, her bare feet flashing beneath a short green skirt, a twig of rowan berries stuck carelessly into her black hair. Still she danced onward. Undoubtedly she was the devil.

Gavin leaped into the avenue and she heard him and glanced behind. He tried to cry "woman" sternly, but lost the word; for now she saw him, and laughed with her shoulders, and beckoned to him so that he shook his fist at her. She tripped on, often turning her head, beckoned and mocked him, and he forgot his dignity and his pulpit and other things and ran after her. Up Windy-

ghoul did he pursue her, and it was well that the precentor was not there to see

The minister's one thought was to find her, but he searched in vain. She might be crossing the hill on her way to Thrums or perhaps she was still laughing at him from behind a tree. After a longer time than he was aware of Gavin realized that his boots were chirping and his trouseis streaked with mud. Then he abandoned the search and hastened homeward in a rage. From the hill to the manse the nearest way is down two fields, and the Little Minister descended them rapidly. Nearly two years before there had been a riot and the sheriff took no action for months. Then one night the square was suddenly filled with soldiers and the ring-leaders were seized in their beds. But the people were determined never to be caught in that way again, and ever since the rising a watch had been kept by night on every road that leads to Thrums. The signal that the soldiers were coming was to be the blowing of a horn. He remembered Mr. Carfrae's words, "If ever you hear the horn I implore you to hasten to the square."

Suddenly he lost the power to move, he had heard the horn. Thrice it sounded and thrice it struck him to the heart. He looked again and saw a shadow stealing along the tenements, then another, then half a dozen.

Now again he saw the gypsy. She ran past him, half a score of men armed with staves and pikes at her heels. At first he thought they were chasing her, but they followed her as a leader. Her eyes sparkled and she waved them to the square with her arms.

To Gavin, who never before had seen a score of people in the square at once, here was a sight strange and terrible. Hundreds of people gathered around, some screaming, some shaking their fists at the old soldiers, many trying to pluck their relatives out of danger. Gavin ran up the town house stair, and in a moment it had become a pulpit.

"Lay down your weapons," he said to them.

"Let me hae my fling this night," Dow entreated, "an' I promise to bide sober for a twelvemonth."

"O Rob, Rob, are you the man I prayed for a few hours ago?"

The scythe fell from Rob's hands. "Down wi' your

pikes," he waved to his companions, "or I'll harm you with them"

"Ay, lay them down," the precentor whispered, "but keep your feet on them"

Then the minister stretched forth his arms for silence, and it came so suddenly as to frighten the people in the neighboring streets.

The Little Minister's prayer was heard all over the square, and many weapons were dropped as an amen to it

"If you fight, your wives and children may be shot in the streets These soldiers have come for a dozen of you, will you be benefited if they take away a hundred?"

"O hearken to him," cried many women.

"I wanna," cried a man, "for I am one o' the dozen Where's the Egyptian?"

"Here."

Gavin saw the crowd open and the woman of Windyghoul came out of it and while he would have denounced her he only blinked, for once again her loveliness struck him full in the eyes. She was beside him on the stair before he became a minister again

"How dare you, woman?" but she only threw a rowan berry at him

"If I were a man, I wouldn't let myself be caught like a mouse in a trap What kind o' women are you that bid your men folks go to jail when a bold front would lead them to safety? Do you want to be husbandless and hameless?"

"Disperse, I command you! This abandoned woman is inciting you to riot."

"Dinna heed this little man!"

"She has the face of a mischief-maker and her words are evil!"

"You men and women o' Thrums ken that I wish you well by the service I have done you this night. Wha but I telled you the soldiers was coming? Ah, and mony a mile I ran to bring the news. Listen and I'll tell you mair"

"She has a false tongue; listen not to the brazen woman."

"What I have to tell is as true as what I've telled already, and how true that is you ken The soldiers has

agreed to march straight to the square if the alarm wasna given, but if it was they were to break into small bodies and surround the town, so that you couldna get out; that's what they're doing now "

At this the screams were redoubled, and many men lifted the weapons they had dropped

"Believe her not," cried Gavin, "how could a wandering gypsy know all this?"

"It's enough that I do ken, and this mair I ken, that the captain o' the soldiers is confident he'll nab everyone o' you that's wanted unless you do one thing "

"What is it?"

"If you a' run different ways you're lost, but if you keep together you'll be able to force a road into the country where you can scatter. That's what he's fled you'll do "

"It is what you will not do," cried Gavin, passionately "The truth is not in this wicked woman "

But scarcely had he spoken when he knew that startling news had reached the square A murmur arose on the skirts of the mob, and swept with the roar of the sea to the town house A detachment of the soldiers was marching down the roads from the north

"You see!" the gypsy flashed triumphant at Gavin.

"Lay down your weapons;" but his power over the people had gone He tried to seize the Egyptian by the shoulders, but she slipped past him, and crying, "Follow me," ran round the town house and down the brae. The brae though short is very steep. There is a hedge on one side of it, from which the land falls away, and on the other side a hillock Gavin reached the scene to see the soldiers marching down the brae guarding a small body of policemen The armed weavers were retreating before them A hundred women or more were on the hillocks, shrieking and gesticulating. Gavin joined them, calling to them not to fling the stones they had begun to gather. Who flung the first stone is not known, but it is believed to have been the Egyptian. For two minutes there was a thick shower of stones and clods of earth It was ever afterward painful to Gavin to recall this scene, but less on account of the shower of stones than because of the flight of one divit in it He had been watching the handsome Captain Halliwell, riding with

his men; admiring him, too, for his coolness. This coolness exasperated the gypsy, who twice flung at Halliwell and missed him. He rode on, smiling contemptuously. "Oh, if I could only fling straight!"

Then she saw the minister by her side, and in the tick of a clock something happened that can never be explained. For the moment Gavin was so lost in misery over the probable effect of the night's rioting that he had forgotten where he was. Suddenly the Egyptian's beautiful face was close to his and she pressed a divit into his hand, at the same time pointing at the officer and whispering, "Hit him." Gavin flung the clod of earth and hit Halliwell on the head. Then he shrank back in horror.

"Woman," he cried again

"You are a dear," she said, and vanished.



Afterwards

BY IAN MACLAREN.



HE was sitting in a garden gazing on a vision of blue and listening to the song of the fishers as it floated across the bay.

"You look so utterly satisfied," said his hostess, "that I know you are tasting the luxury of a contrast. The Riviera is charming in December, imagine London."

As he smiled assent in the grateful laziness of a hard-worked man, his mind was stung with the remembrance of a young wife, swathed in the dreary fog, who, above all things, loved the open air and the shining of the sun.

The plea was that Bertie would weary alone and that she hated traveling, but it seemed to him quite suddenly that this was always the program of their holidays—some Mediterranean villa full of clever people for him and the awful dullness of that Bloomsbury street for her; or he went north to a shooting lodge, where he told

his best stories in the smoking-room after a long day on the purple heather, and she did her best for Bertie at some watering place, much frequented on account of its railroad facilities and economical lodgings.

Trever was gradually given to understand as by an atmosphere that he was a brilliant man wedded to a dull wife. But soon his wife's face in its perfect, refined and sweet beauty suddenly replaced the Mediterranean. He had only glanced at her last letter, now he read it carefully——

"The flowers were lovely and it was so mindful of you to send them, just like my husband. Bertie and I amused ourselves arranging and rearranging them until we had made our tea-table lovely. But I was just one little bit disappointed not to get a letter—you see how exacting I am, sir. Bertie is a little stronger. I'm sure his cheeks were quite rosy to-day for him. It was his birthday on Wednesday and I gave him a treat. The sun was shining brightly in the forenoon and we had a walk in the garden and made believe it was Italy. Then we went to Oxford street and Bertie chose a regiment of soldiers for his birthday present. He wished for some guns so much that I allowed him to have them as a present from you. They only cost one-and-six-pence, and I thought you would like him to have something. Don't look sulky at this long scribble and say, 'what nonsense women write,' for it is almost the same as speaking to you, and I shall imagine the letter all the way until you open it in the sunshine. So smile and kiss my name, for this comes with my heart's love from

"Your devoted wife,

"MAUD TREVER

"P S—Don't be alarmed because I have to rest. The doctor does not think there is any great danger and I'll take great care."

"A telegram"

"Whom is it for? Oh, Mr. Edward Trever. What a man he is to have briefs in holiday time. There it is, but remember before you open it, that you are bound to remain here over Christmas and help us with our theatricals. My husband declares that a successful bar-rister must be a born actor."

An hour later Trever was in the Paris express, and for thirty hours he prayed one petition, that his wife might live till he arrived.

How cruel everyone is! He had not written for ten days; something always happened, an engagement of pleasure. There was a half-finished letter; he had left it to join a Monte Carlo party. Had she been expecting that letter from post to post, calculating the hour of each delivery, stretching her hand for a letter to let it drop unopened and bury her face in the pillow? He thrust his head out of the window in despair.

"What are they stopping for now? There's no station. Did ever train drag like this one? Off again, thank God. If she were only conscious and he could ask her to forgive his selfishness." At last the train glides into Victoria. No, he had nothing to declare, would they let him go, or they might keep his luggage altogether. "Do anything you like with my things. I'll wire to-morrow—as fast as you can drive."

Huddled in a corner of the hansom so that you might have thought he slept, this man was calculating every foot of the way—gloating over a long stretch of open, glistening asphalt; hating unto murder the immovable drivers whose large vans blocked his passage. As the hansom turned into the street he bent forward, straining his eyes to catch the first glimpse of home. Dark on the upper floors, no sick light burning. Someone had been watching for the door was instantly opened, but he could not see the servant's face.

A doctor came forward and beckoned him to go into the study. "An hour ago—we were amazed that she lived so long. With any other woman it would have been this morning, but she was determined to live till you came home."

"It was not exactly will power, for she was the gentlest patient I ever had. It was—simply love."

"Yes, I'll tell you everything; perhaps it will relieve your mind, and Mrs. Trever said you would wish to know, and I must be here to receive you. I attend many clever and charming women, but I tell you, Mr. Trever, not one has so impressed me as your wife. Her self-forgetfulness passed words. She thought of every one except herself. Why, one of the last things she did was

to give directions about your room. She was afraid you might feel the change from the Riviera. From the beginning I was alarmed, and urged that you be sent for. But she pledged me not to write. You needed your holiday, she said, and it must not be darkened with anxiety. She spoke every day about your devotion and unselfishness, how you wished her to go with you, but she had to stay with the boy. The turn for the worse? It was yesterday morning, and I telegraphed to you without delay. Yes, she understood what we thought before I spoke and only asked when you would arrive. 'I want to say good-bye and then I will be ready,' but, perhaps—

"Tell you everything? That is what I am trying to do. No, she did not speak much, for we enjoined silence and rest as the only chance; but she had your photograph on her pillow and some flowers you had sent. They were withered and the nurse removed them while she was sleeping, but she missed them and we had to put them in her hand. 'My husband was so thoughtful' Expecting a letter?—Yes—Let me recollect—No, I am not hiding anything, but you must not let this get upon your mind. We would have deceived her, but she knew the hour of the mails and could detect the postman's ring.

"It can't be helped now, and you ought not to vex yourself, but I believe a letter would have done more good than—what am I saying now? As she grew weaker she counted the hours, and I left her full of hope. 'Two hours more and he'll be here.' When I came back the change had come and she said, 'It's not God's will, bring Bertie'.

"She kissed him and whispered something to him—but we did not listen. After the nurse had carried him out, for he was weeping bitterly, poor little chap, she asked me to get a sheet of paper and sit down by the bedside.

"I wrote what she dictated with her last breath and I promised you would receive it from her own hand, and so you will."

She lay as she had died, waiting for his coming, and the smile with which she had said his name was still on her face. Then he took her letter and read it beside that silence.

"DEAREST: They tell me now that I shall not live to

see you come in and to clasp my arms once more around your neck before we part. Be kind to Bertie and remember he is delicate and shy. Forgive me because I came short of what your wife should have been, none can ever love you better. I shall never cease to love you—my first, my only love”

“Oh, if I had known before, but now it is too late, too late”

For we sin against our dearest, not because we do not love, but because we do not imagine.



Virginia of Virginia

BY AMELIE RIVES



IRGINIA HERRICK, the overseer's daughter, who had fallen in love with Jack Roden, had at one time in a fit of jealousy nearly caused the death of Roden's fiancée by giving her to wear a piece of ribbon which had been worn by a child who had died of the scarlet fever. Repenting of her sin, by skilful nursing she saved the life of the unfortunate girl, and carrying her repentance still further, confessed to Roden her terrible sin. He could not forgive her, but left her with harsh words. Virginia's grief at this was so great that gradually she failed in health, neglecting wholly, now, the care of Bonnibel, Roden's favorite horse

One night a dreadful thing happened at Caryston. The "mill stable," as it was called, caught fire. There were four of Roden's most valuable horses in it, together with Bonnibel.

Virginia was sitting silent by her bedroom window when the first copper glare began to tinge the dense upward column of smoke. She knew in a minute what it was. She leaped to her feet, her heart once more renew-

ing its old-time measure. "It's the mill stable!" she cried "The mill stable's on fire! Oh, God above! The pore horses—and Bonnibel! Oh, pore Mr Jack! Pore Mr. Jack! Ef Bonnibel's hurt, it'll break his heart."

She had forgotten everything in her thought for him. Her own sin, his harsh words, all that had passed between them since first he gave Bonnibel into her glad keeping. She was downstairs and out of the house in a moment. Out at a side gate she dashed, and down a grassy hill at the back of the house. Some catalpa-tree roots caught at her flying feet with their knotty fingers, as though fiend-like they would hinder her on her errand of mercy. On, on, her breath came quick and laboring. She was on the open road now, straining with all her might up a steep stone-roughed hill. There was yet time. Bonnibel was in a loose box near the door. She was there at the stable and her breath had not yet given out. Then all at once she remembered. Oh, joy! joy! If she saved Bonnibel and was herself hurt to death would not that be atonement? Might he not forgive her then?

There were men running frantically around—omnipresent—useless. The wild, dull tramping of the hoofs of the terrified horses made horror in the air. They whinnied and nickered like children pleading for help.

An English groom was dashing into the midst of the smoke and heat. Virginia seized him by the arm, "I'm coming with you," she said. "Let me keep hold of your coat." Alas! Alas! The maddened, silly brutes refused to follow. There was no further time to be lost. One side of the roof was blazing ominously, and the wall on the eastern side began to tremble. Virginia, in spite of entreaties and hands held out to stop her, turned her skirts about her head and went into Bonnibel's box.

"Six of us 'ave tried to get her out, Miss," said the panting lad who had followed her. "Don't you venture in, for God's sake, Miss, she's that mad she'll kill you, the poor hussy!"

Bonnibel was in truth like a horse distraught. No sooner did she hear Virginia's voice than she stopped short, quivering in every splendid limb and sinew.

"Bonnibel!" said Virginia, in that soft monotone the frightened creature had not heard for many a day.

"Bonnibel!" There was a second's pause, then stooping her bright head, with a low whinny of welcome and trust, the gallant mare came to the well-known voice. Virginia tore off her shawl and blind-folded the bright eyes.

"Boys! Bonnibel's comin'!" yelled the lad who had entered the stable with Virginia, dashing out ahead of her. "Miss Herrick's got her, and she's coming kind as a lamb!"

A hearty, roaring cheer went up from without. Almost were they safe. Why do things happen with only an inch between safety and destruction? One instant more and horse and woman would have been free. But in that tarrying instant a heavy beam from the front of the stable fell crashing down, bringing with it a great mass of bricks and mortar. Virginia and Bonnibel were half buried under the reeking mass. The flames sent up an exultant roar of triumph. There was a smothered, horrified groan from the men, and then Bonnibel, freeing herself by one powerful effort of her iron quarters, galloped off into the coolness of the night.

They pulled Virginia out with such gentleness as they could spare to the encroaching flames, and a bed was instantly made for her on the damp turf by means of the men's hastily torn-off coats. She lay there still, white, most beautiful, with peace at last on her tired face. Did she dream, perchance, that he forgave her? Virginia's senses returned to her as they were carrying her home in solemn silence, and with bare heads.

One thought was making music in Virginia's heart. "Perhaps he'll forgive me now," she said, over and over to herself. "I've saved Bonnibel; I've saved Bonnibel, anyways. If he don't forgive me, I've done something to make him glad." She was smiling, smiling for sheer happiness. She was hurt to death, she knew that; something whispered in her glad ears as distinctly as if the good God had bent from his great heavens Himself to tell her so; and she knew—ah! she knew—that her God had forgiven her. Death had brought her two gifts so sweet in his chill arms that even his embrace did not affright her.

Then came that terrible pain, almost beyond her power to endure. "I'm payin' fur it. I'm payin' fur it," she

said, over and over again. "God's so good to me! He's forgiven me; He's lettin' me pay fur it."

"Father," she said, suddenly, in one of the intervals when reason returned to her "Won't you please send fur Mr. Jack Somethin' in my heart tells me he'll come now. Write to him about Bonnibel Tell him I saved her. Tell him I jist want to say good-bye I don't want him ever to forgive me I only want to look at him once more. Father," wistfully, "you think he'll come?"

"Yes, yes, my little girl, I think he'll come"

"Then write, father—quick Don' let it be too late. I want so bad to look at him once more!"

He came—oh, yes, he came! Mad with regret and remorse, repentant, eager to atone.

"Virginia, look at me—look at me," said the young man, half lifting her in his arms. "Dear little Virginia, here I am I forgive you with all my heart and soul, Virginia. Oh, please look at me, please remember me"

"Who says forgive?" she said, with her restless, eager eyes searching the room as if for something long expected "Who says forgive?"

"I do, I do," Roden said, weeping at last like any girl "I forgive you, Virginia, I forgive you"

"Do you really?" she said, with the old timid joy in her soft voice "I ain't dreamin'? Well, God's so good to me! But I did save her. 'Bonnibel,' I said, 'Bonnibel,' an' she come right straight ter me, with her pretty head tucked down. Then came all that fire on us I thought 'twas over But I saved her, I saved her Please tell him that; please tell him that I reckon he'll sorter remember me kind for that, don't you, father?"

After a while her reason came again. She asked to see Bonnibel, they could bring her to the window, she said, and she would like also to give her a handful of grass.

They rolled her bed to the window and little Hicks led Bonnibel up beside it.

"Bonnibel," said the girl, in her cooing tones "Bonnibel"

What was the matter? Had suffering changed some magic in the soft voice? Bonnibel turned indifferently away from the anxious hand.

"Oh!" said the girl, while the glad flush died out of her face, and the green blades fell from her hand upon the window-sill "Bonnibel don' know me any more—she don' care. I gave my life for her, an'—an' she don' care."

"Yes she does—she does," said Roden

"No," the girl said sadly, "I ain't the same, I reckon I reckon I'm right near gone, Mr. Jack. Well, I saved her, anyhow Please, father, if Mr Jack don' come in time—please, father, tell him ez how I saved Bonnibel. Oh, father, I mus' tell somebody 'fore I go I kyan' bear to think there won't be anybody in all the world ez knows it when I'm gone I loved him, father, dear—I loved him so! An' I've been mighty wicked, an' God's been mighty good ter me, an' I'm goin' to heaven. But I won't have him even there—I won't have him—even there" The soft voice broke suddenly—stopped The bright head dropped forward on her breast.

Roden had buried his face in her two pale hands. When he looked up old Herrick was closing gently with his toil-roughened hands, the sweet, wide eyes which never more would look on anything this side the stars



Jack, the Fisherman*

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS



ACK was the son of a fisherman He was a happy-go-lucky fellow, told a good story, did a kind deed, was generous with his money when he had any, and never in the least disturbed when he hadn't. He was proud as seamen are of his brawny arms, tattooed from wrist to shoulder "On his right arm he wore a crucifix, ten inches long, touched with blood-red ink; the dead Christ hung upon it, lean and pitiful"

Jack was a steady drinker at nineteen At twenty-five he was what might be called incurable Of course,

*From "Jack the Fisherman" Copyrighted, 1895, by Houghton, Mifflin & Co

he reformed, he was always reforming Every temperance society in the city had a hand at him

On the evening that we speak of Jack was sober He was often sober when he had an evening to spend with a certain pretty young girl She was very young, and had a gentle way with Jack; for some reason, God knows why, she had trusted him from the first. (She looked as pretty as was in her that night; Jack thought her as fine to look at as any actress he had ever seen—for the stage was Jack's standard of magnificence The girl's name was Teen) Jack began to talk to her about his business, but Teen made no reply He looked down at her and said, abruptly, "I want to marry you, Teen"

"Marry me?"

"Yes, marry you There now! It's out with it. What do you say, Teen?"

"Jack, dear, I ain't fit to marry ye"

"You're fitter'n I be."

<Teen sighed, and tears came to her eyes>

"I wouldn't cry about it, Teen You needn't have me if you don't want to"

"But I do want to, Jack"

"Will ye make a good wife, Teen?"

"I'll try, Jack."

"Will you swear it, Teen?"

"If you'd rather, Jack."

"What'll you swear by, now You must swear by all you hold holy"

"What do I hold holy?"

"Will you swear, will you swear to me by the Rock of Ages?"

"What's that?"

"It's a hymn tune. I want you to swear to me by the Rock of Ages that you'll be what you say you will to me Will you do it, Teen?"

"Oh, yes, I'll do it. Where shall we come across one?"

"I guess I can find it. I can find most anything I set out to."

So they started out at random to find the Rock of Ages for the asking Wandering thus they chanced at last upon the little group of people known as Mother Mary's meeting.

“I guess she’ll have what I’m after. She sounds like she would. Let’s go in and see.”

So they went into the quiet place among the praying people, and stood staring, for they felt embarrassed.

“We’ve come,” said Jack, “to find the Rock of Ages.” He drew Teen’s hand through his arm, and held it for a moment, then, moved by some fine instinct, mysterious to himself, he lifted and laid it in Mother Mary’s own.

“Explain it to her, ma’am. I’m going to marry her, if she’ll have me. I want her to swear by something holy she’ll be a true wife to me. She hadn’t anything particularly holy herself, and the holiest thing I know of is the Rock of Ages. I’ve heard my mother sing it. She’s dead. We’ve been hunting all over to-night after the Rock of Ages.”

Mother Mary was used to the pathos of her sober work, but the tears sprang now to her large, gentle eyes. Delaying for a moment, until she could command herself, she flung her rich, maternal voice out upon the words of the old hymn. All the people present joined the chorus:

Rock of Ages, cleft for me!
Let me hide myself in thee,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

They sang it through, and Jack and Teen stood listening. The strain died solemnly, the room was quiet. The minister began to pray, and all the people bowed their heads.

“Swear it, Teen. Swear by that you’ll be a true wife to me.”

“I swear it, Jack. If that’s the Rock of Ages, I swear by it, though I was to die for it. I’ll be an honest wife to you. Jack, if I’m an honest wife to you, will you be kind to me?” She did not ask him to swear it by the Rock of Ages. She took his word for it, poor thing! Women do.

Mother Mary’s husband married them next day at the mission meeting, and Mother Mary sat down at the melodeon and played the great hymn for them, as Jack had asked her. It was his wedding march. He was very sober and gentle, almost like a better man. Teen thought him the handsomest man she had ever seen.

"Oh, I say, Teen, one thing I forgot to tell you—I'm reformed"

"Are you, Jack?"

"If I ever drink a drop again, so help me——" but he stopped

"So help you, Rock of Ages?" But Jack winced, he was honest enough to hesitate at this

"I don't know's I darst—that But I'm reformed. I shall never drink again. You'll see, Teen."

Teen did see. She saw a great deal, poor thing Jack did not drink for a long time—it was nearly five months, for they kept close count

His next trip he went aboard sober and sober he stayed He kept a good deal by himself and thought of many things. When he stepped off at the wharf after that voyage, clean, pale, good-natured and sober, thinking that he would get shaved before he hurried home to Teen—suddenly he caught her name upon the wharves The words were few, but they were enough to do the deed It may have been said of accident or of the devil—God knew The fisherman sank into the first open door, and drank for a half hour—an hour—a half more—came out and went straight home When he reached the house he took one mad look through the window, below the half-drawn curtain and flung himself against the door and in

His wife sat there in the great rocking-chair She looked pale and pretty, very pretty. She was talking to a visitor who sat upon the lounge beside her It was a man Now Jack knew this man well; it was an old messmate, he had sworn off a year ago; he used to be a rough fellow, but people said now you wouldn't know him

"I ain't so drunk but I see who you be, Jim. I'll settle with you another day I've got that to say to my wife I'd say better if we missed your company Leave us by ourselves"

"Look here, Jack, you're drunk, you know She'll tell you what I come for We was settin' and talkin' about the Reform Club when you come in We was wonderin' if we couldn't get you to sign, Jack. Ask her if we wasn't Come, now! I wouldn't make a fool

of myself if I was you, Jack See there, you've set her to cryin' already"

"Clear out of my house. Leave us be by ourselves"

"Leave us be," she pleaded, sobbing "Nothin' else won't pacify him Go, Jim, go and shut the door, and don't tell nobody he wasn't kind to me

"Jack, dear"

"I'll give ye time Tell yer story first Out with it!"

"I haven't got nothin' to tell, Jack We was talkin' about the club, Mother Mary's Club, Jack She's made Jim secretary, and she wanted you to join; for I told her you'd reformed. Oh, Jack, I told her you'd reformed Jack, Jack! Oh, Jack! What are you goin' to do to me What makes you look like that? Jack, Jack, Jack!"

"Stand up here" He was past reason, and she saw it; he tore off his coat and pushed up his sleeves from his tattooed arms

"You've played me false, I say! I trusted ye, and you've tricked me I'll teach ye to be the talk upon the wharves another time"

"Jack! Dear Jack!"

"I'll teach ye! I'll teach ye!"

"Oh, wait a moment, Jack. For the love of heaven, stop a minute I've been what I said I'd be to you, since we was married. I've been an honest wife to you, my boy, and there's none on earth nor heaven as can look me in the eye and darst to say I haven't I swore to ye upon the Rock of Ages, Mother Mary witnessing Why, Jack, have ye forgotten? You ain't yourself, poor boy. You'll be so sorry, Jack. For the love of mercy. Jack! Jack!"

"Say you've played me false and I'll stop. Own up and I'll quit Own up to me, I say!"

"I can't own up to you, for I swore you by the Rock of Ages, I swore ye I'd be an honest wife I'll not lie away the words I swore you Oh, for God's sake, Jack! Oh, ye'll be so sorry Not the pistol—Oh, for the Rock of——"

But there he struck her down The butt end of the weapon was heavy enough to do the deed He struck and then flung it away

He stupidly stared about the room "You'd better get up, Teen." He shut the door and staggered down the

steps, reshipped at once, lingering only long enough to drink madly on the way

He was surprised to find himself aboard a ship when the next sun went down. He fell to, when he came to himself, and fished desperately. His luck turned and he made money

"Jack," said his dory-mate, "I'll make no bones of it, nor mince nothin', for somebody's got to tell ye, and they said it must be me. There's a warrant after ye. The sheriff's on the tug betwixt us and the wharf. She's layin' off the island, him aboard of her."

"I never was in prison. The boys have always bailed me out."

"It ain't a bailin' matter, Jack, this time."

"What did you say?"

"I said it wasn't a bailin' matter. Somebody's got to tell ye."

"What is it that I have done, old boy? Can't ye tell me? I'd rather hear it from a messmate."

"You've killed somebody, then, if you will know."

"Killed somebody?"

"Yes."

"I was drunk and killed somebody?"

"Lord help ye, yes."

"I hope—I hope Teen won't know. I say, who was it that I killed?"

"I will tell you! You killed your wife. You murdered her. She's dead."

A change seemed to strike his purpose.

"Boys, ye won't have to go no bail for me. I'll bide my account this time."

They were almost home when straightway there started out upon the sea a strong, sweet tenor voice. It was Jack's voice—everybody knew it. He stood by himself in the bows, singing

Rock of Ages, cleft for me!
Let me hide myself in thee,
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and thou alone

* * *

When I soar to worlds unknown,
'See thee on thy judgment throne.

With the ceasing of his voice they divined how it was with one instinct and every man sprang to him. But he had leaped and gained on them.

The waters seemed to leap to greet him as he went down. As he sank one bared arm on which the crucifix was stamped, lifted itself toward the sky



Mr. Bumble's Wooing*

BY CHARLES DICKENS.



HE night was bitter cold and Mrs. Corney, the matron of the work-house, sat herself down before a cheerful fire to the most grateful meal that matrons enjoy. Mrs. Corney was to solace herself with a cup of tea.

"I'm sure we all on us have a great deal to be thankful for! A great deal if we did but know it." Ah! how slight a thing will disturb the equanimity of our frail minds. The black teapot ran over while Mrs. Corney was moralizing, and the water slightly scalded Mrs. Corney's hand. "Drat the pot! A little stupid thing that only holds a couple of cups! What use is it to anybody—except to a poor, desolate creature like me. Oh, dear!"

She was just testing her first cup when she was disturbed by a soft tap at the room door.

"Oh, come in with you! Some of the old women dying, I suppose. They always die when I'm at meals. Don't stand there letting the cold air in, don't. What's amiss now, eh?"

"Nothing, ma'am, nothing," replied a man's voice.

"Dear me, is that you, Mr. Bumble?"

"At your service, ma'am."

"Hard weather, Mr. Bumble?"

"Hard, indeed, ma'am. Anti-parochial weather this,

* From "Oliver Twist"

ma'am We have given away, Mrs Corney, we have given away a matter of twenty quartern loaves and a cheese and a half, this very blessed afternoon. And yet them paupers are not contented "

"Of course not, when would they be, Mr. Bumble?"

"When, indeed, ma'am! Why, here's one man that in consideration of his wife and large family has a quartern loaf and a good pound of cheese, full weight Is he grateful? Not a copper farthing's worth of it. What does he do, ma'am, but ask for a few coals, if it's only a pocket handkerchief full, he says Coals! What would he do with coals? Toast his cheese with 'em and then come back for more. That's the way with these people, ma'am; give 'em an apronful of coals to-day and they'll come back for another the day after to-morrow, as brazen as alabaster!"

"It beats anything I could have believed But don't you think out-of-door relief is a very bad thing, anyway, Mr Bumble?"

"Mrs Corney, the great principle of out-of-door relief is to give the paupers exactly what they don't want, and then they get tired of coming."

"Dear me "

"Yes; betwixt you and me, ma'am, that's the great principle; and that's the reason why, if you look at any cases that get into them owdacious newspapers, you'll always observe the sick families have been relieved with slices of cheese That's the rule now, Mrs Corney, all over the country "

The matron looked from the little kettle to the beadle, and inquired whether—whether he would'nt take a cup of tea Mr Bumble immediately gave consent by drawing his chair up to the table Mrs Corney colored and applied herself to the task of pouring the tea "Sweet, Mr Bumble?" asked the matron, taking up the sugar basin

"Very sweet, indeed, ma'am " He fixed his eyes on Mrs Corney as he said this, and if ever a beadle looked tender, Mr Bumble was that beadle at that moment

"You have a cat, ma'am; and kittens, too, I declare "

"I'm so fond of them, Mr Bumble They're so happy, so frolicsome and so cheerful that they are quite companions for me "

"Very nice animals, ma'am, so very domestic."

"Oh, yes, so fond of their home that it's quite a pleasure"

"Mrs. Corney, ma'am I must say this, ma'am that any cat or kitten that could live with you, ma'am, and not be fond of its home, why, why, why I could drown it myself with pleasure, ma'am"

"Then you are a cruel man—and a very hard-hearted man besides"

"Hard-hearted? Are you hard-hearted, Mrs. Corney?"

"Dear me! What a very curious question from a single man! What can you want to know for, Mr Bumble?"

The beadle drank his tea to the last drop, finished a piece of toast, whisked the crumbs off his knees, and deliberately kissed the matron

"Mr Bumble, Mr. Bumble, I shall scream"

Just then there was a knocking on the door, which was no sooner heard than Mr Bumble darted with much agility to the wine bottles, and began dusting them with great violence, while the matron sharply demanded who was there.

A withered old female pauper, toothless and hideously ugly, put her head in at the door and said, "If you please, mistress, old Sally is going fast"

"Well, what's that to me? I can't keep her alive, can I?"

"No, no, mistress, nobody can She's far beyond the reach of help I've seen many a people, little babes and great, strong men, and I know when death's coming well enough But she's troubled in her mind; and when the fits are not on her, and that's not often, for she's a-dying very hard, she says she's got something to tell which you must hear. She'll never die quiet till you come, mistress"

Bidding the messenger walk fast, and not be all night hobbling up the stairs, she followed her from the room with a very ill grace, scolding all the way Mr Bumble's conduct on being left to himself was rather inexplicable He opened the closet, counted the teaspoons, weighed the sugar-tongs and closely inspected a silver milk-pot to ascertain that it was of the genuine metal Then listening at the keyhole to assure himself that nobody

was approaching he proceeded to make himself acquainted with Mrs Corney's chest of drawers, which seemed to yield him exceeding satisfaction, especially a small, padlocked box, which being shaken gave forth a pleasant sound, as of the clinking of coin. Mr. Bumble had just said to himself, "I'll do it!" when Mrs Corney hurried into the room in a breathless state, gasping.

"Oh, Mr Bumble, I have been so dreadfully put out! It's dreadful to think of!"

"Then don't think of it, ma'am"

"I can't help it"

"Then take something, ma'am A little of the wine?"

"Not for the world I couldn't! Oh! The top shelf in the right-hand corner! Oh!"

Mr. Bumble rushed to the closet, snatched a pint green glass bottle from the shelf, filled a teacup with its contents and held it to the lady's lips.

"I'm better now"

Mr. Bumble lifted the cup to his nose

"Peppermint! Try it! There's a little—little something else in it"

Mr Bumble tasted the medicine with a doubtful look, smacked his lips, took another taste and put down the cup empty

"It's very comforting"

"Very much so, indeed, ma'am. What has happened to distress you?"

"Nothing; I'm a foolish, excitable, weak creature"

"Not weak, ma'am Are you weak, Mrs Corney?"

"We are all weak creatures"

"So we are"

Mr Bumble's fingers sought out Mrs Corney's apron string, round which they gradually became entwined

"We are all weak creatures"

"Don't sigh, Mrs Corney."

"I can't help it"

"This is a very comfortable room, ma'am; another room and this, ma'am, would be a complete thing"

"It would be too much for me."

"But not for two, ma'am, eh, Mrs Corney? The board allows you coal, don't they, Mrs. Corney?"

"And candles."

"Coal, candles and 'ouse rent free! Oh, Mrs. Corney, you are an angel!"

Mrs. Corney sank into Mrs. Bumble's arms and that gentleman in his agitation imprinted a passionate kiss upon her chaste nose.

"Such parochial perfection! You know that Mr Stout is worse to-night, my fascinator?"

"Yes "

"He can't live a week He is the master of this establishment His death will cause a vacancy That vacancy must be filled up. Oh, Mrs. Corney, what a prospect this opens What a hopportunity for joining of 'earts and 'ousekeeping! The little word? The one little, little word, my blessed Corney?"

"Y—y—yes."

"One more—compose your darling feelings, only one more. When is it ever to come off?"

"As soon as ever you please; and you are an irresistible dove!"

The dove then turned up his coat-collar, put on his cocked hat and bade his future partner

"Good-night!"



I cannot but think that the world would be better and brighter if the teachers would dwell on the Duty of Happiness as well as on the Happiness of Duty, for we ought to be as cheerful as we can, if only to be happy ourselves as a most effectual contribution to the happiness of others. Everyone must have felt that a cheerful friend is like a sunny day, shedding brightness on all around; and most of us can, if we choose, make of the world a palace or a prison. To be bright and cheerful often requires an effort, there is a certain art in keeping ourselves happy; and in this respect, as in others, we require to watch over and manage ourselves almost as if we were somebody else—*Lord Avebury*

Mr. Tappertit Goes Out for the Evening*

BY CHARLES DICKENS

Mr Tappertit, apprenticed to Mr Varden, a locksmith, finds himself in love with Miss Dolly Varden, his master's daughter, while Miss Miggs, Mrs Varden's maid-servant, finds herself in love with Mr Tappertit. This scene represents Mr Tappertit gone out for the evening, and shows, with Mr. Dickens' peculiar humor, Miss Miggs' interest in the event.



LOOKING out and stretching her neck over the hand-rail Miss Miggs descried to her great amazement Mr. Tappertit, completely dressed, stealing downstairs, one step at a time, with his shoes in one hand and a lamp in the other. Following him with her eyes, and going down a little way herself, to get the better of an intervening angle, she beheld him thrust his head a little way into the parlor door, draw it back again with great swiftness—and she immediately began a retreat upstairs with all possible speed.

"There's mysteries!" said the damsel, when she was safe in her own room again, quite out of breath. "Oh! gracious, there's mysteries!"

The prospect of finding anybody out in anything would have kept Miss Miggs awake under the influence of henbane. Presently she heard the step again, as she would have done had it been that of a feather, endowed with motion and walking down on tip-toe. Then gliding down as before, she beheld the retreating figure of the 'prentice; again he looked cautiously in at the parlor door, but this time instead of retreating he passed on and disappeared. Miggs was back in her own room, and had her head out of the window before an elderly gentleman could have winked and recovered from it.

Out he came at the street door, shut it carefully behind him, tried it with his knees and swaggered off, putting something in his pocket as he went along. At that spectacle Miggs cried "Gracious" again, and then,

* From "Barnaby Rudge"

"Goodness gracious!" and then, "Goodness gracious me!" and then, candle in hand, went down as he had done.

"Why, I wish I may have only a walking funeral and never be buried decent, with a mourning coach and feathers, if the boy hasn't been and made a key for his own self," cried Miggs. "Oh! the little villain!"

Miss Miggs deliberated with herself for a little while, looking hard at the shop door as she did so, as though her eyes and thoughts were both upon it; and then taking a sheet of paper from a drawer, twisted it into a long spiral tube. Having filled this instrument with a quantity of small coal dust, she approached the door and dropping on one knee before it, dexterously blew into the keyhole as much of these fine ashes as the lock would hold. When she had filled it to the brim in a very skilful and workmanlike manner, she crept upstairs again and chuckled as she went.

"There," cried Miggs, rubbing her hands together, "now let's see whether you won't be glad to take some notice of me, mister. He, he, he, you'll have eyes for somebody besides Miss Dolly now, I think—a fat-faced puss she is, as ever I come across——"

As she uttered this criticism she glanced approvingly at her small mirror as one who should say "I thank my stars that can't be said of me!" as it certainly could not, Miss Miggs' style of beauty being of that kind which Mr. Tappertit himself had not inaptly termed in private, "scraggy."

"I don't go to bed this night! I don't go to bed this night till you come home, my lad!"

And she sat there, with perfect composure, all night. At length, just upon break of day, there was a footstep in the street, and presently she could hear Mr. Tappertit stop at the door. Then she could make out that he tried his key; that he was blowing in it; that he knocked it upon the nearest post to beat the dust out; that he took it under a lamp to look at it; that he poked bits of stick in it to clear it; that he peeped into the keyhole, first with one eye and then with the other, that he tried the key again, that he could not turn it, and what was worse he could not get it out, that he bent it, and then it was much less disposed to come out than before;

that he gave it a mighty twist and a great pull, and then it came out so suddenly that he staggered backward; that he kicked the door, that he shook it,—finally, that he smote his forehead and sat down on the step in despair.

When this crisis had arrived, Miss Miggs, affecting to be exhausted with terror and to cling to the window-sill for support, put out her night cap and demanded in a faint voice “who was there——”

Mr. Tappertit cried “Hush!” and backing into the road exhorted her in the most frenzied pantomime to secrecy and silence.

“Tell me one thing,” said Miggs; “is it thieves?”

“No—no—no—nono!” cried Mr. Tappertit

“Then,” said Miggs, more faintly than before, “It’s fire! Where is it, sir? It’s near this room, I know. I’ve a good conscience, sir, and would much rather die than go down a ladder. All I wish is respecting my love to my married sister, Golden Lion Court, number twenty-eight, second bell-handle on the right-hand door post”

“Miggs!” cried Mr. Tappertit, “don’t you know me? Sim, you know, Sim!”

“Oh! what about him!” cried Miggs, clasping her hands “Is he in any danger? Is he in the midst of flames and blazes? Oh, gracious, gracious!”

“Why, I’m here, ain’t I?” rejoined Mr Tappertit, knocking himself on his breast “Don’t you see me? What a fool you are, Miggs!”

“There!” cried Miggs, unmindful of this compliment “Why—so—it—is. Goodness, what is the meaning of —If you please, Missis, here’s——”

“No! No!” cried Mr. Tappertit “Don’t! I’ve been out without leave, and somethin’ or other is the matter with this — lock! Come down and undo the shop window that I may get in that way.”

“I dursn’t do it, Simmin; I dursn’t do it, indeed, you know as well as anybody how particular I am And to come down in the dead of night, when the house is wrapped in slumber and veiled in obscurity——” and there she stopped and shivered, for her modesty caught cold at the very thought.

“But Miggs, my darling Miggs”—Miggs screamed slightly—“that I love so much and can never help think-

ing of——” And it’s impossible to describe the use he made of his eyes as he said this. “Do, for my sake, do!”

“Oh! Simmin,” cried Miggs, “this is worse than all. I know if I come down you’ll go and——”

“And what, my precious?” said Mr. Tappertit.

“And try to kiss me, or some such dreadfulness. I know you will!”

“I swear I won’t,” said Mr. Tappertit, with remarkable earnestness “Upon my soul, I won’t. It’s getting broad day and the watchman’s waking up Angelic Miggs, if you’ll only come and let me in I promise faithfully and truly I won’t.”

Miss Miggs, whose gentle heart was touched, did not wait for the oath, knowing how strong the temptation was, tripped lightly down the stairs, and with her own fair hands drew back the rough fastenings of the workshop window. Having helped the wayward ‘prentice in she faintly ejaculated, “Simmin is safe!” And yielding to her woman’s nature immediately became insensible

“I knew I would quench her; of course, I was certain it would come to this, but there was nothing else to be done! If I hadn’t eyed her over, she would never have come down. There! Keep up a minute, Miggs! What a slippery figure she is! Do keep up a minute, Miggs, will you?”

As Miggs, however, was deaf to all entreaties, Mr. Tappertit leant her up against the wall, as one disposes of a walking stick or umbrella, until he had secured the window, when he took her in his arms again, and in short stages and with much difficulty—arising mainly from her being tall and his being short—carried her upstairs, and planting her in the same walking stick fashion just inside her chamber door, left her to her repose

“He may be as cool as he likes,” said Miggs, recovering as soon as she was left alone, “but I’m in his confidence, and he can’t help himself, nor he couldn’t if he was twenty Simminses!”

Sergius to the Lions*

BY GENERAL LEW WALLACE.



It was the time of the Emperor Constantine, when that Christian emperor's kingdom was threatened by the Turks without and rended by the religious factions within. So great had the hatred and jealousy between the two religious parties of the Greek Church grown that on one occasion, when the whole Brotherhood had met to partake of the Holy Sacrament, half of the number, headed by the Hegumen, refused to partake, accusing the Patriarch and his followers of imposing unleavened bread upon the orthodox communicants, and denouncing it as a scheme of the devil. Fearful confusion followed. Sergius, a young monk from Russia, at a signal from Princess Irene, finally silenced the vast multitude and obtained permission from the emperor, the Patriarch and the Hegumen to speak. In his eloquent discourse he urged upon the people the necessity for union, advised them to drop the four different creeds they were trying to follow and adopt the one simple creed: "I believe in God and in Jesus Christ his son." The Princess Irene, the beautiful young kinswoman of the emperor, had found a ready pupil in the young monk, and from her had he derived the lofty ideas he declared to the people. His denouncing the creeds enraged the Brotherhood, they declared him a heretic, and passed sentence upon him—he was to meet Tamerlane, the lion, in the arena.

It is ten o'clock of the morning that Sergius is to die. The landing in front of Port St. Peter is thronged with people making bargain with the boatmen for passage to the Cynegion. A woman, evidently of the middle class, clad in a cloak of coarse brown stuff, hands gloved and feet coarsely shod, appeared. She asked a boatman to take her across.

"How many of you are there?"

"I am alone."

*From "The Prince of India" Copyrighted, 1892, by Harper & Brothers

The Speaker

"You want the boat alone? That can't be I've seats for five and must have——"

"But I will pay for all the seats"

"In advance?"

"Yes; row me swiftly to the first gate of the Cyneigion and this goldpiece is yours."

Of the attractions on the water and the shores the woman took no notice. Had the boatman been less intent on earning his goldpiece he might have heard her sob. The day was not a holiday for her. In a few moments she was on land. She tossed the goldpiece to the boatman and started for the gate. Within the Cyneigion she fell in with some persons talking of the coming event as if it were a comedy

"He is a Russian, you say?"

"Yes, and strange to say, he is the very man who got the Prince of India's negro——"

"The giant?"

"Yes, who got him to drown that fine young fellow, Demides."

"Where is the negro now?"

"In a cell here in the arena"

"Why didn't they give him to the lion?"

"Oh, he had a friend—the Princess Irene. Pity! For what sport to have seen him in front of the old Tartar."

"Yes, he's a fighter."

The woman in brown kept on and ere long was brought to the grandstand. An arched tunnel ran under it with a gate at the farther end, admitting directly to the arena. A soldier held the mouth of the tunnel.

"Good friend, is the heretic who is to suffer here yet?"

"He was brought out last night"

"Poor man! I am a friend of his, may I see him?"

"My orders are to admit no one, and I do not know which cell he is in."

A roar, very deep and hoarse, startled the suppliant.

"Oh, God, is the lion turned in already?"

"Not yet, he is in his den. They have not fed him for three days."

"I do not ask you to violate your orders, only let me go to the gate and see the man when he is brought out"

The gate was open-barred and permitted a view of nearly the whole circular interior. There were the walls

enclosing it like a pit; on the ascending seats, back to the last one, sat thousands and thousands of men, women and children. Their jollity, their frequent laughter and hand clapping reached her.

"Merciful God, are these creatures indeed in thy likeness?" She observed finally that the end of the bar across the gate rested in double iron sockets on the side toward her. To pass it she had only to raise the bar clear of the socket and push.

The door of a chamber, nearly opposite her, opened and a man stood in the aperture. He was very tall, gigantic even. Surprised by what he beheld, he stepped out to look at the benches, and she saw he was black. He retired, closing the door after him. A little later another man entered the arena, looked carefully around him, then went to a cell and knocked. Two persons responded by coming out of the door; one an armed guardsman, the other a monk. The monk was Sergius. His guard conducted him to the center of the field and left him there. Sergius, calm, resigned, fearless, rested his hands on his breast, closed his eyes and raised his face. They who saw him, taller in his long gown, his hair on his shoulders and down his back, his head upturned, the sunlight making a radiant imprint on his forehead, and wanting only a nimbus to be the Christ in apparition, ceased jeering him. His lips moved in the quiet recitation, "I believe in God and Jesus Christ his Son."

Three sharp notes of a trumpet rang out, a door at the left was slowly raised and the lion stalked out of the darkened depths, turning his ponderous head from side to side, filling his deep chest with ample draughts of the fresh air, then he observed the monk. The head rose higher, his ears erected, his yellow eyes changed to coals alive, and he growled and lashed his sides with his tail. He stepped out into the arena, and shrinking close to the sand, inched forward, creeping toward the object of his wonder. Sergius, meantime, was prepared for the attack, but as a non-resistant. He was not only unarmed, but the sleeves of his gown deprived him of the use of his hands. From the man to the lion, from the lion to the man the multitude turned, shivering. Presently the lion stopped, whined and behaved uneasily.

The Speaker

Was he afraid? Such was the appearance when he began trotting around at the base of the wall, halting before the gates and seeking an escape. From the trot he broke into a gallop, without so much as a glance at the monk. In dread, doubtless, of losing the catastrophe of the show they yelled at the cowardly beast. In the height of this tempest the gate of the tunnel under the grandstand opened quickly and was as quickly shut. Death brings no deeper hush than fell upon the assemblage then. A woman was crossing the sand toward the monk. Two victims, well worth the monster's hunger through the three days to be banqueted on the fourth. She was robed in white, was bareheaded and barefooted. The dress, the action, the seraphic face, were not infrequent on the water, and especially in the churches; recognition was instantaneous, and through the crowd ran the startled cry, "God's mercy. It is the Princess, the Princess Irene."

Strong men covered their eyes and women fainted. Directly the identity became assured, toward the Hegumen and the priests innumerable arms were outstretched. "Save her, save her; let the lion be killed." Easier said than done. Crediting the Brotherhood with lingering sparks of humanity, the game was beyond their interference. The brute was lord. Who dared go in and confront him? About this time the black man looked out of his cell again. To him the pleading arms were turned. He saw the monk, the Princess—and the lion, making his furious circuit, saw them—retreated, but after a moment reappeared, attired in the savageries which were his delight. In the waistband he had a short sword and over his left shoulder a roll like a fisherman's net.

The Princess placed a hand on Sergius' arm and brought him back, as it were, to life and the situation.

"Fly. Oh Princess, by the way you came; fly! Oh, God, it is too late, too late!"

"No, I will not fly. Did I not bring you to this? Let death come to us both. Better the quick work of the lion than the slow torture of conscience. I will not fly. We will die together. I, too, believe in God and Jesus Christ his Son."

The lion now ceased galloping. He turned his big,

burning eyes on the two thus resigning themselves, and crouching put himself in motion toward them. The charge of cowardice was premature. The near thunder of his roaring was exultant and awful.

Nilo, the gigantic black, took position between the pair and their enemy, shook the net from his shoulder. Keeping the brute steadily eye to eye, he managed so that while retaining the leaden balls tied to its disengaged corners, one in each hand, the net was presently in an extended roll on the ground before him. Leaning forward then, his hands bent inwardly, knuckle to knuckle, at his breast, his right foot advanced, he waited the attack—to his beholders a figure in shining ebony, gigantesque in proportion, Phudian in grace.

Look in the grandstand! A man in glistening armor pushes through the brethren in most unceremonious sort. In haste to reach the front he stepped from bench to bench, knocking the gowned churchmen right and left. On the edge of the wall he tossed his sword and shield into the arena and then leaped after them, fitted the shield to his arm, snatched up the sword and ran to the point of danger. There, with quick understanding of the negro's strategy, he took place behind him, but in front of the Princess and the monk. His agility, cumbered though he was, his amazing spirit, together with the thought that the fair woman had yet another champion over whom the lion must go ere reaching her, wrought the whole multitude into ecstasy. They sprang upon the benches and shouted.

The noise was not without effect on the veteran Tamerlane. He surveyed the benches haughtily, then set forward again, intent on Nilo. The movement in its sinuous, flexible gliding resembled a serpent's crawl. The mane, all erect, trebly enlarged the head, and the eyes were like live coals of fire.

The people hushed; Nilo stood firm; and behind him, not less steadfast and watchful, Count Corti kept guard. Thirty-five feet away—twenty-five—twenty—there the great beast stopped, collected himself and with an indescribable roar launched clear of the ground. Up, the same instant, went forward, on divergent lines, the leaden balls. When the monster touched the sand again he was completely enveloped. Almost before the spec-

tators realized the altered condition, Nilo was stabbing him with the short sword. And the pride of the Cyne-gion, in a bloody tangle, lay dead



The Strawberry Bed*

BY JAMES LANE ALLEN

In the charming story, "The Kentucky Cardinal," by James Lane Allen, there are two chapters that make splendid reading. "The Strawberry Bed" is reprinted below, and with "The Red Bird," the last chapter in Mr. Allen's book can be used as the principal number on a program.



THE strawberry bed is almost under their windows. I had gone out to pick the first dish of the season for breakfast when a voice at the window above said, timidly and playfully:

"Are you the gardener? Old man, are you the gardener?"

"I am the gardener, madam."

"How much do you ask for your strawberries?"

"The gentleman who owns this place does not sell his strawberries. He gives them away if he likes people. How much do you ask for *your* strawberries?"

"What a nice old gentleman! Is he having those picked to give away?"

"He is having these picked for his breakfast."

"Don't you think he'd like you to give me those, and pick him some more?"

"I fear not, madam."

"What is his name, old man? Don't you like to talk?"

"Adam Moss."

"Such a green, cool, soft name! It is like his house and yard and garden. What does he like?"

"Birds. Red birds."

*From "A Kentucky Cardinal" Copyrighted, 1908, by The MacMillan Co.

"Red birds! How does he catch them? Throw salt on their tails?"

"He is a lover of nature, madam, and particularly of birds."

"What does he do with his birds? Eat his robins and stuff his cats and sell his red birds in cages?"

"He considers it part of his mission in life to keep them from being eaten or stuffed or caged"

"And you say he is nearly a hundred?"

"He is something over thirty years of age, madam"

"Thirty? Surely we heard he was very old Thirty! And does he live in that beautiful little old house all by himself?"

"I live with him."

"You! Ha! ha! ha! And what is your name, you dear old man?"

"Adam"

"Are you the *old* Adam?"

At this I rose, pushed back my hat and looked up at her

"I am Adam Moss," I said, with distant politeness "You can have these strawberries for your breakfast if you want them"

There was a low quick, "Oh!" and she was gone, and the curtains closed over her face. It was rude; but neither ought she to have called me the old Adam

This morning as I was accidentally passing under her window I saw her at it and lifted my hat. She leaned over with her cheek in her palm and said, smiling:

"Why didn't you wish us to be your neighbors?"

"I didn't know that you were the right sort of people."

"*Are* we the right sort?"

"The value of my land has almost been doubled"

"It is a pleasure to know that you approve of us on those grounds Will the value of *our* land rise also, do you think? And why do you suppose we objected to *you* as a neighbor?"

"I cannot imagine."

"The imagination can be cultivated, you know. Then tell me this: why do Kentuckians in this part of Kentucky think so much of themselves compared with the rest of the world?"

"Perhaps it is because they are Virginians There may be various reasons"

"Do the people ever tell what the reasons are?"

"I have never heard one"

"And if we stayed here long enough, and imitated them very closely, do you suppose we would get to feel the same way?"

"I am sure of it"

"It must be so pleasant to consider Kentucky the best part of the world, and *your part* of Kentucky the best of the State, and *your family* the best of all the best families in that best part, and yourself the best member of your family. Ought not that to make one perfectly happy?"

"I have often observed that it seems to do so."

"It is delightful to remember that *you* approve of us And we would feel *so* glad to be able to return the compliment Good-bye!"

Five more days of April and then May For the last half of this light-and-shadow month life to me has narrowed more and more to the red bird, who gets tamer and tamer with habit, and to Georgiana, who gets wilder and wilder with happiness The bird fills the yard with brilliant singing, she fills her room with her low, clear songs, hidden behind the window-curtains, which are now so much oftener and so needlessly closed I work myself nearly to death in my garden, but she does not open them. The other day the red bird sat in a tree near by, and his notes floated out on the air like scarlet streamers. Georgiana was singing so low that I was making no noise with my rake in order to hear, and when he began, before I realized what I was doing, I had seized a brickbat and hurled it, barely missing him, and driving him away He did not know what to make of it; neither did I; but as I raised my eyes I saw that Georgiana had opened the curtains to listen to him, and was closing them with her eyes on my face and a look on hers that has *haunted* me ever since

April 26th. It's of no use To-morrow night I will go to see Georgiana and ask her to marry me

April 28th. Man that is born of woman is of few days and full of trouble.

I *believe* Georgiana thinks I'll ask her again Not if I lived by her through eternity

A poor devil will ask a woman to marry him She will refuse him The day after she will meet him as *serenely* as if he had asked her for a pin

May 15th This morning, as I was planting a hedge inside my fence under her window, she leaned over and said, as though nothing were wrong between us, "What are you planting?"

I have sometimes thought Georgiana can ask more questions than Socrates

"A hedge "

"What for?"

"To grow "

"What do you want it to grow for?"

"My garden is too public I wish to be protected from outsiders "

"Would it be the same thing if I were to nail up this window? That would be so much quicker It will be ten years before your hedge is high enough to keep us from seeing you And even then, you know, I could move up-stairs But I am sorry to be an outsider "

"I merely remarked that I was planting a hedge."

When Georgiana spoke again her voice was lowered. "Would you open a gateway for me into your garden, to be always mine, so that I might go out and come in and never another human soul enter it?"

I was indignant that Georgiana should lightly ask anything at my hands, therefore I looked quickly and sternly up at her and said, "I will not "

Afterwards the thought rushed over me that she had not spoken of any gateway through my garden fence, but of another one, mystical, hidden, infinitely more sacred

May 17th To-day I put a little private gate through my fence under Georgiana's window as a sign to her. Balaam's beast that I am! Yes, seven times more than the inspired ass.

As I passed to-day I noticed Georgiana looking down at the gate that I made yesterday She held a flower to her nose and eyes, but behind the leaves I detected that she was laughing

The Speaker

"Good-morning," she called to me "What did you cut that ugly hole in your fence for?"

"That's not an ugly hole. That's a little private gateway."

"But what's the little private gateway *for*?"

"Oh, well! You don't understand these matters I'll tell your mother."

"My mother is too old She no longer stoops to such things Tell *me*!"

"Impossible!"

"I'm dying to know!"

"What will you give me?"

"Anything—this flower!"

"But what would the flower stand for in that case? A little pri—"

"Nothing Take it!" and she dropped it lightly on my face and disappeared

May 21st. Again I asked Georgiana to be mine I am a perfect fool about her. But she's coming my way at last—God bless her!

May 24th. I renewed my suit to Georgiana

May 27th I besought Georgiana to hear me.

May 28th For the last time I offered my hand in marriage to the elder Miss Cobb. Now I am done with her forever I am no fool

This morning, the 3d of June, I went out to pick the first dish of strawberries for my breakfast As I was stooping down I heard a timid, playful voice at the window like the echo of a year ago:

"Are you the gardener?"

Since Georgiana will not marry me if she would only let me alone

"Old man, are you the gardener?"

"Yes, I'm the gardener. I *know* what *you* are"

"How much do you ask for your strawberries?"

"They come high Nothing of mine is to be as cheap hereafter as it has been."

"I am so glad—for your sake I should like to possess *something* of yours, but I suppose everything is too high now."

"Entirely too high!"

"If I only could have foreseen that there would be an increase of value. As for me, I have felt that I am get-

ting cheaper lately I may have to *give* myself away soon. If I only knew of some one who loved the lower animals "

"The fox, for instance."

"Yes, do you know of any one who would accept the present of a fox?"

"Ahem! I wouldn't mind having a tame fox I don't care much for wild foxes "

"Oh, this one would get tame—in time "

"I don't believe I know of any one at present "

"Very well. I'll send you over the cream and sugar, and hope you will enjoy all your berries *We* shall buy some in the market-house next week."

Later in the afternoon I sent the strawberries over to Georgiana.

Later, as I was walking to town, I met Georgiana and her mother coming out No explanation had ever been made to the mother of that goose of a gate in our division fence; and as Georgiana had declined to accept the sign, I determined to show her that the gate could now stand for something else. So I said: "Mrs Cobb, when you send your servants over for green corn you can let them come through that little gate. It will be more convenient."

Only I was so angry and confused that I called her Mrs Corn, and said that when she sent her little cobbys over—my green servants, etc.



Mary at the Sepulchre*

BY SIR EDWIN ARNOLD

It was our Sabbath eve By set of sun
Arimathæan Joseph craved, and gained
The grace to lay Him in his sepulchre
Then while the first day of the week was dark
Alone I wended to that sepulchre

* From "The Light of Asia"

The Speaker

Bearing fair water, and the frankincense,
And linen, that my Lord's sweet body sleep
Well in the rock And while my woeful feet
Passed thro' the gate and up the paved ascent
Along the second wall, over the hill
Into that garden, hard by Golgotha,
The morning brightened over Moab's peaks,
Touched the great temple's dome with crimson fires,
Lit Ophel and Moriah rosy red,
Made Olivet all gold, and on the pools
In Hinnom laid a sudden lance of flame;
And, from the thorn trees brake the waking songs
Of little birds; and every palm tree's top
Was full of doves that cooed, as knowing not
How love was dead, and life's dear glory gone,
And world's hope lay then in the tomb with Him;
Which now I spied, that hollow in the rock
Under the camphine leaves Yet no guards there
To help me roll away the stone! Nay, and no stone.
It lay apart, leaving the door agape,
And through the door, as I might dimly see,
The scattered wrappings of the burial night,
Pale gleams amidst the gloom Not waiting then—
Deeming our treasure taken wickedly—
I sped, and came to Peter and to John,
And cried: "Our Lord is stolen from His grave
And none to tell where He is borne away!"
Thereat they ran together, came and saw;
And entered in; and found the linen clothes
Scattered, the rock bed empty; and, amazed,
Back to their house they went But I drew nigh
A second time, alone. Heartbroken now
The bright day seeming blackest night to me,
The small birds, mockers, and the city's noise—
Waking within its walk—hateful and vain
Why should earth wake, the Son of Man asleep?
Or that great guilty city rise and live,
With dear Lord dead in her stony skirts?
Fled, too, my last fond hope, to lay Him fair,
And kiss His wounded feet, and wash the blood
From His pierced palms, and comb His tangled hair
To comeliness, and leave Him—like a king—
To His forgetful angels. Weeping hard

With these thoughts, like to snake-fangs' sting,
My left hand on the stone I laid and shut
The eager sunshine off with my right hand.
Kneeling, and looking in the Sepulchre—
It was not dark within—I deemed at first
A lamp burned there, such radiance mild I saw,
Lighting the hewn wall, and the linen-bands;
And in one corner folded by itself,
The face-cloth. Coming closer I espied
Two men who sat there, very watchfully,
One at the head, the other at the foot
Of that stone table where my Lord had lain.
Oh! I say "men," I should have known no men
Had eyes like theirs, shapes so majestic,
Tongues turned to such a music as the tone
Wherewith they questioned me: "' Why weepest
thou?"

"Ah, sirs!" I said, "my Lord is ta'en away
Not wot we whither!" and thereat my tears
Blotted all seeing So I turned to wipe
The hot drops off; and look, another one
Standing behind me, and my foolish eyes
Hard gazing on Him, and not knowing Him!
Indeed, I deemed this was the gardener
Keeping the trees and Tomb, so was He flesh;
So living, natural, and made like man,
Albert, if I had marked, if any ray
Of watchful hope had helped me, such a look
Such presence, beautiful and pure; such light
Of loveliest compassion in His face,
Had told my beating heart and blinded eyes
Who this must be But I, my brow in the dust,
Heard Him say softly: "Wherefore weepest thou?
Whom seekest thou?" A little marvelled I,
Still at His foot, too sorrowful to rise,
He should ask this, the void grave gaping near
And He its watchman; yet His accents glad.
Nathless not lifting up my foolish head,
"Sir," said I, "If 'tis thou has borne Him hence,
Tell me where thou hast laid Him. Then will
I bear him away"
Ah, friend! such answer came, my sadness turned
Gladness as suddenly as gray is gold

The Speaker

When the sun springs in glory, such a word
 As with more music than earth ever heard,
 Set my swift dancing veins full well aware
 Why so the day dawned, and the city stirred,
 And the vast idle world went busy on,
 And the birds carolled, and in palm tree tops
 The wise doves cooed of love Oh, a dear word
 Spoke first to me, and, after me, to all,
 That all may always know He is the Lord,
 And death is dead, and new times come for me,
 For, while I lay there, sobbing at His feet
 The word He spake—My Lord! my King! my
 Christ
 Was my name.

Mary!

No language had I then,
 No language have I now! only I turned
 My quick glance upward; saw Him, knew Him,
 spoke,
 Crying: "Rabboni, Lord! my Lord! dear Lord!"



His Symptoms

From "The Saturday Evening Post"

BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER.



IF you ever hear an amateur at sickness describe his symptoms? The small man walked into the physician's office, trying to look as if he was not ashamed of asking advice. He took a seat immediately in front of the doctor

"Now, doc," he began glibly, "I'm not sick I'm never sick a day in the year. Don't know what sickness is, but I've got a little pain. Not that it worries me at all. I don't worry about such things, and I guess I have my share of them. But it isn't like me to worry I'm not built that way. I go along and don't worry, no matter how sick I am, and I guess I am sicker than

most men a good part of the time. But I don't let on. I'm used to it. But this pain has got me worried. That's a fact: I'm worried—nearly worried to death. It would worry any one. Nothing serious, of course, but pretty severe. Fact is, I can't stand it any longer. If you knew how I suffer with this pain! But it don't worry me. I don't let it. And it's nothing to worry about. Just one of these little aches, I guess, that come and go. Fact is, I was ashamed to come to a doctor for such a little thing. I don't mind it. Very little pain, you know. Can hardly feel it, but my wife worries. She would have me come to see you.

"You see, doc, the pain is right here in my neck. Seems to be right in my Adam's apple. It feels like a pin. That's it exactly: like a pin sticking into me. Just that sharp, pricking pain, but larger. You know what I mean. Feels like a knob in there. Like a round, polished knob, something like a door-knob, pressing all the time. It isn't a pain, understand. It's an ache. A cold, aching sensation, like a snowball. Yes, sir, that describes it exactly. Just like a snowball, only the thing throbs all the time, and burns. Why, it's red-hot. Just like a red-hot poker. You know what I mean. As if I had swallowed a red-hot poker, and it was red-hot clear down into my chest, but darting back and forth like a shuttle or a bolt of lightning. I don't know whether you catch just what I mean, doc, but you can imagine how a bristle-brush would feel if you swallowed it. A brush with bristles all around it, like a pipe-cleaner. That gives you the idea exactly. It's just that sort of a tickling sensation, as if I had swallowed something soft and fuzzy, like a wool mitten. I tell you, it has got me worried, doc. Scared stiff, I might say.

"Now, I don't want you to think I'm worried about it. I wouldn't be if it wasn't so persistent. It's one of these persistent pains, that comes and goes. Feels like a penny had got lodged there and was aching. One of these sharp, twinging pains, like rheumatism or toothache. Not a jumping toothache, but the slow, steady kind, like a corn. You know what I mean. Sort of a dull ache, kind of burning. I tell you, I'm dreadfully frightened. My wife said it was nothing, but I knew better. It seems to be in the back of my neck. That's

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what frightens me. It reminds me of spinal meningitis, or consumption—as if I had appendicitis in my neck, only it's lower down. It seems to be in my chest. I'm afraid of these pains that stay right in one place. They are so apt to get chronic.

"That's what I don't like about this pain of mine. It's so chronic. If it isn't in one place it's in another. Sort of shoots all around. You know what I mean. Dashes around everywhere. Some days it's in the back of my head and then in my lungs, and some days I don't feel it at all. I can't describe it, but it is what I would call a bitter pain—a bitter, sour pain, kind of sweet and acrid, like Morocco leather or banana. You see, I don't want you to make any mistake about it, I want you to get it right. I want you to know exactly what I mean. You know how colic feels? Well, it isn't anything like that.

"I should say it was more like a crimson pain. Sort of a greenish crimson. Nearly blue, you know. Kind of flashing, like an electric light or a match. Sort of an empty feeling, as if there was a void there, with something in it. Something round, with sharp points, like a square chunk of lead, only harder. More like granite, or one of these long, dry crusts of bread, thin and narrow, but rough.

"Now, doc, you know just how it is. Those are the symptoms, and all I want is just a small prescription to cure it up. That's all! Something like a pill, or a dose of some kind. I guess a plaster would be the right thing. One of these plasters with holes in them. You know what I mean. I don't want anything that would be hard to take. It isn't worth it, for a little thing like this. If I let it alone, it would cure itself. What I want is something to rub on, like witch hazel, or iodine, or something of that kind. But if you say 'operate' I'm willing. I think, myself, an operation is what it needs. Cut out the tonsils, you know, or fumigate it, or cauterize it. Something of that sort."

The Baby at Rudder Grange*

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON



HE had been married three years, and no couple was ever happier. When we moved out into the country Pomona and Jonas went with us. Pomona was our servant, and Jonas, her husband, did the chores. They doted on a little baby, and that baby was the cause of all our trouble.

I would often say to Euphemia, "Why can't you let Pomona attend to it? You surely need not give up your whole time and your mind to the child."

But she would always answer that Pomona had a great many things to do, and that she couldn't at all times attend to the baby. Suppose, for instance, that she should be at the barn.

I once suggested that a nurse should be procured, but at this she laughed.

"There is very little to do," she said, "and I really like to do it."

"Yes," said I, "but you spend so much of your time in thinking how glad you will be to do that little, when it is to be done, that you can't give me any attention, at all."

"Now, you have no cause to say that. You know very well—there!" and away she ran. *It* had just begun to cry.

Naturally, I was getting tired of this. I could never begin a sentence and feel sure that I would be allowed to finish it. Nothing was important enough to delay attention to an infantile whimper.

An idea grew and developed in my mind until I afterward formed a plan upon it. I determined, however, before I carried out my plan, to again try to reason with Euphemia.

"If it was our own baby," I said, "it would be a different thing, but to give yourself up so entirely to Pomona's baby, seems to me unreasonable. Indeed, I

*From "Rudder Grange" Copyrighted, 1894, by Charles Scribner's Sons

never heard of any case exactly like it. It is reversing all the usages of society for the mistress to take care of the servant's baby."

"The usages of society are not worth much, sometimes," said Euphemia, "and you must remember that Pomona is a very different kind of person from an ordinary servant, and you know yourself how quiet and—and nice she is, and as for the baby, it's just as good and pretty as any baby, and it may grow up to be better than any of us. Some of our presidents have sprung from lowly parents."

"But this one is a girl."

"Well, then, she may be a president's wife."

Then it was that I determined to carry out my plan.

About three miles from our house was a settlement known as New Dublin. It was a cluster of poor and doleful houses, inhabited entirely by Irish people, whose dirt and poverty seemed to make them very contented and happy. I was acquainted with one of the matrons of this locality, a Mrs. Duffy, who had occasionally undertaken some odd jobs at our house, and to her I made a visit.

She was glad to see me, and wiped off a chair for me. "Mrs. Duffy," said I, "I want to rent a baby."

At first the good woman could not understand me, but when I made plain to her that I wished for a short time to obtain the exclusive use and control of a baby, for which I was willing to pay a liberal rental, she burst into long and violent laughter. It seemed to her like a person coming into the country to purchase weeds. Weeds and children were so abundant in New Dublin. But she gradually began to see that I was in earnest, and as she knew I was a trusty person, and somewhat noted for the care I took of my live stock, she was perfectly willing to accommodate me, but feared she had nothing on hand of the age I desired.

"Me childther are all goin' about," she said. "Ye kin see a poile uv 'em out yon in the road, an' there's more uv 'em on the fince. But ye nade have no fear about gittin' wan. There's sthacks of 'em in the place. I'll just run over to Mrs. Hogan's wid ye. She's got sixteen or sivinteen." So throwing her apron over her head she accompanied me to Mrs. Hogan's.

It was plain that Mrs Hogan's stock did not contain exactly what I wanted, and directly Mrs Duffy exclaimed, "There's Mary McCann—an' roight across the way!"

Mrs Hogan said, "Yis, sure," and we all went over to a little house opposite.

"Now, thin," said Mrs Duffy, entering the house and proudly drawing a small coverlid from a little box-bed in a corner, "what do you think of that?"

"Why, there are two of them," I exclaimed

"To be sure," said Mrs. Duffy, "they're tweens. There's always two uv 'em, when they're tweens. An' they're young enough"

"Yes," said I, doubtfully, "but I couldn't take both. Do you think their mother would rent one of them?"

I visited several houses after this, still in company with Mrs. Hogan and Mrs Duffy, and finally secured a youngish infant, who, having been left motherless, had become what Mrs Duffy called a "bottle-baby," and was in charge of a neighboring aunt

The child suited me very well, and I agreed to take it for as many days as I might happen to want it, but to pay by the week, in advance. It was a boy, with a suggestion of orange-red bloom all over its head and what looked to me like freckles on its cheeks; while its little nose turned, even more than those of babies generally turn, above a very long upper lip

"What's his name?" I asked.

"It's Pat," said his aunt, "afther his dad, who's away in the moines."

"But ye kin call him onything ye loike, for he don't answer to his name yit"

When I reached home I drove directly to the barn. Fortunately Jonas was there. When I called him and handed little Pat to him I never saw a man more utterly amazed. He stood and held the child without a word. But when I explained the whole affair to him, he comprehended it perfectly and was delighted.

As I passed the kitchen I saw Pomona at work. She looked at me, dropped something and I heard a crash. I don't know how much that crash cost me. Jonas rushed in to tell Pomona about it, and in a moment I heard a scream of laughter. At this Euphemia appeared

at an upper window, with her hand raised and saying, severely, "Hush-h!" But the moment she saw me she disappeared from the window and came downstairs on the run. She met me just as I entered the dining-room.

"What in the world!"

"This is my baby."

"Your—baby! Where did you get it? What are you going to do with it?"

"I got it in New Dublin, and I want it to amuse me while I am at home. I haven't anything else to do, you spend all your time on Pomona's baby."

"Oh!" said Euphemia

At this moment little Pat gave his first whimper.

So I immediately began to walk up and down the floor with him, and to sing to him. I did not know any infant music, but I felt sure that a soothing tune was the great requisite and that the words were of small importance. So I started on an old Methodist tune (tune of "Weak and wounded, sick and sore"), and I sang as soothingly as I could

"Lit-tle Patsy, Watsy, Satsy,
Does he feel a lit-ty bad?
Me will send and get his bot-tle,
He shan't have to cry-wy-wy."

"What an idiot!" said Euphemia, laughing in spite of her vexation

"No, we ain't no id-i-otses,
What we want's a bot-ty milk"

So I sang as I walked to the kitchen door and sent Jonas to the barn for the bottle

Pomona was in spasms of laughter in the kitchen, and Euphemia was trying her best not to laugh at all.

"Who's going to take care of it, I'd like to know?" she said, as soon as she could get herself into a state of severe inquiry.

"Some-times me, and some-times Jonas"

"You really don't think that I will consent to your keeping such a creature as this in the house? Why, he's a regular little Paddy! If you kept him he'd grow up into a hod-carrier"

"Good! I never thought of that. What a novel thing it would be to witness the gradual growth of a hod-carrier! I'll make him a little hod, now, to begin with.

He couldn't have a more suitable toy. Shall I take him upstairs and lay on our bed?"

"No, indeed," cried Euphemia. "You can put him on a quilt on the floor until after luncheon, and then you must take him home."

I laid the young hod-carrier on the folded quilt which Euphemia prepared for him, where he turned his little pug nose to the ceiling and went contentedly to sleep.

That afternoon I nailed four legs on a small packing-box and made a bedstead for him. This, with a pillow in the bottom of it, was very comfortable.

That night Pat woke up several times, and made things unpleasant by his wails. On the first two occasions I got up and walked him about, singing impromptu lines to the tune of "weak and wounded," but the third time Euphemia herself arose, and declaring that that doleful tune was a great deal worse than the baby's crying, silenced him herself, and arranging his couch more comfortably, he troubled us no more.

In the morning Euphemia scolded and scolded, and said she would put on her hat and go for the mother. But I told her the mother was dead and that seemed to be an obstacle.

On the day after I began to tire of my new charge, and Pat on his side seemed to be tired of me, for he turned from me when I went to take him up, while he would hold out his hands to Euphemia and grin delightedly when she took him.

That morning I drove to the village and spent an hour or two there. On my return I found Euphemia sitting in our room, with little Pat on her lap. I was astonished at the change in the young rascal. He was dressed from head to foot in a suit of clothes belonging to Pomona's baby. I stood speechless at the sight.

"Don't he look nice?" said Euphemia, standing him up on her knees. "It shows what good clothes will do. I'm glad I helped Pomona make up so many. He's getting ever so fond of me, ze itty Patsy, Watsy! See how strong he is! He can almost stand on his legs! Look how he laughs! He's just as cunning as he can be. And, Oh! I was going to speak about that box. I wouldn't have him sleep in that old packing-box. There are little wicker cradles at the store—I saw them last

week—they don't cost much, and you could bring one up in the carriage. There's the other baby crying, and I don't know where Pomona is. Just you mind him a minute, please!" and out she ran.

I looked out of the window. The horse still stood harnessed to the carriage, as I had left him. I saw Pat's old shawl lying in a corner. I seized it and rolling him in it, new clothes and all, I hurried downstairs, climbed into the carriage, hastily disposed Pat in my lap, and turned the horse toward New Dublin.

The good women of the settlement were surprised to see little Pat return so soon.

"An' wasn't he good?"

"Oh, just look at 'em!" cried Mrs. Duffy. "An' see thim leetle pittycoots thrimmed wid lace! Oh, an' it was good in ye, sir, to give him all thim, an' pay the foive dollars, too."

"An' I'm glad he's back," said the fostering aunt; "for I was a coomin' over to till ye that I've been hearin' from owld Pat, his dad, an' he's comin' back from the mines, and I don't know what he'd 'a' said if he'd found his leetle Pat was rinted. But if ye iver want to borry him for a whoile, after owld Pat's gone back, ye kin have him rint free; an' it's much obloiged I am to ye, sir, fur dressin' him so foine."

I made no encouraging remarks as to future transactions in this line, and drove slowly home.

"Euphemia met me at the door. She had Pomona's baby in her arms. We walked together into the parlor."

"And so you have given up the little fellow that you were going to do so much for?" she said.

"Yes, I have given him up," I answered.

"It must have been a dreadful trial to you," she continued.

"Oh, dreadful!" I replied.

"I suppose you thought he would take up so much of your time and thoughts that we couldn't be to each other what we used to be, didn't you?" she said.

"Not exactly," I replied. "I only thought that things promised to be twice as bad as they were before."

She made no answer to this, but going to the back door of the parlor she opened it and called Pomona.

When that young woman appeared Euphemia stepped toward her and said, "Here, Pomona, take your baby"

They were simple words, but they were spoken in such a way that they meant a good deal. Pomona knew what they meant. Her eyes sparkled, and as she went out I saw her hug her child to her breast, and cover it with kisses, and then, through the window, I could see her running to the barn and Jonas.

"Now, then," said Euphemia, closing the door and coming toward me, with one of her old smiles, and not a trace of preoccupation about her, "I suppose you expect me to devote myself to you"

I did expect it, and I was not mistaken



Elder Brown's Big Hit

*From "The Saturday Evening Post"

BY NIXON WATERMAN.

Pa and ma are Methodists, and all us children, too
And pa's a pillar in the church, and owns a whole front
pew

And pa and Mr. Watkins, who's a big, bald-headed man,
Go 'round with little baskets getting all the cash they can
The preacher always talks with pa when meeting is dis-
missed,

And when there's extra doings pa's invited to assist.
And our Presiding Elder, Reverend Ebenezer Brown,
'Most always stays at our house every time he comes to
town.

I used to be afraid of him. He seemed so big and tall
And kind of sad and solemn-like, I couldn't smile at all.
We children hardly dared to speak when he was in the
house;

But everyone just slipped about as quiet as a mouse
Ma said we needn't feel afraid, that he was just the same
As pa or any other man, except a bigger name;
But we all feared that he could see just every thought
we had,

The Speaker

And so we kept a-trying not to think of something bad
 But one time in the morning when the family was at
 prayers,
 And Elder Brown and all of us kneeling by our chairs,
 We heard old Rover—he's our dog—begin to whine and
 growl,
 And then old Tabby—she's our cat—well, she began to
 yowl
 'Twas 'way out in the kitchen that the two commenced
 to spat,
 But in a minute here they came a-tearing, and the cat
 Ran right up pa's bent back until she reached his shoul-
 ders, where
 She stopped and said to Rover, "You just touch me if
 you dare!"

We knew that there'd be trouble Rover is so very proud
 And sort of overbearing that he never has allowed
 A cat to dare to boss him; so he made a great big leap,
 And he and pa and Tabby they all tumbled in a heap
 Oh, say, but it was awful! I saw brother Henry grin,
 And sister Lucy snickered; but it seemed a dreadful sin,
 Till Elder Brown laughed right out loud to see the
 funny fuss—
 And since that time we've liked him, 'cause we know he's
 just like us.



The Angels of Buena Vista

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

Speak, and tell us, our Ximena, looking northward far
 away,
 O'er the camp of the invaders, o'er the Mexican Array,
 Who is losing? Who is winning? Are they far or
 come they near?
 Look around and tell us, sister, whither rolls the storm
 we hear.

"Down the hills of Angostura still the storm of battle
rolls;
Blood is flowing, men are dying; God have mercy on
their souls!"
Who is losing? Who is winning? "Over hill and over
plain,
I see but smoke of cannon clouding through the moun-
tain rain"

Holy Mother! keep our brothers! Look Ximena, look
once more
"Still I see the fearful whirlwind rolling darkly as be-
fore,
Bearing on in strange confusion, friend and foeman,
foot and horse,
Like some wild and troubled torrent sweeping down its
mountain course."

Look forth once more, Ximena! "Ah! the smoke has
rolled away,
And I see the Northern rifles gleaming down the ranks
of gray
Hark! that sudden blast of bugles! There the troop of
Minon wheels;
There the Northern horses thunder, with the cannon at
their heels

"Jesu, pity! how it thickens! Now retreat and now
advance!
Right against the blazing cannon shivers Puebla's charg-
ing lance!
Down they go, the brave young riders; horse and foot
together fall;
Like a ploughshare in the fallow through them plough
the Northern ball."

Nearer came the storm and nearer, rolling fast and
frightful on!
Speak, Ximena, speak and tell us, who has lost and who
has won?
"Alas! alas! I know not, friend and foe together fall,
O'er the dying rush the living; pray, my sisters, for
them all!"

“Lo! the wind the smoke is lifting. Blessed Mother,
save my brain!
I can see the wounded crawling slowly out from heaps
of slain
Now they stagger, blind and bleeding; now they fall and
strive to rise.
Hasten, sisters, haste and save them, lest they die before
our eyes!

“O my heart’s love! O my dear one! Lay thy poor
head on my knee:
Dost thou know the lips that kiss thee? Canst thou
hear me? Canst thou see?
O my husband, brave and gentle O my Bernal, look
once more
On the blessed cross before thee! Mercy, mercy! All
is o’er!”

Dry thy tears, my poor Ximena; lay thy dear one down
to rest,
Let his hands be meekly folded, lay the cross upon his
breast;
Let his dirge be sung hereafter, and his funeral masses
said:
To-day, thou poor bereaved one, the living ask thy aid
Close beside her, faintly moaning, fair and young, a
soldier lay,
Torn with shot and pierced with lance, bleeding slow his
life away;
But, as tenderly before him the lorn Ximena knelt,
She saw the Northern eagle shining on his pistol-belt.

With a stifled cry of horror straight she turned away her
head;
With a sad and bitter feeling looked she back upon her
dead;
But she heard the youth’s low moaning, and his strug-
gling breath of pain,
And she raised the cooling water to his parched lips
again

Whispered low the dying soldier, pressed her hand and
faintly smiled
Was that pitying face his mother's? Did she watch be-
side her child?
All his stranger words with meaning her woman's heart
supplied;
With her kiss upon his forehead, "Mother!" murmured
he, and died!

"A bitter curse upon them, poor boy, who led thee forth,
From some gentle sad-eyed mother, weeping, lonely in
the North!"
Spake the mournful Mexic woman, as she laid him with
her dead,
And turned to soothe the living, and bind the wounds
which bled

Look forth once more, Ximena! "Like a cloud before
the wind
Rolls the battle down the mountains, leaving blood and
death behind;
Ah! they plead in vain for mercy, in the dust the
wounded strive;
Hide your faces, holy angels! O thou Christ of God,
forgive!"

Sink, O Night, among thy mountains! Let the cool,
gray shadows fall;
Dying brothers, fighting demons, drop thy curtain over
all!
Through the thickening winter twilight, wide apart the
battle rolled,
In its sheath the sabre rested, and the cannon's lips
grew cold.

But the noble Mexic women still their holy task pursued;
Through that long, dark night of sorrow, worn and faint
and lacking food
Over weak and suffering brothers, with a tender care
they hung,
And the dying foeman blessed them in a strange and
Northern tongue

Not wholly lost, O Father, is this evil world of ours,
 Upward through its blood and ashes, spring afresh the
 Eden flowers,
 From its smoking hell of battle, Love and Pity send their
 prayer,
 And still thy white-winged angels hover dimly in our air!

* * *

Helene Thamre*

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.



ELENE THAMRE, the renowned prima donna, had consented to sing the Messiah for the people of Havermash. Christmas Eve fell in the little town of Havermash wild and windy. It was a cheerless night for the prima donna, but half of Havermash was at the station, and it was with difficulty that Mr Joe Havermash could lead her to the carriage quietly.

"I did not expect to see so many people," said Thamrè "What are they here for?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," Joe said, "unless they are here to see me."

This amused the lady, and she laughed a little cheery laugh, that bubbled over to the ears of the people pressing nearest her in the crowd.

Half way within her carriage door she paused and said, "Why what's that?"

An old woman was pushing her way toward them through the crowd, a very miserable old woman, all splashed with mud. She had an old shawl over her head, and her gray hair blew out from under it over her face. A crowd of villainous urchins followed her, pelting her with volleys of shrill cries and slush and snow.

"Old Mother Goose! Old Mother Goose! Hi yi

* From "Sealed Orders." Copyrighted, 1892, by Houghton, Mifflin & Co

there! Mother Goose is out buying Christmas things for her dar-ter! Old Mother Goose."

Everybody knew how old Mother Goose hated the boys, but no one had ever seen her offer them violence before. In a moment she had grown livid and awful to see, rearing her lank figure to its full height against the blood and steel colored background, "You stop that!" Annoyed beyond measure Mr Haverdash entreated Madame Thamrè to allow him to lead her from the scene. She paused, turned, hesitated, sank upon the carriage seat, "You didn't tell me who it was! I never saw such a wretched old woman!"

"The boys call her Mother Goose!"

"I never heard such a poor, sad name. Has she no other, Mr. Haverdash? Oh, there she is again!"

A sharp turn had brought them in sight of the miserable scene again.

"There!" cried the old woman "There's the lady! I'll see her yet in spite of ye!"

But the picture framed by the carriage window passed by and for an instant only the two women looked each other in the face. Thamrè had grown deadly pale. "I've seen enough," she said. Thinking to divert her mind Mr Haverdash continued, "Her name is Peg Mathers. You see, the boys called her old Mathers, then old Mother, and so old Mother Goose, I suppose"

Thamrè made no reply. Quite weary she seemed when Joe gave her his arm at the hotel steps, and very wearily she gave him to understand that she preferred to be alone until the hour of her performance.

Curtained and locked in the grand suite of rooms, Thamrè spent the two hours alone. She turns the keys. The silver furs are tossed here and there, the veil is torn from the sweet, refined face, and with tightly clasped hands she paces the long and unhomelike splendor of the rooms, for Helene Thamrè is fighting all the devils that can harm the soul of a gifted and beautiful woman for the poor old shameful mother's sake.

"Heaven knows what wretched fancy forced me here. For thirteen years I have wondered what it would be like to see your face again. How could I know it would be like what it is; so miserable, so neglected, so alone. I have never left you to suffer, mother. The first ten

The Speaker

dollars I ever earned I sent to you. What would you have me do? I have worked so hard for my name and fame, mother. There was such a load of shame, and it has been such a hard and bitter work. Let me be for a little while, mother. Sometime I'll search you out, but not just yet; not yet."

After a while other and quieter thoughts came, and she recalls a wild and stormy Christmas Eve like this one when she packed a little bundle of her ragged clothes thirteen years ago to-night. Her studies and struggles in foreign lands; the death of the great master who had taught her, and the falling of his mantle upon her bewildered name.

"What if all the world should know next month, next year, to-morrow, at once, and so forever what I know! If all the world should hear to-night that little Nell Mathers, the little neglected, forgotten child of the woman at whose gray hairs the boys hoot in the streets is all that there is of Helene Thamrè. What would the people of Havermash, falling at my feet this instant, do the next?"

Through all these years she had kept soul and body pure and spotless, and now to dye them in the old, old hateful shame—one must have been little Nell Mathers and become Helene Thamrè, I fancy, to measure the recoil. A knock at the door announces Mr. Havermash, and a little later Helene Thamrè appeared upon the stage.

Silver-gray satin up to the throat and down to the wrists; no jewelry and a lone white lily upon her waist.

She stood for a moment as if poised, fluttering, as if half her mind was made to fly, then fell into her unapproachable repose, and at her leisure looked her audience over. The packed house drew and held its breath. Before she had opened her lips Thamrè had answered Havermash. For an instant every detail of the house was within her grasp, even to Old Mother Goose, half fading into the shadow of the distance, quarreling with the doorkeeper about her ticket. The next instant her face settled, her eyes dilated, the music took possession of her soul, and she became as sacred as her theme. The sacred drama was drawing to a close. Thamrè had just glided into her last solo, "If God be for us, who can be against, it is Christ who died——" when the in-

terruption came Sharp and shrill, into the trill of the singer's liquid notes a quick cry rang out, "Let me see my girl! Let me touch her! I can't bear it much longer!" and forcing her way like a stream of lava through the packed and startled aisles, wild, pallid and horrible, Old Mother Goose, before a hand could stay her, leaped upon the stage

"I can't bear it much longer Nell, it seemed to craze my head I knew yer from the time I heard ye laughing at the station I don't mean to shame ye before so many folks, but I can't bear to hear ye sing Oh, Nell! Nell!"

The shock of the shrill words brought the house to its feet "Shame! Police! Order! Take her out! Protect the lady!" Then the astonishment and silence of the grave High above the waving, peering mass appeared a lily-bound hand

"If you please—let me hear what she has to say She is a very old woman Her hair is gray; let us not be rough and hasty!"

"I've said as how this famous lady is my daughter, and known to many folks in Haverdash thirteen years ago I would na' ha' told on ye, I think, but for the music and the crazy feeling that I had It's most too bad to spoil the piece, Nelly. I'll go right out now! I'll go right out!"

Mr. Haverdash could bear it no longer. "Madame Thamrè, she shall not be allowed to insult you any longer. Come, Peg, come!"

"If you please, Mr Haverdash, the people will pardon me for a moment, I am sure I should like to hear if this poor woman has anything more to say"

"No—no! Only this, Nelly, dear. I says to myself when I sits and hears ye sing If God be for me, my girl won't be against me, over and over with the music, so I did If God be for me, my girl won't be against me! My girl can't be against"

Helene Thamrè bent over the kneeling, prostrate figure, and with the lily-guarded hand clasped the lean, withered fingers of Old Mother Goose, and pressed them tenderly to her heart. Raising the hand that all might see, and looking them all in the face, she said·

"Ladies and gentlemen, I am very sorry that your en-

tainment should be disturbed If you will excuse me
I will leave you now and *take my mother home*"



The Haystack in the Floods

BY WILLIAM MORRIS.

Had she come all the way for this,
To part at last without a kiss?
Yes, had she borne the dirt and rain
That her own eyes might see him slain
Beside the haystack in the floods?

Along the dripping, leafless woods—
The stirrup touching either shoe—
She rode astride as troopers do;
With kirtle kilted to her knee,
To which the mud splashed wretchedly,
And the wet dripped from every tree
Upon her head and heavy hair,
And on her eyelids broad and fair,
The tears and rain ran down her face.

By fits and starts they rode apace,
And very often was his place
Far off from her; he had to ride
Ahead to see what might betide
When the roads crossed; and sometimes when
There rose a murmuring from his men,
Had to turn back with promises

Ah, me! she had but little ease;
And often for pure doubt and dread
She sobbed, made giddy in the head
By the swift riding; while for cold
Her slender fingers scarce could hold
The wet reins, yea, and scarcely, too,
She felt the foot within her shoe

Against the stirrup ; all for this,
To part at last without a kiss
Beside the haystack in the floods.

For when they neared that old soaked hay
They saw across the only way
That Judas, Godmar, and the three
Red running lions dismally
Grinned from his pennon, under which,
In one straight line along the ditch,
They counted thirty heads

So then,
While Robert turned round to his men,
She saw at once the wretched end,
And, stooping down, tried hard to rend
Her coif the wrong way from her head,
And hid her eyes ; while Robert said :
"Nay, love, 'tis scarcely two to one,
At Poitiers where we made them run
So fast Why, sweet, my love, good cheer ;
The Gascon frontier is so near,
Naught after this."

"But, Oh !" she said,
"My God ! my God ! I have to tread
The long way back without you , then
The Court at Paris , those six men ;
The gratings of the Chatelet ;
The swift Seine on some rainy day
Like this, and people standing by
And laughing, while my weak hands try
To recollect how strong **men** swim
All this or else a life with him,
For which I should be damned at last,
Would God that this next hour were past !"

He answered not, but cried his cry,
"St George for Manny !" cheerily,
And laid his hand upon her rein.
Alas ! no man of all his train
Gave back that cheery cry again ;

The Speaker

And while for rage his thumb beat fast
Upon his sword belt, some one cast
About his neck a kerchief long
And bound him

Then they went along
To Godmar, who said "Now, Jehane,
Your lover's life is on the wane
So fast that if this very hour
You yield not as my paramour,
He will not see the rain leave off
Nay, keep your tongue from gibe and scoff,
Sir Robert, or I slay you now"

She laid her hand upon her brow,
Then gazed upon her palm, as though
She thought her forehead bled, and "No,"
She said, and turned her head away,
As there was nothing else to say
And everything was settled. Red
Grew Godmar's face from chin to head,
"Jehane, on yonder hill there stands
My castle, guarding well my lands
What hinders me from taking you,
And doing what I list to do
To your fair, wilful body, while
Your knight lies dead?"

A wicked smile
Wrinkled her face, her lips grew thin,
A long way out she thrust her chin.
"You know that I should strangle you
While you were sleeping, or bite through
Your throat, by God's help; ah!" she said,
Lord Jesus, pity your poor maid,
For in such wise they hem me in,
I cannot choose but sin and sin
Whatever happens, yet I think
They could not make me eat or drink
And so should I just reach my rest"

"Nay, if you do not my behest,
O Jehane! though I love you well,"
Said Godmar, "would I fail to tell

All that I know?" "Foul lies," she said
 "Eh? lies, my Jehane? By God's head,
 At Paris folks would deem them true!
 Do you know, Jehane, they cry for you,
 'Jehane the brown! Jehane the brown!
 Give us Jehane to burn or drown'
 Eh! gag me Robert! Sweet, my friend,
 This were indeed a piteous end
 In those long fingers and long feet,
 And long neck, and smooth shoulder, sweet;
 An end that few men would forget
 That saw it. So—an hour yet;
 Consider, Jehane, which to take,
 Of life or death!"

So, scarce awake,
 Dismounting, did she leave that place
 And totter some yards; with her face
 Turned upward to the sky she lay,
 Her head on a wet heap of hay,
 And fell asleep. And while she slept,
 And did not dream, the minutes crept
 Round to the twelve again; but she,
 Being waked at last, sighed, quietly,
 And strangely childlike came and said
 "I will not" Straightway Godmar's head,
 As though it hung on strong wires, turned
 Most sharply round, and his face burned

For Robert, both his eyes were dry,
 He could not weep; but gloomily
 He seemed to watch the rain, yea, too,
 His lips were firm; he tried once more
 To touch her lips; she reached out, sore
 And vain desire so tortured them,
 The poor, gray lips, and now the hem
 Of his sleeve brushed them.

With a start
 Up Godmar rose, thrust them apart;
 From Robert's throat he loosed the bands
 Of silk and mail; with empty hands
 Held out she stood and gazed, and saw
 The long, bright blade without a flaw

The Man With One Talent*

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

This admirable story, by Richard Harding Davis, is from "The Lion and the Unicorn," which contains "The Vagrant," "The Last Ride Together," and other stories equally well adapted to platform presentation



THE mass meeting in the Madison Square Garden that was to help set Cuba free was finished. The audience had been greatly stirred and the spell of the last speaker hung so heavily upon them that as they pressed down the long corridor they were still speaking loudly in his praise. A young man moved eagerly amongst them, pushing his way to wherever a voice was raised above the rest. He strained forward, listening openly, trying to judge the effect of the meeting by the verdict of those about him.

A fat stranger halted at his elbow to light his cigar.

"Fine speaker, Senator Stanton, ain't he?"

"Yes, he is a great orator, but how could he help but speak well with such a subject?"

"Oh, you ought to have heard him last November at Tammany Hall. Then he was talking. That one speech just about made him United States Senator, I guess. He wasn't quite up to himself to-night. He wasn't so interested. I don't just see how he expects to win out in the Cuba game. The Cubans ain't got no votes."

"He speaks for the good of Cuba, for the sake of humanity."

"What! Oh, yes. Well, I must be getting on. Good-night, sir."

The young man lingered uncertainly, shivering violently with the cold and stamping his feet for greater comfort. He was thinly clad; his face was burned to a deep red from some long exposure to a tropical sun. His cheeks were hollow, his eyes lighted with the fire of fever and from time to time he was shaken by violent bursts of coughing, which caused him to reach toward one of the pillars for support.

As the last lights went out, the speaker of the evening

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and three of his friends came talking and laughing down the corridor. Senator Stanton was fastening the collar of his fur coat about him, and puffing contentedly at a fresh cigar, when the young man who had stood so long in waiting pushed his way to his side.

"Senator Stanton, might I speak to you a moment? My name is Arkwright, I am a civil engineer just back from Cuba, and I want to thank you for that speech. No one has said anything on this subject that compares with what you said to-night, you put it nobly, sir, and I know, for I've been in that charnel house for three years. I wish I could tell you some of the terrible things I have seen. They are much worse than those you instanced, and you could make so much better use of them than any one else."

"For Heaven's sake, what's that?" said Senator Stanton, laying a gloved finger on Arkwright's wrist.

A sergeant in the group of policemen who had closed round the speaker said

"That's handcuffs, Senator."

"No, they don't use handcuffs in the field. They use ropes and leather thongs. I was captured with some insurgents. They fastened me behind a horse, and when he stumbled going down the trail it jerked me forward and the cords would tighten and tear the flesh. But they have had a long time to heal now. I was eight months in prison."

"Eight months in prison! I'd like to talk with you if you have nothing to do to-morrow. I'd like to go into this thing thoroughly. Congress must be made to take some action."

"Oh, Mr. Stanton, if you would! If you would only give me an hour, I could tell you so much you could use. And you can believe what I say, sir. It is not necessary to lie. God knows the truth is bad enough. I can give you names and dates for everything I say, or I can do better than that, I can take you down there. In four weeks I can show you all you need to see, and then you would come back as one speaking with authority and say not 'I have read,' or 'I have been told,' but you can say 'These are the things *I have seen*,' and you can free Cuba, sir."

"You don't want to go down there again, do you? I

should think you'd had enough of it. You've a touch of fever now, haven't you?"

"It is only the prison fever. Food and this cold will drive that out of me, and I must go back—there is so much to do there. Ah, if I could tell them as you can tell them, what I feel here" He struck his chest sharply with his hand, and on the instant fell into a fit of coughing, so violent that the young man at the carriage door caught him around the waist and one of the policemen supported him from the other side

"Come to my apartments and lunch with me, at the Berkeley, Fifth Avenue, to-morrow at one I think I'll have my doctor take a look at you" Then as the carriage rolled luxuriously up the avenue the Senator said to his friends, "That poor fellow needs a doctor, and he needs an overcoat, and he needs food He needs almost everything by the looks of him." But the voice of young Livingston objected

"On the contrary, it seemed to me that he had the one thing needful"

Over night the Senator had doubts but what that young man's enthusiasm would bore him on the morrow, but Arkwright, when he appeared, developed, on the contrary, a practical turn of mind which rendered his suggestions both flattering and feasible. Before he left he had won the Senator's promise to consider going with him to Cuba on a tour of investigation Then Senator Stanton had a revulsion of feeling. He began to question what effect this step might have upon himself He did not mind being launched upon a great popular wave, provided he knew where it would land him. He wanted the sort of popular wave that carried him along with it where every one could see him He did not fancy being hurled upon the beach with his mouth full of sand

So when Mr Arkwright called for his decision on the following day, the Senator was out, the next day he was too busy to see him; would he call in a week?

Arkwright's disappointment turned him ill and dizzy. He felt that the great purpose of his life was being played with, and then cast aside But before the end of the week his fears and misgivings were scattered gloriously by the following message from Stanton.

"Have arranged to leave with you for Cuba Monday

at midnight. Call for me at ten o'clock.——Stanton ”

A flood of unspeakable relief, of happiness and gratitude swept over him; he slipped to the floor and wept out his thanks upon his knees

He was trembling with excitement, as well as with cold, when at ten o'clock precisely he stood at Senator Stanton's door. He had forgotten to eat his dinner, and the odor of rich food wafted from an inner room touched his senses with tantalizing comfort. "The Senator says you are to come this way, sir," and in some embarrassment Arkwright found himself in the presence of a number of gentlemen seated at a long dinner table. "This way, Mr. Arkwright. Gentlemen, this is Mr. Arkwright, of whom I have been telling you; the young man who has done such magnificent work for Cuba."

They nodded and raised their glasses with a smile he could not understand. It seemed as if they all knew something of him of which he was ignorant. He turned to Stanton. "The papers have begun well, haven't they?"

"Yes—yes—I—I want to speak to you, Arkwright. Suppose we go into the next room. I'll be back in a moment." The man on his right said, "No, sit down; stay where you are." The others laughed.

"He's paying you a compliment, Mr. Arkwright."

"I don't understand."

"He's afraid to leave you alone with the Senator."

"You don't mean that—that you're not going? Is that it—tell me—is that what you wanted to say?"

"I am very sorry, Mr. Arkwright, but I am afraid I will have to disappoint you. I cannot go to Cuba now or later. I am more than sorry, Arkwright, but they were too many for me. If the papers had not told on me I could have got well away; but as soon as they read of it, they came here straight from their offices. You know who they are, don't you?" And even in his earnestness there was a touch of importance as he spoke the name of his party's leader; of men who stood prominently in Wall Street, and were at the heads of great trusts. "You see how it is. They have enormous interests at stake. They said I would drag the country into war; that I would disturb values; that business interests would suffer. I am under obligations to most of them; they have advised me in financial matters and they

threatened—they threatened to make it unpleasant for me. My sympathies are just as keen for these poor women and children, but sympathy is a pretty expensive luxury, I find.”

“Don’t talk to me like that, you know I don’t understand that. What does it matter to me? Wall Street, trusts, party leaders, what are they to me? The words don’t reach me, they have lost their meaning, it is a language I have forgotten, thank God! Yes, you are twelve to one, you have won a noble victory. Gentlemen, I congratulate you.

“You are like a ring of gamblers around a gaming table, who see nothing but the green cloth and the wheel and the piles of money before them; who forget in watching the money rise and fall that life has nobler uses. You are the money-changers in the temple of this great republic, and the day will come, I pray to God, when you will be scourged and driven out with whips. Do you think you can form combines and deals that will cheat you into heaven? Can your ‘trusts’ save your souls, is Wall Street the straight and narrow road to salvation?”

The political leader broke out, “Does the gentleman belong to the Salvation Army?”

“Old gods give way to new gods. Here is your brother. I am speaking for him. Do you ever think of him? You can crack your whip over that man’s head and turn him from what in his heart and conscience he knows is right, but you have no collar on my neck. If you are a leader why don’t you lead your people to what is good and noble? Why do you stop this man in the work God sent him here to do? You would make a party hack of him, a political prostitute, something lower than the woman who walks the streets. She sells her body—this man is selling his soul. What have you done with your talents, Stanton? What have you done with your talents?”

“Good God, Arkwright, don’t talk like a hymn-book, and don’t prolong this scene. What you ask is impossible. Tell me what I can do to help you in any other way, and—”

“Come with me. I am going to take that train. Leave

these people. Come, you will be judged by what you do to-night."

"No, I cannot—I cannot." Without another word Arkwright passed out of the room. A month later Livingston handed Senator Stanton a paper containing the following paragraph.

"The body of Henry Arkwright, an American civil engineer, was brought into Sagua to-day by a Spanish column. He was caught while trying to force his way to the insurgent camp, and on resisting was shot. The body was badly mutilated."

Stanton lowered the paper and stood gazing out of the window.

"Poor fellow, he wanted so much to help them. And he didn't accomplish anything, did he?"

"Well, I don't know. He died. Some of us only live."



Oliver Twist Starts Out Into the World*

BY CHARLES DICKENS

Poor little Oliver Twist, who has been subjected to all sorts of inhuman treatment in the workhouse, is finally apprenticed to Mr Sowerberry, the undertaker, but finding life unbearable in his new environment, determines to start out into the world. This chapter deals with an incident in his life with the Sowerberrys and his resolve to leave them.



ONE day Oliver and Noah had descended into the kitchen at the usual dinner-hour to banquet upon a small joint of mutton—a pound and a half of the worst end of the neck—when, Charlotte being called out of the way, there ensued a brief interval of time, which Noah Claypole, being hungry and vicious, considered he could not possibly devote to a worthier

* From "Oliver Twist"

purpose than aggravating and tantalizing young Oliver Twist

Intent upon this innocent amusement, Noah put his feet on the tablecloth, and pulled Oliver's hair, and twitched his ears, and expressed his opinion that he was a "sneak;" and furthermore announced his intent of coming to see him hanged, whenever that desirable event should take place. But, none of these taunts producing the desired effect of making Oliver cry, Noah attempted to be more facetious still; he got rather personal.

"Work'us," said Noah, "how's your mother?"

"She's dead," replied Oliver, "don't you say anything about her to me!"

"What did she die of, Work'us?" said Noah

"Of a broken heart, some of our old nurses told me. I think I know what it must be like to die of that!"

"What's set you a-sniveling now, Work'us?"

"Not you," replied Oliver, hastily brushing the tear away. "Don't think it."

"Oh, not me, eh?" sneered Noah.

"No, not you," replied Oliver, sharply. "There; that's enough. Don't say anything more to me about her, you'd better not!"

"'Better not!' Well! 'Better not!' Work'us, don't be impudent. Your mother, too! She was a nice 'un, she was. Oh, Lor'!" And here Noah nodded his head expressively, and curled up as much of his small red nose as muscular action could collect together for the occasion.

"Yer know, Work'us, yer know, Work'us, it carn't be helped now; and, of course, yer couldn't help it then, and I'm very sorry for it, and I'm sure we all are, and pity yer very much. But yer must know, Work'us, yer mother was a regular right-down bad 'un."

"What did you say?"

"A regular right-down bad'un, Work'us. And it's a great deal better, Work'us, that she died when she did, or else she'd have been hard laboring in Bridewell, or transported, or hung; which is more likely than either, isn't it?"

Crimson with fury, Oliver started up, overthrew the chair and table; seized Noah by the throat; shook him in the violence of his rage till his teeth chattered in his

head; and, collecting his whole force into one heavy blow, felled him to the ground.

A minute ago the boy had looked the quiet, mild, dejected creature that harsh treatment had made him. But his spirit was aroused at last, the cruel insult to his dead mother had set his blood on fire. His breast heaved, his attitude was erect; his eyes bright and vivid, his whole person changed, as he stood glaring over the cowardly tormentor who now lay crouching at his feet, and defied him with an energy he had never known before.

"He'll murder me!" blubbered Noah. "Charlotte! Missis! Here's the new boy a-murdering of me! Help! help! Oliver's gone mad! Char—lotte!"

Noah's shouts were responded to by a loud scream from Charlotte, and a louder from Mrs Sowerberry; the former of whom rushed into the kitchen by a side-door, while the latter paused on the staircase till she was quite certain that it was consistent with the preservation of human life to come further down.

"Oh, you little wretch!" screamed Charlotte, seizing Oliver with her utmost force, which was about equal to that of a moderately strong man in particularly good training. "Oh, you little un-grate-ful, mur-de-rous, horrid villan!" And between every syllable Charlotte gave Oliver a blow with all her might, accompanying it with a scream, for the benefit of society.

Charlotte's fist was by no means a light one; but, lest it should not be effectual in calming Oliver's wrath, Mrs. Sowerberry plunged into the kitchen and assisted to hold him with one hand, while she scratched his face with the other. In this favorable position of affairs, Noah rose from the ground and pummelled him behind.

This was rather too violent exercise to last long. When they were all three wearied out, and could tear and beat no longer, they dragged Oliver, struggling and shouting, but nothing daunted, into the dust-cellar, and there locked him up. This being done, Mrs Sowerberry sank into a chair and burst into tears.

"Bless her, she's going off!" said Charlotte. "A glass of water, Noah, dear. Make haste."

"Oh, Charlotte," said Mrs Sowerberry, speaking as well as she could, through a deficiency of breath, and a

sufficiency of cold water, which Noah had poured over her head and shoulders "Charlotte, what a mercy we have not all been murdered in our beds!"

"Ah! mercy, indeed, ma'am," was the reply. "I only hope this'll teach master not to have any more of these dreadful creatures that are born to be murderers and robbers from their very cradle. Poor Noah! He was all but killed, ma'am, when I come in"

"Poor fellow!" said Mrs. Sowerberry, looking piteously on the charity boy.

Noah, whose top waistcoat button might have been somewhere on a level with the crown of Oliver's head, rubbed the inside of his wrists while this commiseration was bestowed upon him, and performed some affecting tears and sniffs

"What's to be done!" exclaimed Mrs. Sowerberry. "Your master's not at home, there's not a man in the house, and he'll kick that door down in ten minutes." Oliver's vigorous plunges against the bit of timber in question rendered this occurrence highly probable.

"Dear, dear! I don't know, ma'am," exclaimed Charlotte, "unless we send for the police-officers."

"Or the millingtary," suggested Mr. Claypole

"No, no," said Mrs. Sowerberry, bethinking herself of Oliver's old friend "Run to Mr Bumble, Noah, and tell him to come here directly, and not to lose a minute; never mind your cap! Make haste! You can hold a knife to that black eye as you run along; and it'll keep the swelling down."

Noah stopped to make no reply but ran along the streets at his swiftest pace; and paused not once for breath, until he reached the workhouse gate Having rested here, for a minute or so, to collect a good burst of sobs and an imposing show of tears and terror, he knocked loudly at the wicket; and presented such a rueful face to the aged pauper who opened it that even he, who saw nothing but rueful faces about him at the best of times, started back in astonishment.

"Why, what's the matter with the boy!" said the old pauper.

"Mr. Bumble! Mr. Bumble!" cried Noah, with well affected dismay; and in tones so loud and agitated that they not only caught the ear of Mr. Bumble himself,

who happened to be hard by, but alarmed him so much that he rushed into the yard without his cocked hat—which is a very curious and remarkable circumstance, as showing that even a beadle, acted upon by a sudden and powerful impulse, may be afflicted with a momentary visitation of loss of self-possession and forgetfulness of personal dignity

"Oh, Mr. Bumble, sir!" said Noah; "Oliver, sir—Oliver has——"

"What? What? Not run away; he hasn't run away, has he, Noah?"

"No, sir, no Not run away, sir, but he's turned vicious," replied Noah. "He tried to murder me, sir; and then he tried to murder Charlotte, and then missis Oh! what dreadful pain it is! Such agony, please, sir!" And here Noah writhed and twisted his body into an extensive variety of eel-like positions, thereby giving Mr. Bumble to understand that, from the violent and sanguinary onset of Oliver Twist, he had sustained internal injury and damage, from which he was at that moment suffering the acutest torture.

When Noah saw that the intelligence he communicated perfectly paralyzed Mr Bumble, and, when he observed a gentleman in a white waistcoat crossing the yard, he was more tragic in his lamentations than ever. The gentleman's notice was very soon attracted; he turned angrily round, and inquired what that young cur was howling for

"It's a poor boy from the free-school, sir," replied Mr Bumble, "who has been nearly murdered—all but murdered, sir—by young Twist"

"By Jove!" exclaimed the gentleman in the white waistcoat, stopping short "I knew it! I felt a strange presentiment from the very first that that audacious young savage would come to be hung!"

"He has likewise attempted, sir, to murder the female servant!"

"And his missis," interposed Mr. Claypole

"And his master, too, I think you said, Noah?" added Mr Bumble.

"No, he's out, or he would have murdered him," replied Noah "He said he wanted to."

"Ah! said he wanted to; did he, my boy?" inquired the gentleman in the white waistcoat.

"Yes, sir," replied Noah "And please, sir, missis wants to know whether Mr Bumble can spare time to step up there, directly, and flog him, 'cause master's out"

"Certainly, my boy, certainly," said the gentleman in the white waistcoat, smiling benignly, and patting Noah's head, which was about three inches higher than his own "You're a good boy—a very good boy Here's a penny for you. Bumble, just step up to Sowerberry's with your cane, and see what's best to be done. Don't spare him, Bumble"

"No, I will not, sir."

"Tell Sowerberry not to spare him, either. They'll never do anything with him without stripes and bruises," said the gentleman in the white waistcoat

"I'll take care, sir," replied the beadle. And the cocked hat and cane having been, by this time, adjusted to their owner's satisfaction, Mr. Bumble and Noah Claypole betook themselves with all speed to the undertaker's shop

Here the position of affairs had not at all improved, as Sowerberry had not yet returned, and Oliver continued to kick, with undiminished vigor, at the cellar-door. Mr. Bumble applied his mouth to the keyhole and said, in a deep and impressive tone:

"Oliver!"

"Come, you let me out!" replied Oliver, from the inside.

"Do you know this here voice, Oliver?" said Mr. Bumble

"Yes," replied Oliver.

"Ain't you afraid of it, sir? Ain't you a-trembling while I speak, sir?" said Mr Bumble

"No!" replied Oliver, boldly

An answer so different from the one he had expected to elicit, and was in the habit of receiving, staggered Mr. Bumble not a little. He stepped back from the keyhole, drew himself up to his full height, and looked from one to another of the three bystanders, in mute astonishment

"Oh, you know, Mr. Bumble, he must be mad," said

Mrs Sowerberry. "No boy in half his senses could venture to speak so to you."

"It's not madness, ma'am," said Bumble, after a few moments of deep meditation. "It's Meat"

"What!" exclaimed Mrs. Sowerberry.

"Meat, ma'am, meat," replied Bumble, with stern emphasis. "You've overfed him, ma'am. You've raised an artificial soul and spirit in him, ma'am, unbecoming a person of his condition, as the board, Mrs Sowerberry, who are practical philosophers, will tell you. What have paupers to do with soul or spirit? It's quite enough that we let 'em have live bodies. If you had kept the boy on gruel, ma'am, this would never have happened."

"Dear, dear!" ejaculated Mrs. Sowerberry, piously raising her eyes to the kitchen ceiling; "this comes of being liberal"

The liberality of Mrs. Sowerberry to Oliver had consisted in a profuse bestowal upon him of all the dirty odds and ends which nobody else would eat

Sowerberry returned at this juncture. Oliver's offence having been explained to him, with such exaggerations as the ladies thought best calculated to rouse his ire, he unlocked the cellar-door in a twinkling and dragged his rebellious apprentice out by the collar.

Oliver's clothes had been torn in the beating he had received; his face was bruised and scratched; and his hair scattered over his forehead. The angry flush had not disappeared, however, and when he was pulled out of his prison, he scowled boldly on Noah, and looked quite undismayed.

"Now, you are a nice young fellow, ain't you?" said Sowerberry, giving Oliver a shake and a box on the ear.

"He called my mother names," replied Oliver.

"Well, and what if he did, you little ungrateful wretch?" said Mrs. Sowerberry. "She deserved what he said, and worse"

"She didn't," said Oliver.

"She did," said Mrs Sowerberry.

"It's a lie!" said Oliver.

Mrs. Sowerberry burst into a flood of tears.

This flood of tears left Sowerberry no alternative, so he at once gave him a drubbing, which satisfied even Mrs. Sowerberry herself, and rendered Mr. Bumble's

subsequent application of the parochial cane rather unnecessary. For the rest of the day he was shut up in the back kitchen, in company with a pump and a slice of bread.

It was not until he was left alone in the silence and stillness of the gloomy workshop of the undertaker that Oliver gave way to the feelings which the day's treatment may be supposed likely to have awakened in a mere child. He had listened to their taunts with a look of contempt, he had borne the lash without a cry; for he felt that pride swelling in his heart which would have kept down a shriek to the last, though they had roasted him alive. But now, when there were none to see or hear him, he fell upon his knees on the floor; and hiding his face in his hands, wept such tears as God send for the credit of our nature, few so young may ever have cause to pour out before Him.

With the first ray of light that struggled through the crevices in the shutters, Oliver arose and unbarred the door. One timid look around—one moment's pause of hesitation—he had closed it behind him, and was in the open street.

He reached the work-house. There was no appearance of its inmates stirring at that early hour. Oliver stopped, and peeped into the garden. A child was weeding one of the little beds; and as he stopped, he raised his pale face and disclosed the features of one of his former companions. They had been beaten, and starved, and shut up together, many and many a time.

"Hush, Dick! Is any one up?"

"Nobody but me," replied the child.

"You mustn't say you saw me, Dick," said Oliver. "I am running away. They beat and ill-use me, Dick, and I am going to seek my fortune, some long way off. I don't know where. How pale you are!"

"I heard the doctor tell them I was dying," replied the child, with a faint smile. "I am very glad to see you, dear; but don't stop, don't stop!"

"Yes, yes, I will say good-bye to you," replied Oliver. "I shall see you again, Dick, I know I shall. You will be well and happy."

"I hope so," replied the child. "After I am dead, but not before. Kiss me," said the child, climbing up the

low gate and flinging his little arms round Oliver's neck
 "Good-bye, dear! God bless you!"

The blessing was from a young child's lips, but it was the first that Oliver had ever heard invoked upon his head; and through all the struggles and sufferings, and troubles and changes of his after life, he never once forgot it.



Mrs. Mavor's Story*

BY RALPH CONNOR

This book can be condensed into a program for an evening's reading. This adaption is one chapter of the book, which makes an effective short reading. It is reprinted here by the courteous permission of the publishers, Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. The story is laid in the mining district in the heart of the Selkirks.



HO is Mrs. Mavor? And how in the name of all that is wonderful does she come to be here? And why does she stay?" I asked Mr. Craig, the minister, laboring with these rough men of the mines. He did not answer then, but that night beside his fire he told me the story while I smoked.

This was his story:

"I remember well my first sight of her, as she sprang from the front seat of the stage to the ground, hardly touching her husband's hand. She looked a mere girl. Let's see—five years ago—she couldn't have been a day over twenty-three. She looked barely twenty. Her swift glance swept over the group of miners at the hotel door, and then rested on the mountains standing in all their autumn glory.

"I was proud of our mountains that evening. Turning to her husband, she exclaimed: 'Oh, Lewis, are they not grand? and lovely, too?' Every miner lost his heart then and there; but all waited for Abe, the driver, to give his

* From Black Rock.

verdict before venturing an opinion. Abe said nothing until he had taken a preliminary drink, and then, calling all hands to fill up, he lifted his glass high, and said solemnly:

"'Boys, here's to her.'

"Like a flash every glass was emptied, and Abe called out: 'Fill her up again, boys! My treat! Boys, you hear me! She's a No. 1, triple X, the pure quill with a bead on it; she's a——' and for the first time in his Black Rock history Abe was stuck for a word. Someone suggested "angel."

"'Angel' repeated Abe, with infinite contempt. 'Angel be blowed! Angels ain't in the same month with her. I'd like to see any blanked angel swing my team around them curves without a shiver.'

"'Held the lines herself, Abe?' asked a miner.

"'That's what,' said Abe.

"'Very decent fellow, Abe'"

Here Craig paused, as if balancing Abe's virtues and vices

"'Well,' I urged, 'who is she?'"

"'Oh, yes,'" he said, recalling himself; "she is an Edinburgh young lady—met Lewis Mavor, a young Scotch-Englishman, in London, wealthy, good family, and all that, but fast, and going to pieces at home. His people, who own large shares in these mines here, as a last resort sent him out here to reform. Here! in this devil's camp ground, where a man's lust is his only law, and when, from sheer monotony, a man must betake himself to the only excitement of the place—that offered by the saloon. Good people in the East hold up holy hands of horror at these godless miners; but I tell you it's asking these boys a good deal to keep straight and clean in a place like this. I take my excitement in fighting the devil and doing my work generally, and that gives me enough; but these poor chaps—hard-worked, homeless, with no break or change—God help them and me!" and his voice sank low

"'Well,' I persisted, 'did Mavor reform?'"

Again he roused himself. "Reform? Not exactly. In six months he had broken through all restraint; and, mind you, not the miners' fault—not a miner helped him down. It was a sight to make angels weep when

Mrs. Mavor would come to the saloon door for her husband. Every miner would vanish; they could not look upon her shame, and they would send Mavor forth in charge of Billy Breen, a queer little chap, who belonged to the Mavors in some way in the old country, and between them they would get him home. How she stood it puzzles me to this day, but she never made any sign and her courage never failed. It was always a bright, brave, proud face she held up to the world—except in church, there it was different. I used to preach my sermons, I believe, mostly for her—but never so that she could suspect—as bravely and as cheerily as I could. And as she listened, and especially as she sang—how she used to sing in those days!—there was no touch of pride in her face, though the courage never died out, but appeal, appeal! I could have cursed aloud the cause of her misery, or wept for the pity of it. Before her baby was born he seemed to pull himself together, for he's quite mad about her, and from the day the baby came—talk about miracles!—from that day he never drank a drop. She gave the baby over to him, and the baby simply absorbed him!

"He was a new man. He could not drink whiskey and kiss his baby. And the miners—it was really absurd if it were not so pathetic. It was the first baby in Black Rock, and they used to crowd Mavor's shop and peep into the room at the back of it—I forgot to tell you that when he lost his position as manager he opened a hardware shop, for his people chucked him, and he was too proud to write home for money—just for a chance to be asked in to see the baby. I came upon Nixon standing at the back of the shop after he had seen the baby for the first time, sobbing hard, and to my question he replied 'It's just like my own.' You can't understand this. But to men who have lived so long in the mountains that they have forgotten what a baby looks like, who have had experience of humanity only in its roughest, foulest form, this little mite, sweet and clean, was like an angel fresh from heaven—the one link in all the black camp that bound them to what was purest and best in their past.

"And to see the mother and her baby handle the miners!

"Oh, it was all beautiful beyond words! No wonder they adored her. She was so bright, so gay, she brought light with her when she went into the camp, into the pits—for she went down to see the men work—or into a sick miner's shack; and many a man, lonely and sick for home or wife, or baby or mother, found in her back room cheer and comfort and courage, and to many a poor wretch that room became, as one miner put it, 'the anteroom to heaven.'"

Mr Craig paused, and I waited. Then he went on slowly:

"For a year and a half that was the happiest home in all the world, till one day——"

He put his face in his hands and shuddered.

"I don't think I can ever forget the awful horror of that bright fall afternoon, when 'Old Ricketts' came breathless to me and gasped: 'Come! for the dear Lord's sake,' and I rushed after him. At the mouth of the shaft lay three men dead. One was Lewis Mavor. He had gone down to superintend the running of a new drift; the two men, half drunk with Slavin's whiskey, set off a shot prematurely, to their own and Mavor's destruction. They were badly burned, but his face was untouched. A miner was sponging off the bloody froth oozing from his lips. The others were standing about waiting for me to speak. But I could find no word, for my heart was sick, thinking, as they were, of the young mother and her baby waiting at home. So I stood, looking stupidly from one to the other, trying to find some reason—coward that I was—why another should bear the news rather than I. And while we stood there, looking at one another in fear, there broke upon us the sound of a voice mounting high above the birch tops, singing—

*"Will ye no' come back again?
Will ye no' come back again?
Better lo'ed ye canna be;
Will ye no' come back again?"*

"A strange terror seized us. Instinctively the men closed up in front of the body, and stood in silence. Nearer and nearer came the clear, sweet voice, ringing like a silver bell up the steep—

The Speaker

*"Sweet the lav'rock's note and lang,
Liltin' wildly up the glen,
But aye tae me he sings ae sang,
Will ye no' come back again?"*

"Before the verse was finished 'Old Ricketts' had dropped on his knees, sobbing out brokenly · 'O God! O God! have pity, have pity, have pity' and every man took off his hat. And still the voice came nearer, singing so brightly the refrain:

'Will ye no' come back again?"

"It became unbearable. 'Old Ricketts' sprang suddenly to his feet, and, gripping me by the arm, said pitiously · 'Oh, go to her! for Heaven's sake, go to her! I next remember standing in her path and seeing her holding out her hands full of red lilies, crying out, 'Are they not lovely? Lewis is so fond of them!' With a promise of much finer ones, I turned her down a path toward the river, talking I know not what folly, till her great eyes grew grave, then anxious, and my tongue stammered and then became silent. Then, laying her hand upon my arm, she said, with gentle sweetness: 'Tell me your trouble, Mr Craig,' and I knew my agony had come, and I burst out: 'Oh, if it were only mine!' She turned quite white, and with her deep eyes—you've noticed her eyes—drawing the truth out of mine, she said: 'Is it mine, Mr. Craig, and my baby's?' I waited, thinking with what words to begin. She put one hand to her heart, and with the other caught a little poplar tree that shivered under her grasp, and said with white lips, but even more gently · 'Tell me' I wondered at my voice being so steady as I said · 'Mrs Mavor, God will help you and your baby. There has been an accident—and it is all over' ·

"She was a miner's wife, and there was no need for more. Suddenly she stretched out her hands to me, and with a little moan said · 'Take me to him' ·

"'Sit down a moment or two,' I entreated

"'No, no! I am quite ready. See,' she added, quietly, 'I am quite strong' ·

"I set off by a short cut leading to her home, hoping

the men would be there before us; but, passing me, she walked swiftly through the trees, and I followed in fear. As we came near the main path I heard the sound of feet, and I tried to stop her, but she, too, had heard and knew. 'Oh, let me go!' she said, piteously, 'you need not fear' And I had not the heart to stop her. In a little opening among the pines we met the bearers. When the men saw her, they laid their burden gently down upon the carpet of yellow pine-needles, and then—for they had the hearts of true men in them—they went into the bushes and left her alone with her dead. She went swiftly to his side, making no cry, but kneeling beside him, she stroked his face and hands, and touched his curls with her fingers, murmuring all the time soft words of love 'Oh, my darling, my bonnie, bonnie darling, speak to me! Will ye not speak to me just one little word! O, my love, my love, my heart's love! Listen, my darling!' And she put her lips to his ear, whispering, and then the awful stillness Suddenly she lifted her head and scanned his face, and then, glancing round with a wild surprise in her eyes, she cried 'He will not speak to me! Oh, he will not speak to me!' I signed to the men, and as they came forward I went to her and took her hands

"'Oh,' she said, with a wail in her voice; 'he will not speak to me' The men were sobbing aloud. She looked at them with wide-open eyes of wonder 'Why are they weeping? Will he never speak to me again? Tell me,' she insisted gently. The words were running through my head—

" *'There's a land that is fairer than day,'*

and I said them over to her, holding her hands firmly in mine She gazed at me as if in a dream, and the light slowly faded from her eyes as she said, tearing her hands from mine, and waving them toward the mountains and the woods:

" 'But nevermore here? nevermore here?'

"I believe in heaven and the other life, but I confess that for a moment it all seemed shadowy beside the reality of this warm, bright world, full of life and love.

She was very ill for two nights, and when the coffin was closed a new baby lay in the father's arms

"She slowly came back to life, but there were no more songs. The miners still come about her shop, and talk to her baby, and bring her their little sorrows and troubles, but though she is always gentle, almost tender, with them, no man ever says, 'Sing' And that is why I am glad she sang last week; it will be good for her and good for them"

"Why does she stay?" I asked

"Mavor's people wanted her to go to them," he replied "They have money. She told me about it, but her heart is in the grave up there under the pines, and, besides, she hopes to do something for the miners, and she will not leave them"

I am afraid I snorted a little impatiently as I said "Nonsense! Why, with her face, and manner, and voice she could be anything she liked in Edinburgh or in London."

"And why Edinburgh or London?" he asked, coolly.

"Why?" I repeated a little hotly "You think this is better?"

"Nazareth was good enough for the Lord of glory," he answered, with a smile none too bright; but it drew my heart to him, and my heat was gone.

"How long will she stay?" I asked.

"Till her work is done," he replied

"And when will that be?" I asked, impatiently.

"When God chooses," he answered gravely; "and don't you ever think but that it is worth while One value of work is not that crowds stare at it. Read history, man!"

He rose abruptly and began to walk about. "And don't miss the whole meaning of the Life that lies at the foundation of your religion. Yes," he added to himself, "the work is worth doing—worth even her doing"

A Place for Boys

BY J. W. FOLEY.

Ma, she says "S-s-h-h!" Pa, he says: "Don't!"
Aunt Lou, she says: "Kee-ee-eep still!"
An' Grampa says: "Oh, go outside
If you mus' wissle, Bill!"
An' even Jane, the hired girl,
Says, "Goodness, hush that noise!"
It's plain enough to me 'at home
Ain't no fit place for boys.

'En Pa says. "S-s-h-h!" an' Ma says: "Don't!"
An' Grampa says "Land sakes!"
An' 'en Aunt Lou says: "Gracious me!
What noise one youngster makes!"
An' Jack, the hired man, he says:
"My Heavens! W'at a noise!"
So I 'ist have to go outside,
'Cuz home's no place for boys.

'En I go down to Uncle Jack's,
An' he says: "Gracious me!
Here is that nevvv boy of mine,
Come on, Aunt Moll, an' see!"
'En we 'ist go inside an' make
Such a big lot of noise,
It seems to me 'at Uncle Jack's
The only place for boys.

Nobody never says "S-s-h-h!" there
Or "Don't!" an' Uncle Jack
'Ist cuts up capers like a boy
Till it's time to go back
An' 'en, 'ist like it was before,
Aunt Lou says: "Tush, boy, tush!"
Pa says: "Now, Bill, don't slam the door!"
An' Ma, she 'ist says: "Hush!"

Gosh, but I'd like to live somew'eres
 W'ere people don't say "Tush!"
 Or "Goodness me!" or "Sakes alive!"
 Or "Don't!" or "S-s-h-h!" or "Hush!"
 W'enever I 'ist squeak a chair
 Or make a little noise,
 'Cuz such a place as that would be
 A bully place for boys!



The Happiest Time; or, a Quiet Day at Home*

BY MARY STEWART CUTTING.

SCENE—*A Suburban Home*



R. BELMORE was comfortably seated in his armchair with a pile of newspapers beside him, when Mrs Belmore appeared at the door of the library

"Aren't you coming to church with me this morning?"

"Well—not *this* morning, I think, petty."

"You *said* you would"

"Yes, I know I did, but I have a slight cold. I don't think it would be best for me, really, petty. A quiet day will do me lots of good. I'll tell you what it is, I'll promise to go with you next Sunday, if you say so."

"You always promise you'll go next Sunday. Of course, I know it's your only day at home. I suppose I *ought* to insist on your going—when you promised,—but still—I suppose you need a rest. We can have a nice afternoon together, anyway. You can finish reading that story aloud, and we'll go and take a good look at the garden. By the way, Edith Barnes and Alan Wilson are coming out from town after dinner for the rest of the day, but that won't make any difference to us."

*By special permission of Doubleday & Page, publishers, New York

"What?"

"Now, Herbert, how could I help asking them? You know the boarding house she and her mother live in. Edith never gets a chance to see him alone. They're saving up now to get married. They've been engaged a year. So he can't spend any more money for theatres and things, and they just have to walk and walk the streets unless they go visiting, and they've been almost everywhere, Edith says. She wrote and asked me to have them here for this Sunday. He's been away for a whole week somewhere up in the State. I think it's pathetic. Edith says she knows it's the happiest time of their lives, and she does want to get some of the benefit of it, poor girl!"

"What do they want to be engaged for, anyway?"

"HERBERT! How ridiculous! You are the most unreasonable man at times for a sensible one that I ever laid my eyes on. Why did *we* want to be engaged?"

"That was different. If every woman were like you, petty—I never could stand Edith. She's one of your clever girls. There's something about her that always sets my teeth on edge."

"You won't have to talk to Edith and Alan at all. All we have to do is to let them have the parlor or the library. They'll entertain each other."

"Oh, don't you bother about that. Now, go ahead, or you'll be late, and don't forget to say your prayers for me, too." He turned to smile a good-bye to her as she started off, gowned and bonnetted for church, sweet and placid of mien, followed by two little girls, brave in their Sunday best, all big hats and ribboned hair, and little starched ruffles showing below their brown coats. "That's right; always go to church with your mother, girls."

"I wish you were going, too, Herbert."

"I wish I were, petty."

When she returned, he not only opened the door for her, but came out on the piazza to greet her, and closed the door behind him.

"They're in there—Edith and Alan. I thought they weren't coming until after dinner."

"Why, they weren't?"

"Well, they're in the parlor, just the same. Came out

an hour ago Great Scott! I wish I'd gone with you. I'm worn out "

"You don't mean to say you've stayed with them all the time?"

"I should say I had I couldn't lose them. Which-ever room I went to, they followed, at least she did, and he came after I went from pillar to post I give you my word, petty, but Edith had me by the neck. She never let go her grip for an instant. They won't speak to each other, you see, only to me I haven't had a chance to even finish the paper. I've had the deuce of a time. I don't know what you are going to do about it "

"Never mind, it will be all right now."

If Mrs Belmore had counted easily on her powers of conciliation, she was disappointed this time At dinner conversation lagged, and Edith sat with her eyes on her plate and with trembling chin. As soon as the meal was over, Mrs Belmore suggested, "Now, Herbert, you take Mr. Nelson up to your den for a while Edith and I are going to have a cozy little time with the children, aren't we, dear?"

"Have a cigar?" said Mr. Belmore, as the two men seated themselves comfortably in a couple of armchairs in the sunny little apartment hung with guns, swords and trophies of the hunt

"Thank you, I'm not smoking now "

"Oh, so you're at that stage of the game? Well, I've been there myself You have my sympathy But this won't last, you know "

"Does your wife like smoking?"

"Loves it. That is, of course, she thinks it's a dirty habit and unhealthy, and all that sort of thing, you know, but it doesn't make any *difference* to her—not a pin's worth. Cheer up, old fellow, you'll get to this place, too "

"Looks like it. Here I haven't seen her for a week I came two hundred miles on purpose yesterday, and now she won't even look at me I don't know what's the matter—haven't the least idea—and I can't get her to tell me. I have to be off to-morrow at seven o'clock, too. I call it pretty hard lines "

"Let me see," said Mr Belmore, judiciously "Perhaps I can help you out. What have you been writing to

her? Telling her all about what you've been doing, and just sending your love at the end. They don't like that, you know."

"No, upon my soul, I've done nothing but tell her how I was looking forward to—oh, hang it, Belmore, the letters have been all *right*! I know that."

"H'm! there's got to be something back of it, you know. Seen any girls since you've been gone?"

"Not one. Didn't even meet a soul I knew, except Brower. You remember Dick Brower? I went into a jeweler's to get my glasses mended, and found him buying a present for his fiancée."

"Oh-ho! And did you buy a present for Edith?"

"No, I didn't. *She made me* promise not to buy anything more for her, she thinks I'm spending too much money and that I ought to economize."

"And did you tell her about Brower?"

"Why, of course, I did—as we were coming out this morning."

"Chump! Wilson, my poor fellow, you're so besotted in ignorance that I don't know how to let the light in on you."

"I don't know what you mean. I don't know what I'm to do."

"No, of course, you don't, but Edith does. You can trust her for that. A girl always knows what a man ought to do. She can give him cards and spades and beat him every time."

"Then why doesn't she tell me what she wants? I asked her to particularly."

"Oh, no! She'll tell you everything the opposite—that is, half the time. She'll put every obstacle possible in your way to see if you're man enough to walk over 'em; that's what she wants to find out—if you're man enough to be devoted to her and have your own way in spite of her; and, of course, if you aren't, you're an awful disappointment."

"Are you sure? Half the time, you say. But how am I to find out when she means—I give you my word, Belmore, that I thought—I suppose I could have brought her a small present."

"Well, you'll have to cipher it out for yourself, old man."

Some time later husband and wife met unexpectedly upon the stairs with a glad surprise.

"You don't mean to say it's you alone! What! she's gone into the music room!"

They clutched each other spasmodically as they listened. There was a breathless moment, and then the chords of Chopin's funeral march boomed forth upon the air.

"Well, you must be about used up. How are you getting along with her?"

"Oh, pretty well, but, you see, Edith really feels dreadfully, poor girl."

"What about?"

"Herbert. She isn't really sure that she loves him."

"Isn't sure! After they've been engaged for a year?"

"That's just it. She says if they had been married out of hand in the first flush of the novelty, she wouldn't have had time, perhaps, to have any doubts. But it's seeing him all the time that's made her think."

"Made her think what?"

"Whether she loves him or not; whether they are really suited. I remember that I used to feel that way about you, dear. Oh, you know, Herbert, it's a very serious thing for a girl. She says she knows her whole life is at stake; she thinks about it all the time."

"How about his?"

"Well, that's what I said. She says that she feels that he is so rational and self-poised that she makes little difference in his life either way, it has come to her all at once. She says his looking at everything in a matter-of-fact way just kills her; she longs for a whole-souled enthusiasm that can sweep everything before it. She feels that if they were married she will have to keep up the ideal for both of them, and she doesn't know whether she can."

"No? She can't?"

"She said she could if she loved him enough. It's the "if" that kills her. She says that when she wakes up in the morning she feels as if she'd die if she didn't see him before night, and when she *does* see him it's all a dreadful disappointment to her. She can't talk to him at all; she feels perfectly hard and stony; then, the mo-

ment he's gone, she's crazy to have him back again. She cries herself thin over it."

"She's pretty bony, anyway—"

"Even his appearance changes to her. She says sometimes he looks like a Greek god, so she could go down on her knees to him, and at other times— Once she happened to catch a glimpse of him in a horrid red sweater, polishing his shoes, and she said she didn't get over it for weeks; he looked positively ordinary, like some of the men you see in the trolley cars."

"Oh, gracious! Oh, gracious, petty! This is *too* much."

"Hush! Don't laugh so loud. Be quiet!"

"If Wilson ever looks like a Greek god to her, she's all right. She loves him. You can tell her so for me. Wilson!—fat Wilson!—a Greek god!"

"Herbert, be still. Where is Mr. Wilson now?"

"Upstairs in my den, smoking."

"Smoking! I thought he'd promised her solemnly not to."

"Yes, he did, but he said he was tired of this kindergarten act, and he wasn't going to stand it any longer, and he doesn't care a—little red apple, he's going to have some comfort out of the day. I've left him with a box of cigars, and he's having the time of his young life."

"Oh-o-oh!" said Mrs. Belmore, with the rapt expression of one who sees beyond the veil. "When you hear me go into the parlor with Edith, you wait a moment and bring him down—with his cigar—into the library. Do you understand?"

"No, I don't."

"Oh, Herbert! If she sees him *smoking*! There's no time to lose, for I have to get tea to-night. When I call you, leave him and come at once, do you hear? Don't stop a minute—just come before they get a chance to follow."

"You bet I'll come—like a bird to its—I will, really, petty."

That he nearly knocked her down by his wildly tragic rush when she called from the kitchen—"Herbert, please come at once. I can't turn off the water," was a mere detail. They clung to each other in silent laughter, not

daring to move; and then Edith's clear, solemn voice was heard:

"Alan Wilson, is it possible that you are *smoking*? Have you broken your promised word?"

"Well, they're at it, at last. I wouldn't be in his shoes for a farm."

"Oh, it will be all right now," and she tucked up her silken skirt and went on with her preparations for tea.

"I've left the children to undress each other, they've been so good. It's such a different day, though, from what we had planned. Everything is ready for tea now, for you know Margaret leaves so little for me to do. But I do hate to disturb Edith and Alan just yet, so I'll run up and hear the children say their prayers before I put those things on the table. If you would just take a look at the furnace"—it was the sentence Mr. Belmore had been dreading—"and then you can come up and kiss the children good-night."

Mr. Belmore, on his way up from stoking, caught a glimpse projected from the parlor mirror through an aperture in the doorway. The reflection was a girl, with tear-stained face and closed eyes, her head upon a young man's shoulder, while his lips were touchingly pressed to her hair. The picture might have been called "After the Storm," the wreckage was so apparent. As Mr. Belmore turned after ascending the flight of stairs he came full in sight of another picture. His wife sat in a low chair near one of the three white beds. The three children were perched on the foot of the neatest bed, white-gowned, with rosy faces and neatly brushed hair. While he looked the youngest child gave a bird-like flutter and jump and lighted on the floor, falling on her knees, with her bowed head in the mother's lap, her hands upraised. As she finished the murmured prayer, helped by the tender mother's voice, she rose, and stood to one side in infantile seriousness while the next one spread her white plumes for the same flight, waiting afterwards in reverent line with the first as the third hovered down.

It was plain to see from the mother's face that she had striven to put all earthly thoughts aside in the performance of this sacred office of ministering to innocence. Her eyes must be holy when her children's looked up at her on their way to God. This was the little inner

Chapel, the Sanctuary of Home, where she was priestess by divine right. It would have been an indifferent man who had not fallen on his knees in spirit in company with this little household of faith, in mute recognition of the love and peace and order that crowned his days

He kissed the laughing children as they clung to him before she turned down the light. When she came out of the room he was waiting for her. He put his arm around her as he said: "Come along, old sweetheart, we've got to go down and stir up those lunatics again. Call *that* the happiest time of your life. We know better than that, don't we, petty? I'll tell you what it is. I'll go to church with you next Sunday, if you say so!"



Home is Where the Heart is

The prince rides up to the palace gate,
But his eyes with tears are dim,
For he thinks of his beggar maiden sweet
Who will never wed with him;
For home is where the heart is
In dwellings great or small;
And there is many a stately mansion
That isn't a home at all!

The yeoman comes to his little cot
With a song when the day is done,
For his dearie is standing in the door,
And the children to meet him run

Could I but live with my sweetheart
In a hut with a sanded floor,
I'd be happier far than the loveless maid
With fame and golden store;
For home is where the heart is,
In dwelling great or small,
And a cottage lighted with love-light
Is the dearest home of all.

Mirandy on Losing a Husband*

BY DOROTHY DIX



ISTIDDAY," remarked Mirandy, "we shorely did havè a refreshin' season at de meetin' of de Daughters of Zion. Yessum, I disremembers when I done felt so much lak I done been settin' onder de drippin's of de fountain of wisdom

"Dere was one of dese heah long, stringy ole pullets dere what an't never mixed up none wid matermony herself, an' what had no pussonal 'sperience in de baby line, nor wid de cantankerousness of husbands, an' after we married women got through wid de regular business of de s'ciety, she riz up an' give us a grand address on 'How To Keep a Husband'

"Yessum, dem suttinly was noble words dat dat ole maid spoke, an' whilst she was a-talkin' hit look lak dat the recipe dat she handed out for keepin' a man's love at de bilin' pint, after thuty years of de holy estate, was des lak dat rule dat I uses for makin' sponge cake, an' dat can't fail

"Yessum, whilst I listened I felt my bosom swell wid de resolutions to warm up Ike's affection, which has sort of simmered down to lukewarm in de w'ar and t'ar of married life, an' as I looked around at de odder sistern I could see dat dey was lakwise a-plannin' to try dem tricks dat she told us about on dere husbands, an' dey was a-picturin' dere husbands settin' up holdin' dere hands of an evenin' lak they did in de courtin' days inste'd of dere sneakin' off to de crap game de minute dinner was over

"Yessum, dat lady speakeress told us all about how we must keep ourselves young an' pretty, an' wid straight front figgers ef we wanted to hold our husbands' love, an' how we must always think up some nice, entertainin' smile, no matter wedder de stove won't burn, an' de baby had de colic, an' de rent collector had been round, or not, an' how we must always meet 'em wid a glad, sweet

* Reprinted from "Good Housekeeping"

diversion of a evenin', an' be ready to talk to our husbands, or listen to 'em, accordin' to de way whedder dey felt lak prognosticatin' or not

"Yessum, dat was a grand discourse, an' as we went on home we was all a-talkin' about hit

"'Well,' says Sis Tempy, what has got a figger lak a feather bed wid a string tied around it in de middle, 'I makes no doubt dat de lady is right, an' dat a man does take mo' interest in puttin' his arm around a waist dat he can span all at one time, insted of one whar he has to mark de place whar he reached an' go 'round an' tackle hit from de odder side, ef he wants to make a fuss-class job of a hug I specs dere is about 200 pounds of heft betwixt me an' romance, an' dat dat's de reason dat my husband seems to take mo' interest in de way I can cook dan de state of my affection'

"'I ain't a-disputin' what de lady says, for she sutinly did use highfalutin' language,' says Sis Cynthy, what's one of dese heah little nervious women wid a hatchet face an' a voice lak a cross-cut saw, 'but hit's my opinion dat dem what advises wives to always meet dere husbands wid a glad, sweet smile ain't never had to git up of a cold winter night, and open de do' for a man dat has come home dat full of Red Eye licker dat he thinks dat somebody has done took in de key hole an' hid hit.'

"'Hit shorely am a privilege to listen to de words of cheer dat drapped from dat lady's lips,' says Sis Dicey, 'an' I am gwine home an' apply 'em to my ole man dis ve'y night, but if dat speakeress knows any husband dat is a-honin' to listen to his wife's conversation of a' evenin', she has outtraveled me Nawm, hit's my experience dat when you sees a man settin' up hangin' on de words of a lady, dat lady ain't a united to him in de holy bonds of wedlock.'

"'Humph,' puts in Sis Alviry, 'all dis heah talk about keepin' a husband makes me tired What I wants to know is how to git rid of one, an' if anybody knows a way to lose a low-down, onery, lazy, triflin man dat lets his wife take in washin' to support him, I wishes dat dey would pass on de news my way. You can't kill de affections of dat kind of a husband, especially about meal time, an' when de corner saloon shuts up for de night.'

"'Is you tried curl papers an' Mother Hubbard, Sis

Alviry?' I axes, 'dey says dat dey sort of knocks de socks off of love's young dream'

" 'Sis Mirandy,' 'sponds Sis Alviry, 'some meal tickets come put up in a fancy dress, an' some comes put up in a plain dress, but dey all looks good to de man what's bawn too tired to make his own livin'.'

" 'Dey tells me dat fat am de greatest discourager of romance,' says Sis Tempy, 'an' Sis Alviry, you ain't no telefoam post shape yo'self'

" 'Dat's so, Sis Tempy,' 'sponds Sis Alviry, 'but de man dat settles down on his wife to support him ain't discouraged by a few pounds, mo' or less, as long as she is able-bodied, an' got de strength to keep de pot a-bilin''

" 'Does you meet yo' husband wid a glad, sweet smile?' inquires Sis Cynthy 'Maybe ef you didn't he wouldn't be so sot on holdin' your hand'

" 'Hit's easier to hold a woman's hand dan hit is to wuk,' 'sponds Sis Alviry

" 'Has you tried makin' sheep's eyes at somebody else?' axes Sis Hannah Jane

" 'Yessum,' says Sis Alviry, 'an' he forgives me for de sake of de chillen—an' de pork chops, an' I sho' is plumb discouraged, for dere ain't no way dat you can lose a man dat you wants to get shet of. He's lak a hound dog He always comes back home'

" 'Dat's right,' says I, 'husbands shorely am contrary creeters, an' hit's just as hard to lose a bad one as hit is to keep a good one.'"



A Tete-a-Tete at Owls' Roost



WHEN the Gordons and the Glyndons assembled in full force, it was like the gathering of two Scotch clans

Arrayed in wedding garments, they now stood on the platform of the railway station at Pineville, concentrating their attention upon two young persons at the window of the parlor car, calling to them.

"Be sure and not take cold, Beryl "

"Write often, won't you, Jack?"

"Oh, Beryl, the Aconite and the Nux are in the corner of your satchel!" Mr. and Mrs. Gordon, but two hours previous pronounced man and wife, looked unconcerned, he twenty-one; she seventeen, both ignorant of life as two kittens. The locomotive began to draw deep breaths, and pushed off amid the fluttering of handkerchiefs. But above the clamor came the clear voice of Aunt Susan.

"Children, come home to Thanksgiving!" Jack and Beryl now gave one long look of secrecy into each other's eyes.

"If Aunt Sarah only knew," began Beryl

"If any of them only knew Thanksgiving, indeed! A most dreadful day because the whole family is there, and such a family. Jack, I really don't know what we have ever done to deserve being watched all our courting days, and followed and accompanied on our doings out and our comings in, and listened to every word we've spoken. There are twenty-six Glyndons on my side and twenty-seven Gordons on your side, and chaperoned so closely that we've never really been alone until now."

"Alone?" looking at the well filled cars. "You would not let me take an apartment."

"Because, simply I will not be taken for a bride; and in this black henrietta nobody could possibly suspect," she returned, pushing a hassock with a boot convicted of utter newness by its conspicuously clean sole, and reaching a faultlessly gloved hand after a brand new traveling bag. Jack adjusted the window shade, letting his hand rest on hers. The old gentleman opposite smiled benignly, and adjusted his paper to an angle of consideration for the lovers, while Jack continued:

"And you have the brightest ideas, Beryl, you are certainly the cleverest girl I know."

"Oh, I don't know as I'm really clever; but ideas, I must say, I do have, and many thoughts about life that I have wanted to tell you so often—but the family."

"We shall have time now, Beryl."

"Oh, yes, years and years, yet never time enough to say all—to tell each other all in our own hearts—ever really get talked out, Jack."

"Of course not; but I can't realize that some of them won't appear in a moment."

"Mamma with a shawl, or Henry wanting help with his Algebra, or Aunt Susan always just appearing To think when you first told me, and we did suppose we were alone—quite alone"

"And it was just dark, and you looked like an angel in your white dress And there on the piazza, having just escaped from the others. It seemed so long before you spoke."

"But I couldn't speak, Jack; and there we stood, and it was so still; suddenly Aunt Susan—oh, wasn't it awful?—coughed quite distinctly at the second-story window, and called out: 'Well, Beryl, don't dilly-dally; speak up and say you'll have him, and then hurry in to tea, or the muffins will be cold'"

"But we turned the tables on them now, thanks to your happy thought, and Thanksgiving will come, and the family will seek for us in vain, and they will 'Oh' and 'Ah' in wonder, and hold up the fifty-three astonished hands And not a letter will reach us; not a voice to disturb us Oh, Jack, dearest Jack, isn't it heavenly!"

Everyone knew that this conspicuously blissful young couple had tickets for London The conductor knew it officially; the porter, the benign old gentleman, and all the other people knew because the family at the depot had announced it to the four winds of heaven Yet, when the train started on, it bore on to London two ownerless trunks, each one marked with a "G;" but Mr and Mrs—where were they? In a country chaise the owners fled through November twilight mists, their faces turned seaward, and when the road grew rough and boggy and scarcely wider than a bridle path, they took it all as a universal joke

Owls' Roost was reached at last—a small, rough house, beaten by wind and weather, surrounded on three sides by water, and on the remaining side by a whistling forest. Jack's uncle had selected this deserted spot years ago, and had lived out a disappointed life in the secrecy of the woods, using fishing and hunting as a pastime A passing sail by day and a distant lighthouse by night were the most enlivening objects in range The interior was somewhat battered A stag's head over the door,

twelve owls, stuffed, perched upon the shelf with the hypnotic glare of their glass eyes, were some of the relics. What more could two fond hearts seeking a tete-a-tete desire?

While Jack kindled a fire in the disused stove, Beryl, at first animated and alert, examined everything with curiosity. It was chilly and the chimney smoked. She shivered and coughed slightly. Kneeling and blowing strenuously, Jack remarked "A house where no one has lived for some time is always queer; but it is exactly what we wanted, isn't it, Beryl?"

"Oh, it's perfect (shiver), Jack. Why didn't your uncle have window curtains? It looks so black and horrid out there."

"I'll close the shutters, you dear little coward, but there's not a soul within two miles."

During his brief absence she was nervous and homesick, and wished he would come back. She started violently when the shutters banged.

For weeks Beryl had longed for this time when they would be alone, and she could unburden her heavily freighted mind. "Alone at last!"

"Yes," responded Beryl, gravely regarding the bare plaster walls and air-tight stove, "and how pleasant it is Jack, was your uncle very tall and terribly pale?"

"What a joke! No, short and stout."

"Jack, how long did he ever stay alone in this place at one time?"

"Oh, I don't know. Six months, perhaps."

It must be by no means supposed that this conversation flowed on with a regular pendulum swing of questions and answers. The air-tight stove cracked now and then and puffed. Beryl listened with pleasure to the ticking of her own new watch.

"Jack?"

"Yes, dearest."

"Not but that I am perfectly satisfied and do not find it all delightful, but, Jack, I only wanted to ask, do you think you would have preferred the lighthouse? There is so much I could say to you if we were in a lighthouse far away from the world."

"What is it you want to say, Beryl? There would be

a great deal of scouring there, and the work would occupy your time, which might be a good thing"

"Oh, people who love each other don't need their time taken up."

Silence

"You didn't happen to put a pack of cards in your bag, did you?"

"No, dear, certainly not"

"Or a book?"

"No, Jack Why, you don't want to read, do you?"

"Not at all, not at all, I simply inquired"

Beryl smiled brightly at him. He smiled at her Presently she walked across the room and searched her travelling bag

"What are you looking for?"

"Thought one of the girls might have dropped my lace-work in."

"You surely don't want to sew to-night!"

"Certainly not, dearest Jack; I was only looking"

Again they exchanged the smiles of perfect satisfaction Let no one infer they were actually weary of themselves and the place in this brief time Beryl listened to the pouring rain, and gave an involuntary sigh. Jack at this moment yawned They looked quickly at each other

"You aren't lonesome, Beryl?"

"You yawned, Jack I saw you Are you not sleepy?"

Whereupon, to refute the insinuation, they smiled again Beryl was now fully aware that the Owls' Roost scheme was a prodigious mistake. But as she had suggested it, what should she do? She knew that if she should fly to Jack and put her arms around his neck and say, "Jack, dear, this is a miserable mistake Take me back to civilization," he would lovingly comply; yet she must not give in the first night of their married life In spite of Beryl's longing for absorbing conversational topics, the more she ransacked her intellect the less she found

"Jack, I want you to tell me all your secrets"

"Upon my word, I haven't any," he said

"And you have nothing on your conscience that would relieve you to confide in me?"

"No, darling," and again she reflected "But, Jack, you must have been in love with someone else! Was she

dark. Was she light? Did you suffer? Did you write verses to her?"

"I have no love but Beryl Glyndon."

Another long silence

"What is your favorite among Dickens' novels, Jack?"

"Oh, I don't know I like them all Why, Beryl, what made you think of Dickens? Don't you think Robert Browning is perfectly splendid?"

Alas, she knew too well that a literary conversation restricted into, Don't you like this and don't you like that, with monosyllabic answers, is not conducive to mental promenades and pleasant loitering by the green pastures and still waters of fancy

"How long did you say your poor uncle lived here at times alone?"

"Oh, six months, perhaps "

"What did he do, Jack?"

"Do? Why, he fished and went shooting He shot no end of snipe "

"Snipe? Poor, poor man!"

Suddenly she gazed at the wall with a horrified glance

"Oh, Jack, is the gun loaded?"

"If it is, it won't go off, it's too damp "

"Oh, don't go near it, it might bu'st Old guns are apt to explode, aren't they? Can't you take it up gently and throw it out of the window?"

"Why, Beryl, I didn't know you were afraid of a gun."

"Every sensible person is afraid of a gun "

A great gust rattled and swept like a cold wave along the floor It seemed to Beryl that the gloomy thud of the sea grew louder and louder

"Jack, if burglars should attack us, and no one within ten miles of us?"

"Why, they will never live, darling "

"Oh! Jack, *Jack*, JACK!"

"For Heaven's sake, Beryl!"

"Oh, can't you see? Oh, Jack, it's a mouse! There!"

And the old chaise and the midnight train took them back that very night to mamma and Aunt Susan and home

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Dreams

BY J W FOLEY

If the iceman should come to me some day,
While weighing out a piece at my back door,
And, dropping it upon the porch, should say.
"It was so cold last year and year before,
The crop is long and we have cut the price—"
If he should just say that and lay the ice
On my back step and then drive on—but hush!
Such dreams as this are only silly gush

Or if the butcher, wrapping up my steak,
Should say "You know, the corn crop was so vast,
And feed so cheap, we're able now to make
A slight reduction in the price at last"—
I say, if he should tell me that and take
Two cents a pound from last week's price of steak,
I wonder if the shock—but pshaw! why spare
The time to build such castles in the air?

Or if the baker, doling out my bread,
Should put a penny into my hand,
And say "The world will be more cheaply fed,
Since there is a large wheat crop in the land"—
I say, if he should voluntarily
Return a single penny unto me,
I wonder if I'd be—but, Heart, be still;
There is no possibility he will!

Or if my tailor, deftly sizing me
For a new suit, should say "You know that sheep
Are multiplying fast and wool will be
In cloth upon the market very cheap"—
I say, if he should just say that and take
Five dollars from the price—well, then, I'd wake
Right up and rub my sleepy eyes and laugh,
To think of tailors giving me such chaff

I know that these are merely dreams—that ice
And meat and bread are going up—that crop

Or weather will do naught but *raise* the price:
 There is no likelihood of any drop,
 But my employer tells me he will give
 Me higher wage—it costs so much to live—
 So now I do not have to skimp and scratch—
 My pipe is out. Has any one a match?



The Mountains

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

I wish I could get the peace of the mountains into me,
 The mountains of God that are ever calm, full of rest;
 Be quiet, they say, and lift their faces to heaven.
 The lark with his wings as he rises brushes their crest;
 Theirs are the roses of dawn, the glories of even,
 The quiet of night folds their heads to her breast
 I wish I could get the peace of the mountains into me,
 And not to have all the world a trouble to me

I am full of frets and fatigues, of angers and fears
 I wish the mountains would teach me their secret of
 peace

They have seen men born and die, and the work of their
 hands

Pass like the leaves of autumn; increase and decrease
 Of this world's glory; the years like a glassful of sands
 Run out and be finished, the centuries wither and cease.
 They have looked to God through all the days and the
 years.

I wish I was still, like the mountains—not vexed, full
 of fears.

Everything passes—the mountains whisper to me.
 There is nothing that matters, they say, but God and
 the soul.

They have cowls of the mists and rain for their habits
 gray;

And this world's glory has only death for its goal.
 Be still, there is only God and the soul, they say;
 Everything passes save only God and the soul
 I wish I could get the peace of the mountains into me,
 And not have all the world a trouble to me.

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If I Can Live

BY HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

If I can live
 To make some pale face brighter, and to give
 A second lustre to some tear-dimmed eye,
 Or e'en impart
 One throb of comfort to an aching heart,
 Or cheer some way-worn soul in passing by;

If I can lend
 A strong hand to the fallen or defend
 The right against a single envious strain,
 My life, though bare,
 Perhaps of much that seemeth dear and fair
 To us of earth, will not have been in vain.

The purest joy,
 Most near to heaven, far from earth's alloy,
 Is bidding cloud give way to sun and shine;
 And 'twill be well,
 If on that day of days the angels tell
 Of me, she did her best for one of Thine.



Life

BY PAULINE V NICKEY.

A moment spent in innocence,
 And one in youthful grace;
 'Another in the prime of life,
 And then the wrinkled face

A little bit of pleasure,
 With a little bit of strife,
 But with it all God's help and strength,
 And this—is life!

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Joint Owners In Spain

BY ALICE BROWN.

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Other stories in the same book which can be used successfully for platform readings are. "Bankrupt," "A Righteous Bargain," "Farmer Eli's Vacation," "After All"



NE royal winter's day there was a director's meeting in the great south room of the Old Ladies' Home. Two of the old ladies, Mrs. Blair and Miss Dyer, who were settled in the Home for life, had proved utterly incapable of living in peace with any available human being, and as the Home had insufficient accommodation neither could be isolated.

Mrs. Blair, being "high-sperited," had now so tyrannized over the last of her series of room-mates, so brow-beaten and intimidated her, that the latter had actually taken to her bed with a slow fever of discouragement.

If Miss Sarah Ann Dyer, known also as a disturber of the public peace, presented a less aggressive front to her kind, she was yet, in her own way, a cross and a hindrance to their spiritual growth. She, poor woman, lived in a scarcely varying state of hurt feeling, and though she would not take the initiative in battle, she lifted up her voice in aggrieved lamentation over the tragic incidents, decreed for her alone. The two cases were discussed for an hour longer when Mrs. Mitchell, the new director, said:

"Has it ever occurred to you to put them together? They are impossible people. They can't live with the saints of the earth. Experience has proved that. Put them into one room and let them fight it out together."

~~The motion was passed, and~~ at ten o'clock the next morning Mrs. Blair was ushered into the room where her forced colleague sat by the window knitting. There the two were left alone. Miss Dyer looked up, and then

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heaved a tempestuous sigh over her work. Not so Mrs. Blair. Mrs. Blair held her head higher than ever and disdained expression except that of an occasional nasal snort. She regarded the room with the air of an impartial though exacting critic. Two little beds, covered with rising-sun quilts; two little pine bureaus, two washstands

"If I'd ha' thought I should ha' come to this," ~~began~~ Mrs. Blair, "I'd ha' died in my tracks afore I'd left my comfortable home down in Tiverton Holler. I've moved more times in this God-forsaken place than a Methodist preacher; fust one room an' then another; an' bad is the best. It was poor pickin's enough afore, but this is the crowner!"

Miss Dyer said nothing, but two large tears rolled down and dropped on her work. ~~Mrs. Blair followed their course with gleaming eyes.~~

"What under the sun be you carryin' on like that for?" she asked at last, ~~giving the handle of the water pitcher an emphatic twitch to make it even with the world.~~ "You ain't lost nobody, have ye, sence I moved in here?"

~~Miss Dyer put aside her knitting with ostentatious abnegation, and began rocking herself back and forth in her chair.~~

"I dunno what you've got to complain of more 'n the rest of us. Look at that dress you've got on—a good, thick thibet, an' mine's a cheap, sleazy alpaca they palmed off on me because they knew my eyesight ain't what it was once. An' you're settin' right there in the sun, gettin' het through, an' it's cold as a barn over here by the door. My land! if it don't make me mad to see anybody without no more sperit than a wet rag! If you've lost anybody, why don't ye say so? An' if it's a mad fit, speak out an' say that! Give me anybody that's got a tongue in their head, I say!"

~~But Miss Dyer, with an unnecessary display of effort, was hitching her chair into the darkest corner of the room.~~

"I'm sure I wouldn't keep the sun off'n anybody. It never came into my head to take it up, an' I don't claim no share in anything. I never was one to take more'n belonged to me; an' I don't care who says it, I never shall be. An' I'd hold to that, if 't was the last word I had to speak!"

"My land!" ~~exclaimed Mrs. Blair helplessly.~~ "Talk about my tongue! Vinegar's nothin' to cold molasses, if you've got to plough through it."

When the dinner bell rang Mrs. Blair went to the table, but Miss Dyer did not appear.

When the former returned to the stage of action, she was much refreshed by her abundant meal and the strong tea which three times daily heartened her for battle. She looked about her, and, persistently ignoring all the empty chairs, fixed an annihilating gaze on one where the dinner tray still remained.

"I s'pose there's no need of my settin' down," ~~she remarked buttingly.~~ "Some folks are waited on; some ain't. Some have their victuals brought to 'em an' set under their noses, an' some has to go to the table. The quality can keep their waiters settin' 'round day in an' day out, fillin' up every chair in the room."

"Anybody can move that waiter that's a mind to," ~~said Miss Dyer tremulously.~~ "I would myself, if I had the stren'th; but I ain't got it. I ain't a well woman, an' I ain't been this twenty year. If old Dr Parks was alive this day, he'd say so. 'You ain't never had a chance,' he says to me. 'You've been pull-hauled one way or another sence you was born'."

"Humph!" ~~It was a royal and explosive note.~~ ~~Mrs. Blair selected the straightest chair in the room, ostentatiously turned its back to her enemy, and seated herself. Then, taking out her knitting, she strove to keep silence; but that was too heavy a task.~~ "To think of all the wood I've burnt up in my kitchen stove an' air-tight, an' never thought nothin' of it! To think of all the wood there is now, growin' and rottin' from Dan to Beersheba, an' I can't lay my fingers on it!"

"I dunno what you want o' wood. I'm sure this room's warm enough."

"You don't? Well, I'll tell you. I want some two-inch boards, to nail up a partition in the middle of this room, same as Josh Marden done to spite his wife. I don't want more'n my own, but I want it mine."

"You wouldn't have no great of an outlay for boards 'T wouldn't have to be knee-high to keep me out. I'm no hand to go where I ain't wanted; an' if I ever was, I guess I'm cured on 't now."

~~Mrs. Blair dropped her knitting in her lap. For an in-~~

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~~stant she sat there motionless in a growing rigidity, but~~
light was dawning in her eyes

"Where's that piece o' chalk you had when you marked out your tumbler quilt?"

Miss Dyer drew it forth from the ancient-looking bag, which was ever at her side.

"Here 't is I hope you won't do nothin' out o' the way with it I should hate to get into trouble here I ain't that kind."

Mrs Blair was ~~too excited to hear or heed her~~ She was briefly, flashingly taking in the possibilities of the room She went to the closet, and, ~~diving to the bottom of a baggy pocket there~~, drew forth a ball of twine She chalked it, and forced one end upon her bewildered roommate.

"You go out there to the middle square o' the front winder," she commanded, "an' hold your end o' the string down on the floor I'll snap it"

"Crazy! Oh my land! she's crazy's a loon. I wisht Mis' Mitchell would come in!"

But Mrs Blair was following out her purpose in a manner exceedingly methodical.

"There!" she cried "Leggo! Now you give me the chalk, an' I'll go over it an' make it whiter"

"There!" she announced "Now here's two rooms The chalk mark's the partition You can have the mornin' sun, for I'd jest as soon live by a taller candle if I can have somethin' that's my own. I'll chalk a lane into the closet, an' we'll both keep a right o' way there Now I'm to home, and so be you Don't you dast to speak a word to me unless you come and knock here on my headboard—that's the front door—an' I won't to you Well, if I ain't glad to be alone! I've hung my harp on a willer long enough!"

It was some time before the true meaning of the new arrangement penetrated Miss Dyer's slower intelligence, but she too was alone. The sensation was new and very pleasant. Mrs Blair went back and forth through the closet-lane, putting her clothes away, with high good humor.

Just before tea, Mrs. Mitchell, in some trepidation, knocked at the door She had expected to hear loud words, and the silence almost terrified her Miss Dyer gave one appealing look at Mrs Blair, and then, with

some indecision, went to open the door, for the latch was in her house.

"Well, here you are, comfortably settled!" began Mrs Mitchell. "May I come in?"

"Set right down here," answered Miss Dyer, drawing forward a chair. "I'm real pleased to see ye."

"And how are you this evening?" This was addressed to the occupant of the other house, but Mrs Blair made no answer.

"Isn't she well?" ~~she said softly.~~

"It's a real pretty day, ain't it? If 't was summer time, I should think there'd be a sea turn afore night. I like a sea turn myself. It smells jest like Old Boar's Head."

"I have brought you down some fruit." Mrs Mitchell was still anxiously observing the silent figure, now absorbed in an apparently futile search in a brocaded work-bag. "Mrs. Blair, do you ever cut up oranges and bananas together?"

No answer. The visitor rose, and unwittingly stepped across the dividing line.

"Mrs Blair——" she began, but she got no further.

"Well, if it am't Mis' Mitchell! I can't say I didn't expect you, for I see you goin' into Miss Dyer's house not more'n two minutes ago. Now set right down here, where you can see out o' the winder."

"I hope you and our friend are going to enjoy your room together. I'm sure Miss Dyer means to be very neighborly." The director turned, with a smile, to include that lady in the conversation. But the local deafness had engulfed her.

"I have been wondering whether you would both like to go sleighing with me some afternoon?"

"Law! I'd go anywheres to get out o' here. I don't know when I've set behind a horse, either. I guess the last time was the day I rid up here for good, an' then I didn't feel much like lookin' at outdoor."

"How do you feel about it, Miss Dyer?"

The other householder ~~moved uneasily. Her hands twitched at their knitting; a flush came over her cheeks, and she cast a childishly appealing glance at her neighbor across the chalk line. Her eyes were fast filling with tears.~~ Then Mrs Blair rose to the occasion.

"Mis' Mitchell, I may be queer in my notions, but it makes me as nervous as a witch to have anybody hol-

lerin' out o' my winders. I don't care whether it's company nor whether it's my own folks. If you want to speak to Miss Dyer, you come along here arter me—don't you hit the partition now!—right out o' my door an' into her'n. Here, I'll knock! Miss Dyer, be you to home?"

"Yes, I guess I be, an' all alone, too! I see you go by the winder, an' I was in hopes you'd come in!"

Then the situation dawned upon Mrs. Mitchell

"You poor souls!" ~~she cried.~~ "Do you care as much as that?"

Miss Dyer fingered her apron and looked at the floor, but her companion turned abruptly away, even though she trod upon the partition in going.

"Law! It's nothin' to make such a handle of," ~~she said.~~ "Folks don't want to be under each other's noses all the time."

Mrs. Mitchell left the room ~~abruptly.~~

"Wednesday or Thursday, then!" ~~she called over her~~
-shoulder

The next forenoon Mrs. Blair made her neighbor a long visit. Both old ladies had their knitting, and they sat peacefully swaying back and forth, recalling times past, and occasionally alluding to their coming sleighride



The Heart of Life

BY ETHEL ASHTON EDWARDS.

You were not beautiful—and yet,
Such level brows—such quiet eyes—
It was as when a sun-ray dies
And leaves us breathless with regret

Not beautiful, I said . . . And then
I looked again . . . And lo! I knew
That all the beauty in the world
Began, and lived, and died with you.

My Disreputable Friend, Mr. Raegen*

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

This cutting is from a story by the same title, in a book of short stories, "Gallagher and Other Stories" The well-known Van Bibber Stories and others in the same book lend themselves admirably to platform readings.



AGS RAEGEN was out of his proper element, the water. The police standing between him and the river cut off his escape in that direction, and as they had seen him strike McGonegal and had seen McGonegal fall, he had to run for it and seek refuge on the roofs. He plunged into a dark hallway and sprang up the first four flights of stairs, three steps at a jump. Diving through an open door he saw a pile of tossed-up bedding on the floor. He dived at this as though it was water, and crawled far under it until he reached the wall beyond. Then he lay motionless, holding back his breath, and listening to the beating of his heart and to the footsteps on the stairs. Then the door was kicked open, and there was a click of a revolver.

"Maybe he's in there," an officer's voice said. "I was in this place not more than twelve hours ago; I came in to take a couple out for fighting. The man is a stevedore, I guess, and him and his wife used to get drunk regular and carry on up here every night or so. They got thirty days on the Island."

"Who's taking care of the rooms? There ain't much to take care of, that I can see."

"That's so, well, he's not here, but he's in the building, sure, for I saw him enter the hallway below."

They closed the door behind them, and their footsteps clattered down the stairs, leaving the big house silent and apparently deserted. Young Raegen raised his head and let his breath escape with a gasp of relief. It had been a cruelly hot, close afternoon and the excitement

* Published by Charles Scribner & Son, New York, 1894.

had left him feverishly hot and trembling. It was already growing dark outside, but he was afraid to rise as yet, and held back his breath once more to listen. There may have been a minute or more of absolute silence in which he lay there, and then his blood froze to ice in his veins as he heard the sound of something crawling toward him across the floor. The instinct of self-defence moved him first to leap to his feet, and to face and fight it, and then followed as quickly a foolish sense of safety in his hiding place, still he heard the sound of this living thing coming creeping toward him until the instinctive terror that shook him overcame his will, and he threw the bed-clothes from him with a hoarse cry, and sprang up with murder in his soul.

The room was very dark, save for a little stream of light, and in this light he saw moving toward him, on its hands and knees, a little baby who smiled and nodded at him with a pleased look of recognition and kindly welcome.

The fear upon Raegen had been so strong and the reaction was so great, that he dropped to a sitting posture on the heap of bedding and laughed long and weakly.

But the baby seemed well pleased with his laughter and struggled to its feet and came pattering toward him with both bare arms held out, and with a look of such confidence and welcome in its face, that Raegen stretched out his arms and closed the baby's fingers fearfully and gently in his own.

He had never seen so beautiful a child. There was dirt enough on its hands and face and its torn dress, but the face was like no other face that Rags had ever seen. And then it looked at him as though it trusted him.

"Did you know that you've scared me so that I was going to kill you? Did you?" But the baby only smiled at this.

"What's your name, little 'un?"

"Mar'gret."

"Margaret, eh! It's a very pretty name. An' what did you say your dad's name was?"

But this was beyond the baby's patience or knowledge, and she waived the question aside with both arms and began to beat a tattoo gently on Raegen's face.

Rags forgot the lateness of the night and the darkness that fell upon the room, in the interest of this strange

entertainment, which was so much more absorbing, and so much more innocent than any other he had ever known. He dared not make a light as yet, but he moved his position so that the glare from an electric lamp on the street outside might fall across the baby's face as she lay dozing in the bend of his arm. And then, from very weariness, his eyes closed and his head fell back heavily against the wall, and the man and the child in his arms slept peacefully in the dark corner of the deserted tenement.

The next day the sun rose hissing out of East River, a broad, red disc of heat. Its glare awakened Rags into a startled belief that the place about him was on fire, until the child in his arms brought him back to the knowledge of where he was. She was breathing with hard, long, irregular gasps, and around her closed eyes were deep blue rings. Rags had seen babies look like this before. They were like this, only quiet and still, when the ambulance came clattering up the narrow streets and bore them away. He did not know what to do, and he wanted to do so much. Then it occurred to him when evening came that he might even risk a sally into the street, and stop a milk-cart. So when darkness fell, he slipped off his shoes and picked his way cautiously down the stairs. As he reached the top of the first flight a newsboy passed, calling the evening papers, and shouted something which Rags could not distinguish. He wished he could get a copy of the paper. It might tell him something about himself. The boy was coming nearer and Rags stopped and leaned forward to listen.

"Extry! Extry! Sun, World and Mail. Full account of the murder of Pike McGonegal by Rags Raegen."

The lights in the street seemed to flash up suddenly and grow dim again, leaving Rags blind and dizzy.

"Stop, stop. Murdered, no. My God, no. Stop, stop!" But no one heard Rags and the sound of his own voice halted him.

"It's a lie, it's a lie, I struck him in self-defence, s'help me. I struck him in self-defence. He drove me to it. He pulled his gun on me. I done it in self-defence."

And then the whole appearance of the young tough changed to one of low sharpness and evil cunning. The ferries were watched, of course, he knew that the depots, too, were covered by the men whose only duty was to

watch the coming and to halt the departing criminal. But he knew of one old man who was too wise to ask questions and who would row him across to the Jersey shore. Once across, he had only to change his name and turn to work until the thing was covered up and forgotten. He rose to his feet in his full strength again, and intensely and agreeably excited with the dangerous, and possibly fatal, termination of his adventure, and then there fell upon him, with the suddenness of a blow, the remembrance of the little child lying on the dirty bedding in the room above.

"I can't do it, I can't do it. I don't dare go back; killing's too good for the likes of Pike McGonegal, but I'm not fighting babies. An' maybe, if I went back, maybe I wouldn't have the nerve to leave her, I can't do it. I don't dare go back."

The lights in the stores below came out one by one, and the minutes passed into half hours, and still he stood there.

The surly old sergeant of the Twenty-first Precinct Station House was dozing over the high desk when a young man with a white, haggard face came in from the street with a baby in his arms.

"I want to see the woman that looks after the station house—quick."

The sergeant sounded the gong and the matron came downstairs majestically, but when she saw the baby her majesty fled. "You poor little thing, and, oh, how beautiful! You, Connors, run up to my room and get the milk out of my ice chest, and Moore, put on your coat and go around and tell the surgeon I want to see him. And one of you crack some ice up fine in a towel. Quick, now."

Raegen came up to her fearfully. "Is she very sick, she ain't going to die, is she?"

"Of course not, but she's down with the heat, and she hasn't been properly cared for; the child looks half starved. Are you her father?" she asked sharply. But Rags did not speak, for at the moment she had said the baby would not die, he had reached out swiftly, and taken the child out of her arms and held it hard against his breast, as though he had lost her and someone had been just giving her back to him.

His head was bending over hers, and so he did not see

the two ward detectives as they came in from the street. They gave a careless glance at the group, and then stopped with a start, and one of them gave a long, low whistle.

"Well, so, Raegen, you're here, after all, are you? Well, you did give us a chase, you did. Who took you?"

"Who took me?" and then as though the presence of the baby lifted him above everything else, he raised her until her cheek touched his own.

"Who took me? Nobody took me, I gave myself up."

One morning, three months later, when Raegen stopped his ice-cart in front of my door, I asked him whether at any time he had ever regretted what he had done.

"Well, sir, seeing that I've shook the gang, and that the Society's decided Margaret's folks ain't fit to take care of her, we can't help thinking we are better off, see?"

"But as for my ever regretting it, why, even when things was at the worst, when the case was going dead against me, and before that cop, you remember, swore to McGonegal's drawing the pistol, and when I used to sit in the Tombs expecting I'd have to hang for it, well, even then, they used to bring her to see me every day, and when they'd lift her up and she'd reach out her hands and kiss me through the bars, why—they could have took me out and hung me for all I'd have cared."



Log Cabin Sayings

Cast yo' bread on de waters. Some er it is hard enough ter need a good soakin'.

Satan wuz de only angel dat ever got tired er heaven, but heaven wuz new den, an' mebbe it didn't have ez many attractions ez what it got now.

W'en I hears ol' Trouble singin' a song, an' he ax me ter jine de chorus, dat's de ve'y time I finds it convenient ter lose my voice.

Woman Suffrage

BY MR DOOLEY

Peter Finley Dunne still continues to delight us in his Mr Dooley sketches. Most of the selections in "Mr Dooley Says" (Charles Scribner & Sons, 1910, New York) make splendid readings. The one on Woman's Suffrage is especially timely.



SEE be th' pa-pers that th' ladies in England have got up in their might an' demanded a vote"

"A what?" cried Mr. Hennessy

"A vote," said Mr. Dooley

"Th' shameless viragoes," said Mr. Hennessy "What did they do?"

"Well, sir," said Mr. Dooley, "an immense con-coorse iv forty iv thim gathered in London an' marched up th' House iv Commons, or nayntional dormytory, where a loud an' almost universal snore proclaimed that a debate was ragin' over th' bill to allow English gentlemen to marry their deceased wife's sisters before th' autopsy. In th' great hall iv Rufus some iv the mightiest male intellecks in Britain slept undher their hats while an impassioned orator delivered a hem-stitched speech on th' subject iv th' day to th' attintive knees and feet iv th' ministhry. It was into this here assimblly iv th' first gentlemen iv Europe that ye see on ye'er way to France that th' furyous females attmpted to enter. Undaunted be th' staws iv th' building or the rude jeers iv th' multichood, they advanced to th' very outside dures iv th' idifice. There an overwhelmin' force iv three polismen opposed thim. 'What d'ye want, mum?' asked the polis. 'We demand th' suffrage,' says th' commander iv th' army iv freedom.

"The brutal polis refused to give it to thim an' a desp'rate battle followed. Th' ladies fought gallantly, hurling cries iv 'Brute,' 'Monster,' 'Cheap,' et cethry, at th' constabry. Hatpins were drawn. Wan lady let down her back hair; another, bolder thin th' rest, done a fit on th' marble stairs; and a third, p'raps rendered insane be sufferin' f'r a vote, sthruck a burly ruffyan with a Japanese fan on th' little finger iv th' right hand. Thin th' infurymed officers iv th' law charged on th' champeens

iv liberty A scene iv horror followed. Polismen seized ladies be th' arms an' led thim down th' stairs; others were carried out fainting by th' tyrants In a few minyits all was over, an' nawthin' but three hundred hairpins remained to mark th' scene iv slaughter. Thus, Hinnessy, was another battle f'r freedom fought an' lost"

"It sarves thim right," said Mr Hennessy. "They ought to be at home, tindin' th' babies."

"A true statement an' a sound argymint that appeals to ivry man P'raps they havn't got any babies A baby is a good substichoot f'r a ballot, an' th' hand that rocks th' cradle sildom has time f'r anny other luxuries But why shud we give thim a vote, says I. What have they done to injye this impeeryal suffrage that we fought an' bled f'r? Whin me forefathers were followin' George Wash'nton an' sufferin' all th' hardships that men endure campin' out in vacation time, what were th' women doin'? They were back in Matsachoosetts milkin' th' cow, mendin' socks, followin' the plow, plantin' corn, keepin' store, shoein' horses, an' pursoom' th' other frivlous follies iv th' fair but fickle sect Afther th' war our brave fellows come back to Boston an' as a reward f'r their devotion got a vote apiece, if their wives had kept th' Pilgrim fathers that stayed at home fr'm foreclosin' the mortgage on their property An' now, be hivens, they want to share with us what we won

"Why, they wudden't know how to vote. They think it's an aisy job that anny wan can do, but it ain't It's a man's wurruk, an' a sthrong man's with a sthrong stomach. I don't know annything that requires what Hogan calls th' exercise iv manly vigor more thin votin'. It's th' hardest wurruk I do in th' year! I get up before daylight an' thramp over to th' temple iv freedom, which is also th' office iv a livery stable Wan iv th' judges has a cold in his head, an' closes all th' windows. Another judge has built a roarin' fire in a round stove an' is cooking red-hots on it. Th' room is lit with candles and karosene lamps an' is crowded with pathrites who haven't been to bed. At the dure are two or three polismen that maybe ye don't care to meet Dock O'Leary says he don't know anything that'll exhaust th' air iv a room so quick as a polisman in his winter unyform All th' pathrites an', as th' papers call thim, th' high-priests iv this here

sacrea rite, ar-re smokin' th' best segars that th' token money iv our country can buy.

"In th' pleasant warmth iv th' fire, th' harness on th' walls glows an' puts out its peculiar aromy. Th' owner iv the sanchooary iv Liberty comes in, shakes up a bottle iv liniment made iv carbolic acid, pours it into a cup an' goes out. Wan iv th' domestic attendants iv th' guests iv th' house walks through fr'm makin' th' beds. After a while th' chief judge, who knows me well, because he shaves me three times a week, gives me a con-timchous stare, asks me me name an' a number iv scan-d'lous questions about me age

"I'm timplt to make an angry retort, whin I see th' polisman movin' nearer, so I take me ballot an' wait me turn in th' booth. They're all occupied be wwithin' free-men, callin' in strangled voices f'r somewan to light th' candle so they'll be sure they ain't votin' th' prohybition ticket. Th' calico sheets over th' front iv th' booths wave and ar-re pushed out like th' curtains iv a Pullman car whin a fat man is dhressin' inside while th' thrain is goin' r-round a curve. In time a freeman bursts through, with perspyration poorin' down his nose, hurls his suffrage at th' judge an' staggers out. I plunge in, sharpen an inch iv lead pencil be rendin' it with me teeth, mutilate me ballot at th' top iv th' dimmycratic column, an' run f'r me life

"Cud a lady do that, I ask ye? No, sir, 'tis no job f'r th' fair. It's men's wurruk. Molly Donahue wants a vote, but though she cud bound Kamschatka as aisily as ye cud this precint, she ain't qualified f'r it. It's meant f'r gr-reat sturdy American pathrites like Mulkowsky th' Pollacky down th' street. He don't know yet that he ain't votin' f'r th' King of Poland. He thinks he's still over there pretindun' to be a horse instead iv a free American givin' an imytation iv a steam dhredge

"On th' first Choosday affther th' first Monday in November an' April, a man goes ar-round to his house, wakes him up, leads him down th' street, an' votes him th' way ye'd water a horse. He don't mind inhalin' th' air iv liberty in a livery stable. But if Molly Donahue wint to vote in a livery stable, th' first thing she'd do wud be to get a broom, sweep up th' flure, open th' windows, disinfect th' booths, take th' harness fr'm th' walls, an' hang up a pitcher iv Niagary be moonlight, chase out

th' watchers an' polis, remove th' seegars, make th' judges get a shave, an' p'raps invalydate th' iliction. It's no job f'r her, an' I told her so.

"'We demand a vote,' says she. 'All right,' says I, 'take mine. It's old, but it's trustworthy an' durable. It may look a little th' worse f'r wear fr'm bein' hurled against a republican majority in this country f'r forty years, but it's all right. Take my vote an' use it as ye please,' says I, 'an' I'll get an hour or two exthry sleep iliction day mornin',' says I. 'I've voted so often I'm tired iv it anyhow,' says I. 'But,' says I, 'why should anny wan so young and beautiful as ye want to do annything so foolish as to vote?' says I. 'Ain't we intilligent enough?' says she. 'Ye-as, too intilligent,' says I. 'But intilligence don't give ye a vote.'

"'What does, thin,' says she. 'Well,' says I, 'enough iv ye at wan time wantin' it enough. How many ladies ar-re there in ye'er Womans' Rights Club?' 'Twinty,' says she. 'Make it three hundher,' says I, 'an' ye'll be on ye'er way. Ye'er mother doesn't want it, does she? No, nor ye'er sister Katie? No, nor ye'er cousin, nor ye'er aunt? All that iliction day means to thim is th' old man goin' off in th' mornin' with a light step an' fire in his eye, an' comin' home too late at night with a dent in his hat, newsboys hollerin' exthries with th' news that fifty-four votes had been cast in th' third precinct in th' sivin' ward at 8 o'clock, an' Packy an' Aloysius stealin' bar'ls fr'm th' groceryman f'r th' bone-fire. If they iver join ye an' make up their minds to vote, they'll vote. Ye bet they will.'

"'Ye see, 'twas this way votin' come about. In th' be-ginnin' on'y th' king had a vote, an' ivrybody else was a Chinaman or an Indyan. Th' king clapped his crown on his head an' wint down to th' polls, marked a cross at th' head iv th' column where his name was, an' wint out to cheer th' returns. Thin th' jooks got sthrong, an' says they. 'Votin' seems a healthy exercise an' we'd like to thry it. Give us th' franchise or we'll do things to ye.' An' they got it. Thin it wint down through th' earls an' th' markises an' th' rest iv th' Dooley fam'ly, till fin'lly all that was left iv it was flung to th' ign'rant masses like Hunnissy, because they made a lot iv noise an' threatened to set fire to th' barns.'

"'An' there ye ar-re. Ye'll niver get it be askin' th'

The Speaker

polis f'r it. No wan iver got his rights fr'm a polisman, an' be th' same token, there ar're no rights worth havin' that a polisman can keep ye fr'm gettin'. Th' ladies iv London ar-re followin' the right coorse, on'y there ain't enough iv thim. If there were forty thousand iv thim, ar-rmed with hat pins an' prepared to plunge th' same into th' stomachs iv th' inimies iv female suffrage, an' if, instead iv faintin' in th' arms iv th' constab'ly, they charged an' punctured thim an' broke their way into th' House iv Commons, an' pulled th' wig off the speaker, an' knocked th' hat over th' eyes iv th' Prime Minister it wudden't be long befure some mumber wud talk in his sleep in their favor. Ye bet! If ye'er suffrage club was composed iv a hundred thousand sturdy ladies it wudden't be long befure Bill O'Brien wud be sindin' ye a box iv chocolate creams f'r ye'er vote.

"Some day ye may get a vote, but befure ye do I'll r-read this in th' papers. "A hundred thousand armed an' detarmined women invaded th' capital city to-day demandin' th' right to vote. They chased th' polis acrost th' Pottymac, mobbed a newspaper that was agin th' bill, an' tarred an' feathered Sinitor Glue, th' leader iv th' opposition. At 10 o'clock a rumor spread that th' President wud veto th' bill, an' instantly a huge crowd iv excited females gathered in front of the White House, hurlin' rocks, an' cryin' 'Lynch him'. Th' tumult was on'y quelled whin th' President's wife appeared on th' balcony an' made a brief speech. She said she was a mumber iv th' local suffrage club, an' she felt safe in assuring her sisters that th' bill wud be signed. If nccissry, she wud sign it herself. (*Cheers*) Th' President was a little onruly, but he was frequently that way. Th' married ladies in th' aujeence wud undherstand. He meant nawthin'. It was on'y wan iv his tantrums. A little moral suasion wud bring him ar-round all right. At prisint th' Chief Magistrate was in th' kitchen with his daughter settin' on his head.

"Th' speech was received with loud cheers, an' th' mob proceeded down Pinnslyvanya Avnoo. Be noon all enthrances to the capitol were jammed. Congressmen at-timptin' to enter were seized be th' hair iv th' head an' made to sign a pa-aper promisin' to vote right. Imme-jately affther th' prayer th' Hon'able Clarence Gumdrop, iv Matsachooseets, offered th' suffrage bill f'r passage

'Th' motion is out iv ordher,' began th' Speaker. At this minyit a lady standin' behind th' chair dhrove a darnin' needle through his coat tails 'But,' continued th' Speaker, reachin' behind him with an agonized expression, 'I will let it go annyhow' 'Mr. Speaker, I protest,' began th' Hon'orable Attila Sthrong, 'I protest——' At this a perfect tornado iv rage broke out in th' gall'ries Inkwells, bricks, combs, shoes, smellin' bottles, hand mirrors, fans, an' powdher puffs were hurled at th' on-forchnit mimber In the midst iv th' confusion th' wife iv Congressman Sthrong cud be seen wavin' a par'sol over her head an' callin' out: 'I dare ye to come home to-night, polthron'

"Whin th' noise partially subsided, th' bold Congressman, his face livid with emotion, was heard to remark with a sob 'I was on'y about to say I second th' motion, deary.' Th' bill was carried without a dissintin' voice, an' rushed over to th' Sinit There it was opposed be Jeff Davis, but after a brief dialogue with th' leader iv th' suffrageites, he swooned away Th' Sinit fin'lly in-sthructed th' clerk to cast th' unanimous vote f'r th' measure To-night, in th' prisince iv a vast multichood, th' President was led out be his wife. He was supported, or rather pushed, be two iv his burly daughters He seemed much confused, an' his wife had to point out th' place where he was to sign With tremblin' fingers he affixed his signature an' was led back

"Th' night passed quietly Th' sthreets were crowded all avenin' with good-natured throngs iv ladies, an' in front iv th' dry goods stores, which were illuminated f'r th' occasion, it was almost impossible to get through. Iv coorse there were th' usual riochous scenes in th' dhrug stores, where th' bibulous gathered at th' sody-wather counters an' cillybrated th' victory in lemon, vanilla, an' choc'late, some iv thim keepin' it up till 9 o'clock, or even later'"

"Whin that comes about, child,' says I, 'ye may sheathe ye'er hat pins in ye'er millinary, f'r ye'll have as much right to vote as th' most ignorant man in th' ward But don't ask f'r rights Take thim. An' don't let anny wan give thim to ye A right that is handed to ye f'r nawthin' has somethin' th' matter with it It's more than likely it's on'y a wrong turned inside out,' says I 'I didn't fight f'r th' rights I'm told I injye, though to tell ye

th' truth, I injye me wrongs more; but some wan did. Some time some fellow was prepared to lay down his life, or bettther still, th' other fellows', f'r th' right to vote.' "

"I believe ye're in favor iv it ye'ersilf," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Faith," said Mr. Dooley, "I'm not wan way or th' other. I don't care. What diff'rence does it make? I wudden't mind at all havin' a little soap an' wather, a broom an' a dusther applied to pollytics. It wudden't do any gr-reat harm if a man cudden't be illicit to office onless he kept his hair combed an' blacked his boots and shaved his chin wanst a month. Annyhow, as Hogan says, I care not who casts th' votes iv me counthry so long as we can hold th' offices. An' there's on'y wan way to keep the women out iv office, an' that's to give thim a vote."



Man, the Kicker

In winter, when the cold winds blow,

Man kicks.

He doesn't like the ice and snow,

He hates to see the mercury go

To zero; if it falls below,

He kicks,

Oh, how he kicks!

In summer, when the sizzards sizz,

Man kicks

He groans: "Oh, Lord, how hot it is!"

As if no misery equalled his.

Then, as he wipes his streaming phiz,

He kicks,

Oh, how he kicks!

And so it is, if cold or hot,

Man kicks

He's never pleased with what he's got,

But growls, and fumes, and swears a lot,

And whether it is right or not,

He kicks,

Oh, how he kicks!

—Somerville Journal

Campaspe

BY JOHN LYLY.

As read by Miriam Lee Earley before the Browning Society, Philadelphia, December 7, 1911

A comedy of Alexander the Great, Campaspe, a Theban Captive, and Diogenes, the cynic philosopher.

ACT IV

SCENE I. (*The Marketplace, with Diogenes' tub.*)

(*Enter Solinus, Psyllus, Granichus*)

Sol. This is the place, the day, the time, that Diogenes hath appointed to fly.

Psyllus I will not lose the flight of so fair a fowl as Diogenes is, though my master cudgel my body, as he threatened

Gran. What, Psyllus, will the beast wag his wings to-day?

Psyllus. We shall hear: for here cometh Manes. Manes will it be?

(*Enter Manes.*)

Manes. Be? He were best be as cunning as a Bee, or else shortly he will not be at all.

Gran How is he furnished to fly? Hath he feathers?

Manes. Thou art an ass! Capons, geese and owls have feathers. He hath found Dedalus' old waxen wings, and hath been piecing them this month, he is so broad in the shoulders. O, you shall see him cut the air, even like a tortoise.

Sol. Methinks so wise a man should not be so mad; his body must needs be too heavy

Manes Why, he hath eaten nothing this sevensnight but cork and feathers.

Psyllus (aside). Touch him, Manes.

Manes He is so light that he can scarce keep him from flying at midnight.

(*Enter populace.*)

Manes. See, they begin to flock; and behold, my master bustles himself to fly. (*Diogenes comes out of his tub.*)

The Speaker

Diog. Ye wicked and bewitched Athenians, whose bodies make the earth to groan and whose breaths infect the air with stench Come ye to see Diogenes fly? Diogenes cometh to see you sink! Ye call me dog: So I am, for I long to gnaw the bones in your skins. Ye term me an hater of men No, I am a hater of your manners. Your lives dissolute, not fearing death, will prove your deaths desperate, not hoping for life. What do you else in Athens but sleep in the day and surfeit in the night? You flatter kings and call them gods Speak truth of yourselves and confess you are devils! From the bee you have taken not the honey, but the wax, to make your religion, framing it to the time, not to the truth Thus have I flown over your disordered lives, and if you will not amend your manners I will study to fly further from you, that I may be nearer to honesty.

Sol. Thou ravest, Diogenes, for thy life is different from thy words.

Gran. It were a good deed, Manes, to beat thy master

Manes. You were as good eat my master

One of the people. Hast thou made us all fools, and wilt thou not fly?

Diog. I tell thee, unless thou be honest I will fly

People Dog! dog! Take a bone!

Diog. Thy father need fear no dogs, but dogs thy father.

People We will tell Alexander that thou reprovest him behind his back.

Diog. And I will tell him that you flatter him before his face.

People. We will cause all the boys in the street to hiss at thee

Diog. Indeed, I think the Athenians have their children ready for any vice, because they be Athenians.

Manes Why, master, mean you not to fly?

Diog. No, Manes; not without wings.

Manes. Everybody will account you a liar

Diog. No, I warrant you. For I will always say the Athenians are mischievous

Psyllus. I care not; it was sport enough for me to see these old huddles hit home

Gran Nor I.

Psyllus. Come, let us go; and hereafter, when I mean

to rail upon anybody openly, it shall be given out I will fly. (*Exeunt*)

SCENE II (*Room in Apelles' House.*)

Alexander has ordered Apelles, the painter, to paint a portrait of Campaspe with whom he is in love. Apelles also falls in love with Campaspe, and she returns his affection. The following scenes show the development of their love, and the constancy of both lovers

(*Campaspe, Apelles*)

Campaspe (*sola*) Campaspe, it is hard to judge whether thy choice be more unwise, or the chance unfortunate. Dost thou prefer—but stay, utter not that in words which maketh thine ears to glow with thoughts Tush! Better thy tongue wag than thy heart break! Hath a painter crept further into thy mind than a prince? Apelles than Alexander? Fond wench! the baseness of thy mind betrays the meanness of thy birth. But, alas! affection is a fire which kindleth as well in the bramble as in the oak and catcheth hold where it first lighteth, not where it may best burn. Larks that mount aloft in the air build their nests below in the earth, and women that cast their eyes upon kings may place their hearts upon vassals. A needle will become thy fingers better than a lute, and a distaff is fitter for thy hand than a scepter. Ants live safely till they have gotten wings, and juniper is not blown up till it hath gotten an high top. The mean estate is without care as long as it continueth without pride. But here cometh Apelles, in whom I would there were the like affection.

(*Enter Apelles.*)

Apelles. Gentlewoman, the misfortune I had with your picture will put you to some pains to sit again to be painted.

Camp. It is small pains for me to sit still, but infinite for you to draw still

Apel. No, Madam; to paint Venus was a pleasure, but to shadow the sweet face of Campaspe, it is a heaven!

Camp. If your tongue were made of the same flesh that your heart is, your words would be as your thoughts are; but such a common thing it is amongst you to command that oftentimes, for fashion's sake, you call them beautiful whom you know black.

Apel. What might men do to be believed?

The Speaker

Camp. Whet their tongues on their hearts.

Apel. So they do, and speak as they think.

Camp. I would they did!

Apel. I would they did not!

Camp. Why, would you have them dissemble?

Apel. Not in love, but their love. But will you give me leave to ask you a question without offence?

Camp. So that you will answer me another without excuse.

Apel. Whom do you love best in the world?

Camp. He that made me last in the world?

Apel. That was a god

Camp. I had thought it had been a man. But whom do you honor most, Apelles?

Apel. The thing that is likest you, Campaspe.

Camp. My picture?

Apel. I dare not venture upon your person. But come, let us go in, for Alexander will think it long till we return.

(Exeunt—into the studio.)

SCENE III. *(Omitted.)*

SCENE IV. *(Apelles' studio.)*

(Apelles, Campaspe, discovered.)

Apel. I have now, Campaspe, almost made an end

Camp. You told me, Apelles, you would never end

Apel. Never end my love; for it shall be eternal.

Camp. That is, neither to have beginning nor ending

Apel. You are disposed to mistake, I hope you do not mistrust.

Camp. What will you say if Alexander perceive your love?

Apel. I will say it is no treason to love.

Camp. But how if he will not suffer thee to see me?

Apel. Then will I gaze continually on thy picture.

Camp. That will not feed my heart

Apel. Yet shall it fill mine eyes; besides, the sweet thoughts, the sure hopes, thy protested faith, will cause me to embrace thy shadow continually in mine arms, of the which, by strong imagination, I will make a substance.

Camp. Well, I must be gone; but this assure yourself:

that I had rather be in thy shop grinding colors than in Alexander's court following higher fortunes

Cam. (alone). Foolish wench, what hast thou done? That, alas, which cannot be undone, and, therefore, I fear me undone. But content is such a life, I care not for abundance. O Apelles, thy love cometh from the heart, but Alexander's from the mouth. The love of kings is like the blowing of winds, which whistle sometimes gently among the leaves, and straightway turn the trees up by the roots; or fire, which warmeth afar off, and burneth near at hand; or the sea, which maketh men hoist their sails in a flattering calm, and to cut their masts in a rough storm. They place affection by times, by policy, by appointment. If they frown, who dares call them inconstant? If bewray secrets, who will term them untrue? If fall to other loves, who trembles not, if he call them unfaithful? In kings there can be no love but to queens; for as near must they meet in majesty as they do in affection. It is requisite to stand aloof from kings' love, Jove and lightning

SCENE V (*The same.*)

(*Apelles, Page*)

(*Enter Apelles from the studio.*)

Apel. Now, Apelles, gather thy wits together. Campaspe is no less wise than fair; thyself must be no less cunning than faithful. It is no small matter to be rival with Alexander.

(*Enter Page*)

Page. Apelles, you must come away quickly with the picture. The King thinketh that now you have painted it you play with it.

Apel. If I would play with pictures I have enough at home.

Page. None, perhaps, you like so well.

Apel. It may be I have painted none so well.

Page. I have known many fairer faces.

Apel. And I many better boys.

A Study In Nerves

Cut from "Life," Easter, '96



SMALL door at the right of the pulpit opened with the energy of a nervous crisis, and he walked to his place before the altar. It had already been indicated by an inconspicuous chalk mark on the floor. His best man followed a little behind him, at an interval which had required frequent rehearsing the evening before. He did not catch his chalk mark for an instant, and overstepped it, but he retreated cautiously, still facing the enemy, and carefully covered it with his left foot. The people had been pouring into the church for the last half hour. There was a slight flutter in the audience when the bride's mother and her two married sisters were escorted to their seats on the opposite side of the aisle from that set apart for the bridegroom's family, in the suggestively antagonistic manner which is customary when two houses are about to be united. From his chalk mark by the altar he gazed rather unintelligently at the blur of faces turned toward him. Why should they all be staring at him? Was his cravat slipping up over his collar? He remembered distinctly that everything was fast when he had taken his last look at himself as an unmarried man. Only a hoarse, but reassuring, "You're all right, old man," brought his wandering hand back to his side again. But why didn't the music begin? It struck him that everybody seemed remarkably solemn, as if it were an occasion for sadness, rather than for smiles. Why couldn't they look pleasant about it? Then it occurred to him that he felt solemn himself, and the cheerful and sympathetic grin on the face of one of his still bachelor classmates, whom he had suddenly discovered, seemed decidedly out of place and frivolous. But none the less, something seemed required of him. Should he grin back or should he merely wink in acknowledgment? The rehearsal had not prepared him for this emergency. He shirked the responsibility of deciding and looked away. Why didn't the music begin? Why didn't they open the doors? Had anything gone wrong? Had any one arrived at the last moment to announce some good

cause why they two should not be joined together in holy wedlock? No, thank heaven, he could face the world on that score. What were they waiting for? Had he not waited long enough already? He had known her from early girlhood, and he knew now that this had not made the winning of her any easier for him. But he had won her, so why didn't the music begin? If he could only look at his watch and see what time it really was it would relieve his mind. He remembered that he had never seen it done, and kept his hands fast at the seams of his trousers, out of temptation. Suddenly the doors were pushed back and the bridal party appeared in the opening. Behind the double file of somber-hued ushers his eye caught a bit of color from the dress of one of the bridesmaids and then rested for a moment on a little cloud of pure, swan-like white. Thank heaven, there she was. And as she was there, why didn't the music begin? The tallest usher changed his position and the little white cloud disappeared behind his broad black shoulders. Confound him, why couldn't he stand still, when that was the first glimpse he had had of her for goodness only knew how long.

He saw the black back of the organist suddenly fill out as with the responsibility of his exalted position, and the next instant the familiar "tum-tum-ti-tum" pealed through the church. The music had begun. He felt that his troubles were over. For a moment he could not make out what had all at once changed the appearance of things so much. Then he discovered that the sea of faces had turned into an equally bewildering exhibition of back hair, and in an instant a suggestive phrase of the music sent the words of a new popular song running through his mind. What was the matter with his mind, anyway? Why couldn't he stop thinking? "Tum-tum-ti-tum." The music not only had begun, but it seemed to him as if it had always been playing. Why did they not start? What was the use of all that rehearsing, if they did not know what to do when the time came? "Tum-tum-ti-tum" played the organist. It seemed an easy matter for eight grown men to walk up a broad aisle together, two by two, a certain distance apart. They had done it half a dozen times the night before. It was perfectly simple. They were to be two pews apart. Or was it three pews? He didn't know which it was, but it was no affair of his

The Speaker

anyway. All he had to do was to stay on his chalk mark until it was time for him to go to the other chalk mark over there to receive her. There it was, a little rubbed out, to be sure, but seeming to him like the guiding star to the path of matrimony, and to it he had hitched his wagon. They were coming through the door. It was two pews apart, after all. He knew he had been right. "Tum-tum-ti-tum." The two ushers in the lead were within twenty feet of him. Why didn't they move faster? It made him nervous to see them advancing upon him like that. It was like the car of Juggernaut or the inexorable march of time. They were bringing him the happiness of his whole life. Why didn't they bring it to him faster? "Tum-tum-ti-tum." The two ushers in the lead were so near that he could see the pearls in the pins he had given them. There she was, heaven bless her. What was the sense of all this bother? Why couldn't he rush down the aisle and get her, all by himself? His eye fell upon the relentless chalk mark before him, and he shifted his weight uneasily from one foot to the other. The two files of ushers had begun to deploy on either side of him, each man trying to keep one eye on his alignment, and with the other to steer for the haven of his own particular chalk mark. The next moment the bridesmaids were tripping by him, guided to their positions by that unerring instinct in regard to all that pertains to weddings, which is every woman's birthright. It seemed to him that the maid of honor was wearing her hair differently. The organist looked around from his seat and retarded the next measure of the music. Then the final "tum-tum-ti-tum" rang out triumphantly into every corner of the church. He rushed to the now benignly inviting chalk mark, and in an instant her hand was in his own.



Be noble in every thought
And in every deed!
Let not the illusion of thy senses
Betray thee to deadly offenses
Be strong! Be good! Be pure!
The right only shall endure,
All things else are but false pretenses

—Longfellow.

Madonna of the Tubs

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS



ENRY and Ellen Jane Salt had quarreled; but the worst of it was that they had quarreled the night that Henry set sail for the Grand Banks of Newfoundland.

And because they were man and wife, and more to each other than all the world besides, they said each to each, what neither would have said to friend or neighbor for very shame's sake:

"There is something always wrong about this house, curse it!" cried the man whom William X. Salt had treated.

"There's nothing wrong in this house but him that's settin' sail from it," cried the woman whom the man had scolded.

They were flashing words—up and out and over—at another time a sob and a kiss would have met above the ashes of the sorry scene, and there would have been an end, and peace to it.

But the Abby E. Salt weighed anchor at eight o'clock. It was quarter past seven when Henry pushed back from the half-eaten supper and took up his old hat to go. He bade the children good-by sullenly, kissed Rafe, and, after an instant's hesitation, pushed open the door. He said he must hunt up Job Ely, and saying no more than this, he went out of the house. He did not look at his wife.

Her pretty, weary face had flushed a dangerous scarlet during the scene which had passed. Now it turned a dreadful white. The baby and the other baby began to cry; Rafe got upon his crutch and hobbled to the door; the wife alone stood quite still.

The wind, rising fiercely from the north, clutched at the half-open door and closed it noisily. For the instant, the master of the house seemed to have been slammed out by hands within.

"Let me by, Rafe; let me by this minute!" The wife made one bound and down the wooden steps, where she stood bewildered. No one was to be seen. It was deadly dark, and the wind raved with a volume of sound which seemed to the Fairharbor woman, born and nourished of

the blast, to be something intelligent and infernal pitted against her. She flung her shrill voice out into it. "Henry! Henry! Come back and say good-by to me I'm sorry. Henry! Henry! I'm sorry! I'm sorry!"

But only the awful throat of the gale made answer. She ran a little way, straining her ears, her eyes, her voice, calling passionately, plaintively, then passionately again; and despairing, for she made no headway against the roar of the November nor'wester, staggered, turned, and stopped.

At this moment a little figure hit her, hurrying by upon a little crutch.

"I'm goin' to catch my fa-ther," said Rafe

He pushed on beyond her, his bright hair blown straight from his forehead, calling as he went, slipping, daring, tumbling on the sharp rocks, and up again. Down there in the dark she saw the little fellow stop to gather strength and throw the whole force of his young voice like a challenge to the gale:

"Fa-ther! marm's sorry! (Don't you cry, marm I *think* he'll answer.) Fa-ther! fa-ther! marm's sorry! (Just keep still, marm. I'm *sure* he'll answer) FATHER! MARM'S SORRY!"

The crippled child hurled the whole of his little soul and body into that last cry, and then she saw him turn and limp, more slowly, back.

He came up to her gently where she stood sobbing in the dark, and as if he had been the parent and she the child, he patted her upon the hand.

"I told you I'd catch him, marm—*dear* marm," added Rafe.

She shook her head incredulously, turning drearily to go back.

"But I caught my fa-ther," persisted Rafe. "He says, says he—"

"Rafe, he couldn't, dear."

"Marm, he hollered, 'So be I.'"

"Did your father say that, honest, Rafe?"

"I think he did. I says, 'Fa-ther, marm's sorry', and he says, 'So be I.'"

"If he says, 'So be I,' God bless you, Rafe! mother's sonny boy."

"I think he did. I *think* my fa-ther hollered, 'So be I.'" He lifted the truthful face of an angel to the poor

Madonna in the glimmer of the open door. He would have given his scrap-book just then to say, "I know he did." But Rafe never lied. The other children supposed it was because he was a cripple.

"At the Grand Banks, Henry Salt and Job Ely, of Fairharbor, dorymates, set out from the schooner Abby E. Salt to look after their trawls, and were lost in the fog. No hope is any longer felt of their safety. The bodies have not been recovered. Salt leaves a wife and six children. Ely was unmarried."

Miss Ritter, idly nibbling at her *Daily Advertiser* before her open fire, one bleak December morning, chanced upon this paragraph, which she reread and pondered long. Ellen Jane had sent no word out of her misery, poor thing! "I'd rather do a day's washing any time than write her a letter," she used to say. Besides, what would the "boarder lady" care? Henry Salt had gone the way of his calling, like other men; his wife, like other women, was a "Fairharbor widow," and must bend to her fate. She bowed to it in those first weeks in a stupefaction that resembled moral catalepsy.

And so to Fairharbor as to Beacon Street, to Ellen Salt as to Helen Ritter, the holidays came gently or cruelly, but surely, on; and it was the day before Christmas, and going to snow.

As Christmas Eve drew on, they were all well in the house. Mrs. Salt drew the curtains fast, for the house was cold. Rafe asked her to leave one of the kitchen curtains up a little; he had a fancy for looking out on dark nights. Before his father died, Rafe sang "Pull for the Shore" a great deal, standing by that window, looking out; but he did not sing it any more.

The outside door did not latch—the one that slammed poor Henry out on that last night; there was no man to fix it now. Rafe had pushed the wash-bench finally against it to keep it in its place.

Mrs. Salt looked about the little group, trying to smile. She had on a dyed black dress; she looked sixty years old. There was something no less than dreadful in the mechanical gentleness and reserve which had settled down upon this emotional creature. The crossdest baby never raised a ruffle in her accent. Her children could not re-

member to have ever had even a rebuke from her since that night when the neighbor woman came in with the news. They had deserved it twenty times

"Children, I haven't any presents for you this Christmas. It's the first one, I guess I can't help it, you know, my dears. We are very poor to-night But I'll build you a big, hot fire—won't that do? Won't that be better than no Christmas at all? I thought mebbe it would It's all mother's got for you She couldn't do any better. She wanted to He always set so much by Christmas He—"

The broken door blew in and slammed against the wash-bench loudly And with it a huge object was thrust along the floor noisily enough

"It's the expressman!" cried Rafe "It's Tan and Salt's express cart, for us, marm!"

Now the Salt family had never had an express package in all their lives They gathered like bees about the box, which the driver lifted in for them compassionately, even stopping to help start the cover

"Seem' ye're only women folks—of a Christmas Eve. And never in my life did I see a woman could open a wooden box. Guess ye'd have to set on it all night if I didn't—and no man else to do for ye—"

But Tan and Salt's express checked himself, and departed hastily from the loosened cover and unfinished sentence, letting in a whirl of the now falling snow

Now, in that box—what mystery! what marvel! Rafe thought it was like a fairy tale, that flannels and shoes, and a second-hand overcoat, and mittens, and a black blanket shawl, should land on the floor with flour and coffee and crackers, and a package of tea and sugar, and rubbers for Sue, and a turkey for Christmas dinner, and under all—stockings. Six pairs of stockings—brown, red, blue, green, gray and white, each one filled to the knee with Santa Claus knew what—~~trifles to the giver, ecstasy to the child~~—all the way down to the baby, and the other baby.

And when the expressman was followed by the immensity of a smart Fairharbor hack rolling to the very door, and Rafe, ~~pulling back the wash-bench again~~, let in Miss Helen Ritter, standing tall and splendid in her furs of silver-seal, it seemed quite what was to be expected, and not one of the poor souls knew, ~~which was the best of it,~~ that the young lady had never done such a thing before in

all her life. ~~She~~ She had done it now in her own way, was it her heart that told her how? For her head was painfully uneducated in sociology. She had not a particle of training as a visitor to the poor. She was simply acquainted with her washwoman, and had approached her as she would any other acquaintance, according to the circumstances of the case.

But who stopped to think of ~~views or instincts~~ in the astounded cottage that Christmas Eve? Not Miss Ritter, flushed and brilliant, drawn down by children's fingers upon the kitchen floor among the Christmas litter. Not Rafe, who put up his pale face and kissed her, ~~saying not a word~~. Not Sue, nor Tommy, nor the baby, nor the other baby, pulling off the veil which shielded the feathers of their visitor's dainty bonnet from the snow. Mrs. Salt came up to take her fur-lined cloak with a soft, "You'll be too warm, my dear." Not Mrs. Salt, stealing away by herself, silent, still, and changed, and strong—she had scarcely spoken. What ailed her? What would she? Where ~~was she?~~ Helen Ritter hesitated before the bereavement of her washwoman, but summoned heart at last and followed her.

Ellen Jane Salt was in her chilly parlor, crouched alone; ~~she had got into a corner, bent over something, and when Miss Ritter came up she was half-shocked to see that it was the black blanket shawl.~~

"I didn't know whatever I was to do for mournin' for him!" The woman looked up. "Miss Ritter, I hadn't nothin' to mourn for Henry in but this one old dress I dyed before my money went to Biram for the rent, and my cloak was a tan-color season before last, and my shawl was a striped shawl, with a red betwixt, you know. And us without our coal in, me going mournin' for my husband half black, half colors, like a widow that was half glad and half sorry—my dear, it *hurt* me. And to think you should think of that, and send me of a Christmas Eve. Oh, my dear, I haven't cried before, but it's the understandin' me that breaks me up. (Oh, don't notice me; don't mind me. I haven't cried since he was drowned; I haven't darst. Oh, don't you touch me—oh, yes, you may. Oh, nobody has held me since he—Oh, I've *got* to cry.")

"Come here and let me hold you, and tell me all about it."

"How *can* I tell you? Oh, it is such a dreadful thing to tell! Oh, my dear, it isn't his dyin', it isn't that Henry is *dead*. If that was all, I'd be a blessed woman—me a widow, and them fatherless, and so poor—I'd be a blessed woman; and God be thanked, if it was only that my husband had *died*!

"We quarreled, Miss Ritter, that very last night, that very last minute. He says, 'There's always something wrong about this house' and he cursed it; but he didn't mean it, poor fellow, he never meant it, for they must have treated him to the wharves to make him say a thing like that—you *know* they must; and I says, 'There's nothing wrong in this house but him that's settin' sail from it' I says those words to him at the very last, and he—"

"Marm, I *told* him you was sorry." Rafe pulled her by the dyed black sleeve. "I think, I believe, I'm pretty *sure*, that my fa-ther told me, '*So be I*.'"

Helen Ritter drew the child into her free arm, for in that supreme moment the widowed wife seemed to have gone deaf and blind.

"What's death, if that was all, to man and wife that love each other? I've been cold since Henry died, and I've gone hungry—don't let on to the children, for they don't know—and I'd *be* cold and hungry; and if I was to starve, what's that? And if I mourned and cried for him, us partin' kind, why, what is that? It's the words between us! Oh, it's the words between us! I dream 'em in my dreams, I hear 'em in the wind, I hear 'em when the children sing, and we loved each other, and we come to words that last, last minute, him goin' to his death! — Oh, my God!

"Miss Ritter, dear, what am I sayin'? Send the children off. Cryin', Rafe? Don't, dear. There! mother's sonny boy; come here. ~~Don't, Rafe, don't.~~ Yes, I'll come and see the Christmas stockings. Let me be a minute. Go, Miss Ritter, with 'em, if you'll be so good. ~~Kiss me, Rafe.~~ Mother'll come presently, my son. Let me be a minute, won't you, by myself."

They went and left her, every one. Somebody shut the door of the chilly parlor, not quite to, and so shielded her in for a little, yet did not shut her off alone; they could not bear to.

Helen Ritter gathered the children about her, among the presents and playthings, and so they chatted quietly.

"Ready, mother?" called Rafe, at the half-shut door

"Presently, my son."

"Tumin', mummer?" called the other baby.

"In a minute, yes, my dears."

Just as she came out among them, quiet again, and gentle with her strange, dull gentleness, Rafe got up and went to his window, and looked out. It was snowing fiercely. How heavy was the calling of the sea! It was like the chords of a majestic, mighty organ built into the walls of the world.

But what ailed Rafe? He drew away from the window; the boy had turned pale; and yet it could not be said that his face showed fear. He went up to his mother, and pulled her black dress

"Marm, I see my fa-ther"

He pointed to the window, against which the storm pelted fast and furious.

"I've frightened you, Rafe," said the mother, quietly "Rafe musn't say such things."

"Marm," persisted the boy, "I saw my fa-ther"

"It's the snow, Rafe, you see; it's so white—Rafe must not talk like silly people. There! There's that old latch again, Rafe. How it acts! Go and fix it, dear."

Rafe obeyed, and though he looked like a spirit, he pushed like a boy. With his knee upon the bench, with his hand upon the latch—but this moment the child's shrill cry sounded and resounded through the house:

"Oh, marm, I've got my fa-ther!"

And Henry Salt pushed in the door, hurled over the wash-bench, brushed aside Miss Ritter, strode over the children, and hearing, seeing, knowing nothing else, he took his wife, in her black dress, into his arms.



The Toys He Doesn't Like

I have no use for iron toys,
Or linen books—can't bear 'em;
They're aggravating things for boys,
For I can't break or tear 'em.

Little Paul and Mrs. Pipchin*

BY CHARLES DICKENS.



It was generally said that Mrs. Pipchin was a woman of system with children, and no doubt she was. Certainly, the wild ones went home tame enough, after sojourning for a few months under her hospitable roof.

At this exemplary old lady Paul would sit staring in his little arm-chair by the fire for any length of time. He never seemed to know what weariness was when he was looking fixedly at Mrs. Pipchin. He was not fond of her, he was not afraid of her; but in those old, old moods of his she seemed to have a grotesque attraction for him. There he would sit, looking at her, and warming his hands and looking at her, until he sometimes quite confounded Mrs. Pipchin, ogress as she was. Once she asked him, when they were alone, what he was thinking about.

"You," said Paul, without the least reserve.

"And what are you thinking about me?" asked Mrs. Pipchin.

"I'm thinking how old you must be," said Paul.

"You mustn't say such things as that, young gentleman," returned the dame. "That'll never do."

"Why not?" asked Paul.

"Because it's not polite," said Mrs. Pipchin, snappishly.

"Not polite?" said Paul.

"No."

"It's not polite," said Paul, innocently, "to eat all the mutton chops and toast, Wickam says."

"Wickam," retorted Mrs. Pipchin, coloring, "is a wicked, impudent, bold-faced hussy."

"What's that?"

"Never you mind, sir. Remember the story of the little boy that was gored to death by a mad bull for asking questions."

"If the bull was mad, how did *he* know that the boy had asked questions? Nobody can go and whisper secrets to a mad bull. I don't believe that story."

*From "Dombey and Son"

"You don't believe it, sir?" repeated Mrs. Pipchin, amazed

"No," said Paul.

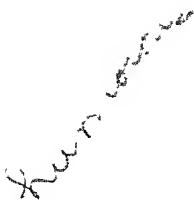
"Not if it should happen to have been a tame bull, you little infidel?" said Mrs. Pipchin.

As Paul had not considered the subject in that light, and had founded his conclusions on the alleged lunacy of the bull, he allowed himself to be put down for the present. But he sat turning it over in his mind, with such an obvious intention of fixing Mrs. Pipchin presently, that even that hardy old lady deemed it prudent to retreat until he should have forgotten the subject.

From that time Mrs. Pipchin appeared to have something of the same odd kind of attraction towards Paul, as Paul had towards her. She would make him move his chair to her side of the fire, instead of sitting opposite, and there he would remain, in a nook between Mrs. Pipchin and the fender, with all the light of his little face absorbed into the black bombazine drapery, and peering at the hard, gray eye, until Mrs. Pipchin was sometimes fain to shut it on pretense of dozing. Mrs. Pipchin had an old black cat, which generally lay coiled upon the centre foot of the fender, purring egotistically, and winking at the fire until the contracted pupils of his eyes were like two notes of admiration. The good old lady might have been—not to record it disrespectfully—a witch, and Paul and the cat her two familiars, as they all sat by the fire together. It would have been quite in keeping with the appearance of the party if they had all sprung up the chimney in a high wind one night, and never been heard of any more. This, however, never came to pass. The cat, and Paul, and Mrs. Pipchin, were constantly to be found in their usual places after dark, and Paul, eschewing the companionship of Master Bitherstone, went on studying Mrs. Pipchin, and the cat, and the fire, night after night, as if they were a book of necromancy, in three volumes.



Everything comes to those who wait
 And the lazy man waits to greet it;
 But success comes on with rapid gait
 To the fellow who goes to meet it.



The Curing of William Hicks

BY WILBUR D NESBIT.

Bill Hicks had asthma -shook the floors
With each recurring paroxysm.
The doctors made him live outdoors,
And that gave him rheumatism

The doctors cured his rheumatiz,
Of that there never was a question
Strong acids stopped those pains of his,
But left him ill of indigestion

Dyspepsia fled before a course
Of eating grain. It would delight us
To cheer this plan till we were hoarse,
But Hicks then had appendicitis

He rallied from the surgeon's knife,
And laid six weeks without a quiver;
The operation saved his life—
The loafing, though, knocked out his liver

To cure his liver troubles, he
Tried muscle stunts—you know how they go;
From liver ails he then was free,
But all the strains gave him lumbago.

Lumbago is a painful thing,
A masseuse, with a visage solemn,
Rubbed the lumbago out by spring,
But twisted poor Bill's spinal column.

To rid his backbone of the twist,
They used some braces They were careless—
The padding for his head they missed,
This made him straight, but left him hairless.

Drugs were prescribed to grow his hair,
These acted just as represented;
They put his scalp in good repair,
But soaked in, and left Hicks demented.

Then to a sanitarium
 They took Bill. He was wisely treated;
 His brain with health began to hum—
 Then asthma,—ward was poorly heated.

"More open air," the doctor said
 Bill Hicks cried, "No, you shall not lure me;
 I'll stay in peace upon my bed,
 And shoot the man that tries to cure me."



Laddie

*good
 pathetic*

BY THE AUTHOR OF *MISS TOOSEY'S MISSION*.

By courteous permission of the Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York and Boston This adaption is from a booklet by the same name.



THIRD-CLASS forward! Here you are,
 mum Plenty of room this way! Now,
 then; that ain't third, that's first Come,
 look alive! All right behind there?

Doors bang, a whistle, and the train
 moves off.

The guard had thrust into a third-class carriage, already nearly full, a handbox with a blue spotted handkerchief round it, and a bunch of Michaelmas daisies, tucked under the knot at the top; a marketing-basket, one flap of which was raised by a rosy-cheeked apple, emitting a powerful smell, and a pair of pattens Anything else? Oh, yes; of course! There was an old woman who belonged to the things; but she was so small and frightened and overwhelmed that she appeared quite a trifle beside her belongings. She remained just where the guard had pushed her, standing in the carriage, clutching as many of her things as she could keep hold of, and being jerked by the motion of the train, now against a burly bricklayer, and now against his red-faced wife, who sat opposite; while her dazzled, blinking eyes followed the hedges and banks that whirled past, and her breath came with a catch and a gasp every time a bridge

crossed the line, as if it were a wave coming over her. By and by the old woman seemed to gain more confidence and seated herself, straightened her bonnet and smiled at the bricklayer.

"This ain't London, I take it?" she asked, in a little thin, chirrupy voice.

"London? Bless you, no! If you're bound for London you'll have another five hours to go before you can get there."

"Oh, yes, I know as it's a terrible long way off, but we seemed coming along at such a pace as there wasn't no knowing."

"You ain't used to traveling, seemings?"

"I know London pretty well, though I haven't never been there; for Laddie, he's been up there nigh about fifteen year, and he's told me a deal about it."

The old woman grew garrulous as the train rushed along. Laddie was a subject, evidently, upon which her tongue could not help being eloquent.

"Was Laddie his real name?"

"Why, no! He was christened John Clement, after his father and mine; but he called himself 'Laddie' before ever he could speak plain, and it stuck to him. His father was for making a schoolmaster of him, but Laddie he didn't take to that, and one of the doctors took him up and taught him a lot, and when he went up to London he offered to take Laddie, and said take all the expense, and as he'd make a man of him."

"Were that long ago?"

"Yes; fifteen year come Christmas."

"But you'll have seen him many a time since?"

"Well, no, I ain't. Many the time as he's been coming down, but something always come between."

"But he'll have wrote?"

"Bless you, yes! He's a terrible one for his mother, he is. He've not written so much of late, maybe; but then folks is that busy in London they hasn't the time to do things as we has in the country. And then the present as he'd send me, bless his heart! Silk gowns fit for a duchess, and shawls all colors of the rainbow, till I almost began to think he'd forgot what sort of an old body I be."

"And have he sent for you now to come and live with him?"

"No, he don't know nothing about my coming, and I mean to take him all by surprise. Old Master Heath, as my cottage belongs to, give me notice to quit. I felt it a bit more, for I'd been in that cottage thirty-five year; but I said to myself, 'Don't you go for to fret; go right off to Laddie, and he'll make a home for you and glad'"

"He've been doing well in London?"

"Well, my Laddie's a gentleman! He's a regular doctor, and keeps a carriage, and has a big house and servants. Bless me! how pleased the boy will be to see his old mother. Maybe I shall see him walking in the streets, but if I don't I'll find his house and creep in at the back door so as he sha'n't see me, and tell the gal to say to the doctor (doctor, indeed! my Laddie) as some one wants to see him very particular. And then—" The old woman broke down here, half-sobbing, half-laughing. "My dear, I've thought of it and dreamt of it so long, and to think as I should have lived to see it"

It was dark by this time. And then in another minute the train was in Paddington; gas and hurry and noise, porters, cabs and shrieking engines.

Dr. John Carter, the famous London physician, was sitting in his consulting room looking at a medical review, when his valet entered.

"Please, sir, there's some one wishes to see you. I told her it was too late, and you was engaged very particular, but she wouldn't be put off nohow, sir."

"What sort of a person is she?"

"Beg your pardon, sir. She appears to be from the country, sir. Quite a countrified, homely old body, sir"

Perhaps the odor of the violets on his desk and the country memories they had called up, made him more amiably inclined; but instead of the sharp, decided refusal the servant expected, he said, "Well, show her in."

"Countrified, homely old body." Somehow the description brought back to his mind his mother coming down the brick path from the door at home. The doctor smiled, and even while he smiled the door was pushed open, and before him he saw his mother.

I am glad to say it of him, that, for the first minute, pleasure was the uppermost feeling in his mind. He started up saying, "Mother! why, mother!" in the same tone of glad surprise as he would have done fifteen years

before; kissed her furrowed old cheek, wet with tears of unutterable joy, and repeated, "Mother! why, mother!"

She was clinging meanwhile to his arm, sobbing out, "Laddie, my boy, Laddie! I must have a good look at you, Laddie boy"

And then I think her good angel must have spread his soft wing between the mother and son to keep her from seeing the look that was marring that son's face. All the pleasure was gone, and embarrassment and disquiet had taken its place.

"However did you come, mother?"

"I come by the train, dear, and it did terrify me more nor a bit at first, I'll not go for to deny, but bless you! I soon got over it, trains is handy sort of things when you gets used to 'em. I was a good deal put to, though, when we got to London station, there seemed such a many folks about, and they did push and hurry a body so."

"Why didn't you write and say you were coming?"

"Well, there! I thought as I'd give you a surprise, and I knew as you'd be worrying about the journey and thinking as I'd not be able to manage; but I'm not such a helpless old body, after all, Laddie."

"And when must you go back?"

"Not until you gets tired of me, Laddie, or till you takes me to lay me by the old master."

John Carter busied himself with making the fire burn up into a blaze, while his mother rambled on, telling him little bits of village gossip about people he had long since forgotten or never heard of. He did not want to hurt her or be unkind in any way, but it was altogether out of the question having her there to live with him. It would ruin all his prospects in life, his position in his profession and in society. The tongs went down with an onimous clatter into the fender, making the old woman jump nearly off her chair.

"There; it brought my heart into my mouth, pretty near, and set me all of a tremble. I reckon as I'm a little bit tired, and it shook up my nerves like, and a little do terrify one so."

The sight of her white, trembling old face touched his heart. "You are quite tired out, mother; you shall

have some tea and go to bed. I can't have you laid up, you know."

"There, now! If I wasn't thinking as a dish of tea would be the nicest thing in the world! And for you to think of it! Ah! you remember what your mother likes, bless you!"

He rang the bell decidedly and went out into the hall, closing the doors behind him. He had never felt so self-conscious and uncomfortable as when the man-servant came up the kitchen stairs and stood deferentially before him.

"Look here, I want tea at once in the dining-room, and tell cook to send up some cold meat. The best bedroom must be got ready and a fire lighted and everything made as comfortable as possible. Do you hear?"

The man hesitated a second and Dr. Carter half turned, looking another way, as he added, "She is a very old friend and nurse of mine when I was a child, and I want her to be made comfortable. She will only be here this one night."

He felt as he turned the handle of the consulting-room door that he had really done it rather well on the whole, and carried it off with a high hand; and not told any falsehood after all, for was not she his oldest friend and his most natural nurse? In reality he had never looked less like a gentleman, and Hyde saw it, too, and as he went to his pantry he shook his head with a face of supreme disgust. "That's what I call nasty!" he said. "I'm disappointed in that man - I thought better of him than this comes to. Well, well! blood tells after all. What's bred in the bone will come out in the flesh sooner or later. Nurse, indeed! Get along! you don't humbug me, my gent!"

There were no signs, however, of these moralizings in the pantry, a few minutes later, when he announced that supper was ready.

"Do ye have your victuals in the kitchen now, Laddie?" the old woman said. "Well, there! it is the most comfortable to my thinking, though gentle-folks do live in their best parlors constant."

"Now, mother, you must have some tea. Ah! I remember well what tea you used to make in that little brown teapot at home"

"It ain't the teapot, Laddie, as does it It's just to let it stand till its drawn through, and no longer. This is a fine room, Laddie, and no mistake. I'd just like some of the Sunnybrook folks to have a look at it It would make them open their eyes wide, I warrant¹ to see me a-setting here like a lady. I suppose now, as there's a washus or a place out behind somewheres for them servants"

The valet discreetly drew back, and Dr. Carter whispered with a crimson flush all over his face, "Hush, we'll have our talk when this fellow is out of the way Don't say anything till then. You can go; I will ring if we want anything."

Presently, when they had done tea and gone into the consulting-room, Dr Carter drew his chair near hers and prepared for his difficult task.

"Mother," he said, laying one of his hands caressingly on her arm (he was proud of his hands), "Mother, I wish you had written to tell me you were coming"

She took his hand between both her own, hard and horny, rough and misshapen with years of hard work.

"I knew as you'd be pleased to see me, Laddie, come when I might or how I might"

"Of course I'm glad to see you, mother, very glad; and I was just thinking before you came in that I would run down to Sunnybrook to see you just before Christmas"

And then he went on to explain how different London life was to that at Sunnybrook, and how she would never get used to it or feel happy there.

"Different from Sunnybrook? Yes, sure, but she'd get used to it like other folks Not happy? Why she'd be happy anywheres with her Laddie There, don't you fret yourself about me; as long as you're comfortable I don't mind nothing."

How soon did she catch his meaning? He hardly knew, for he could not bear to look into her face and see the smile fade from her lips and the brightness from her eyes He only felt her hand suddenly clasp his more tightly and she grew silent, while he talked on quickly and nervously, telling her they would go together tomorrow and find a little snug cottage not far from London, with everything pretty and comfortable, and how he

would come to see her often, very often, perhaps once a week Still never a word for or against, till he said:

"You would like it, mother, wouldn't you?"

"I'm a-weary, Laddie, too tired like for new plans, and maybe, dearie, too old"

"You must go to bed. I ought not to have let you stop up like this. I should have kept what I had to say till to-morrow, when you were rested. Come, I'll show you your bedroom."

And so he took her upstairs—such a lot of stairs to the old country legs

"Now, make haste to bed, there's a good old mother; my room is next to this if you want anything. I hope you'll be very comfortable. Good-night"

And then he left her with a kiss, and she stood for some minutes quite still.

"And so Laddie is ashamed of his old mother," she said softly, with a little sigh; "and it ain't no wonder!"

As Dr. Carter sat down again in his consulting-room by himself he told himself that he had done wisely. The clock struck two as he rose to go up to bed. He listened at his mother's door, but all was quiet; and he made haste into bed himself. He was just turning to sleep when his door opened softly, and his mother came in—such a queer, funny old figure, with a shawl wrapped round her and a very large night-cap on. She had a candle in her hand, and set it down on the table by his bed. He jumped up as she came in.

"Why, mother, what's the matter? Not in bed? Are you ill?"

"There, there! lie down; there ain't nothing wrong But I've been listening for ye this long time 'Tis fifteen year and more since I tucked you up in bed, and you used to say you never slept so sweet when I didn't do it."

She made him lie down, and smoothed his pillow, and brushed his hair off his forehead, and tucked the clothes round him, and kissed him as she spoke.

"And I thought as I'd like to do it for you once more. Good-night, Laddie, good-night."

And then she went away quickly.

He tossed about feverishly and restlessly. After long and fierce debate, he came to a conclusion which at all

events brought peace along with it "Come what may, I will keep my mother with me, let people say or think what they will I can't turn my mother out in her old age, so there's an end of it" And there and then he went to sleep It must have been soon after this that he woke with a start, with a sound in his ears like the shutting of the street-door, and Dr. Carter turned himself over and went to sleep again, saying, "It was my fancy or a dream," while his old mother stood shivering in the cold November morning outside his door, murmuring:

"I'll never be a shame to my boy, my Laddie, God bless him"

When Dr. Carter opened his door next morning, he found his mother's room empty But where was his mother? All the servants could tell him was that they had found her bed-room door open when they came down in the morning, and the front door unbarred and unbolted.

"She has gone back to Sunnybrook; she saw what a miserable, base-hearted cur of a son she had, who grudged a welcome and a shelter to her. God forgive me for wounding the brave old heart. I will go and bring her back."

Dr. Carter was moving among sickness and suffering in a great London hospital He had some lilies in his coat The doctors were making their rounds in the hospital with a crowd of students about them. After the doctors and students had passed by, and finished their round, Dr. Carter came back alone, to No. 20. He had taken deep interest in the case and had something to say further about it to the nurse, and was just going off better satisfied, when he found the flowers had dropped from his coat They had fallen, by some quick movement of his, on the next bed, where death was having an easy victory. The old woman's arms were stretched outside the bed-clothes and one of her hands, hard-worked hands, had closed, perhaps involuntarily, on the flowers.

The doctor stopped, looking at the lilies in the old hand.

"Yes, another day will see an end of it. I thought

she would have died this morning when I first came on, she was restless then and talked a little I fancy she's Scotch, for I heard her say 'Laddie' several times."

The word seemed to catch the otherwise unconscious ear, for the old woman turned her head on the pillow, and said feebly, "Laddie"

And then, all at once, the doctor gave a cry that startled all the patients in the ward.

"Mother! mother, speak to me!"

The closed lids trembled and raised themselves a very little.

"Eh, Laddie, here I be."

"She is my mother. I will make arrangements at once for her removal to my house if she can bear it"

It wanted little examination or experience to tell that the old woman was past moving Dr. Carter would not leave her He smoothed her pillows and raised her head and damped her lips Once when he had his arm under her head, raising it, she opened her eyes wide and looked at him

"Eh, Laddie; I'm a bit tired with my journey. It's a longish way from Sunnybrook."

"Did you come from there?"

"Why didn't you write?"

"I wanted to give you a surprise, and I knew as you'd be glad to see me at any time as I liked to come"

And then it dawned on him that the past few days had been blotted clean out of her memory, and she thought she had just arrived. "And so this is your house, Laddie? And mighty fine it be! And I'm that comfortable if I wasn't so tired, but I'll be getting up when I'm rested a bit. I've been thinking all the way how pleased you'd be"

As the evening came on, she fell asleep very quietly, such a sleep as, if hope had been possible, might have given hope Dr. Carter left the nurse watching her and went away, got a hansom and offered the man double fare to take him to the home of his fiancée as fast as possible. Violet had just come in from a flower-show and looked a flower herself, with her sweet face and dainty dress.

"I have found her," Laddie said "Come," and she came without asking a question, only knowing from

The Speaker

Laddie's face that there was sorrow as well as joy in the finding.

"She is dying," he said, as they went up the hospital stairs together. "Can you bear it?"

She only answered by a pressure of her hand on his arm, and they went on to the quiet room. There was a shaded light burning, and the nurse sitting by the bedside

"She has not stirred, sir, since you left."

But even as she spoke the old woman moved and opened her eyes, looking first at Laddie and then on Violet.

"Who is it?" she asked.

And then Violet knelt down with her sweet face close to the old woman's and said very softly, "Mother, I am Laddie's sweetheart."

"Laddie's sweetheart," she echoed; "he's over-young to be wed—but there! I forget. He's been a good son, my dear, always good to his old mother, and he'll be a good husband. And you'll make him a good wife, my dear, won't you? God bless you."

And then her trembling hand was feeling for something, and Laddie guessed her wish, and put his own hand and Violet's into it; two young hands, full of life and health and pulsation, under the old, worn, hard-worked hand, growing cold and weak with death.

"God bless you, dears, Laddie and his sweetheart. But I'm a bit tired just now."

And then the weary limbs relaxed into the utter repose of rest after labor, and the night had come when no man can work.



A city that is set on a hill may be the first to feel the earthquake shock, but even when its temples tumble their broken pillars are monuments to Faith.

The sun's light may be dying out, but even in the day time there are men going about with candles looking for dark corners in this radiant old world.

Autumn

BY MARION CRUM

Reprinted from "Collier's Weekly"

The joy o' livin's all around, th' bobwhites seem t'steal
Jest ev'ry chance t'bust their throats t'show how good
they feel!

Th' meadow larks keep chirrupin' an' a-whistlin' away—
Th' breeze's gettin' nipper, 'long toward th' close o' day—
I guess th' summer's done with, frosty feelin's in th' air,
Th' ol' earth's a-rollin' over, sorta changin' ev'rywhere

Th' crinklin' lilies in th' pond, 'way down there by th'
gate,

Seem t'tell o' freezes comin' an' o' ice enuf t'skate.
In th' purplin' sumac bushes, th' bendin' red haw tree
There's a whisperin', sorta quiet, joyous song o' glory be!
Hyah, you Bounder, quit your whinin'! Huh, time t'git
my gun?

What? Time t'go a-huntin'? Guess it is, my chores is
done.

Quit thrashin' round now, don't move, keep busy with
your eyes—

Just watch me plank him full o' shot when he begins
t'rise.

There! Go git him! Gosh, I missed! I'll have t'try
again,

My eyes ain't been so lame-like sence I don't remember
when—

But what's a little miss, huh? That's what I wanta
know?

I'll be shootin' mighty straight, 'fore rabbits track th'
snow!

Say, Bounder, kin you see it, thet soft, filmy sorta haze,
Thet's a-foldin' in th' valley with its sweet, embracin'
maze?

Is somepin in your dog-heart feelin' full, an' throbbin'
queer,

Like you loved most ev'rybody in th' hull ol' world
down here?

Doggone it! Life's a good thing when you take it all
 in all—
 But t'wouldn't be wuth livin', if the Lord left out the
 Fall!



As You Like It

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

ACT III. SCENE II.

SCENE—THE FOREST OF ARDEN.

Characters.

ROSALIND, *a daughter of the banished Duke.*

CELIA, *her cousin, daughter of Duke Frederick.*

ORLANDO, *Rosalind's lover.*

Rosalind is disguised as a boy and so is not recognized
 by Orlando Celia is disguised as a shepherdess.

ROS (*to Celia.*) I will speak to him like a saucy
 lacquey, and under that habit play the knave with him
 (*to Orlando.*) Do you hear, forester?

ORL Very well; what would you?

ROS I pray you, what is't o'clock?

ORL You should ask me, what time o'day: there's no
 clock in the forest

ROS Then there is no true lover in the forest; else
 sighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would
 detect the lazy foot of time, as well as a clock

ORL And why not the swift foot of time? had not
 that been as proper?

ROS By no means, sir: Time travels in divers paces
 with divers persons; I'll tell you who time ambles withal,
 who time trots withal, who time gallops withal and who
 he stands still withal

ORL I p'rythee whom doth he trot withal?

ROS Marry, he trots hard with a young maid between
 the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnized.
 If the interim be but a se'nnight, time's pace is so hard,
 that it seems the length of seven years.

ORL. Who ambles time withal?

ROS. With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout; for the one sleeps easily because he cannot study, and the other lives merrily because he feels no pain. These time ambles withal

ORL. Whom doth he gallop withal?

ROS. With a thief to the gallows; for, though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there

ORL. Who stays it withal?

ROS. With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how time moves. *[Celia advances]*

ORL. Where do you dwell, pretty youth?

ROS. With this shepherdess, my sister, here, in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

ORL. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

ROS. I have been told so of many; but, indeed, an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was, in his youth, an inland man; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it, and I thank heaven I am not a woman to be touched with so many giddy offences, as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal

ORL. Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

ROS. They were none principal; they were all like one another, as halfpence are: every one fault seeming monstrous, till his fellow fault came to match it.

ORL. I pr'thee, recount some of them.

ROS. No; I will not cast away my physic but on those that are sick. *[Celia retires up the Stage.]* There is a man haunts the forests that abuses our young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on branches, all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind. If I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

ORL. I am he that is so love-shaked; I pray you, tell me your remedy

ROS. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you; he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes, I am sure, you are not prisoner.

ORL. What were his marks?

ROS. A lean cheek; which you have not, a blue eye and sunken; which you have not: a beard neglected, which you have not:—but I pardon you for that.—Then your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and everything about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man, you are rather point device in your accoutrements—as loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other.

ORL. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love!

ROS. Me believe it! you may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does; this is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences.—But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees wherein Rosalind is so admired?

ORL. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am he, that unfortunate he.

ROS. But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

ORL. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much

ROS. Love is merely a madness; and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do. and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary, that the whippers are in love too; yet I profess curing it by counsel.

ORL. Did you ever cure any so?

ROS. Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress, and I set him every day to woo me: At which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate—changeable—longing, and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears—full of smiles; for every passion, something, and for no passion, truly, anything, as boys and women are, for the most part, cattle of this colour: would now like him, now loathe him, then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him, that I drave my suitor from his mad humor of love, to a living humour of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook, merely ro-

mantic. And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clear as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't.

ORL. I would not be cured, youth.

ROS. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cot and woo me

ORL. Now, by the faith of my love, I will! Tell me where it is

ROS. Go with me to it, and I will show it you; and, by the way, you shall tell me where in the forest you live.—Will you go? [Celia advances.

ORL. With all my heart, good youth.

ROS. Nay, nay, you must call me Rosalind. Come, sister, will you go? [Exeunt, R.

ACT IV. SCENE III.

SCENE—THE FOREST OF ARDEN.

Characters.

ROSALIND.

CELIA, *her cousin.*

ORLANDO, *her lover.*

Rosalind is still disguised as a boy and is not recognized by Orlando. She has induced Orlando to woo her under the name of Rosalind, and has promised to cure him of his love for the real Rosalind. Orlando does not wish to be cured, but accepts her proposition in sport. The following scene is one of his visits to the sheep cot, where Rosalind and Celia live in the Forest of Arden.

Act III. Scene II, which precedes this scene, may be given with this scene as the principal part on an evening's program

ORL. (L.) Good day, and happiness, dear Rosalind

ROS. (R.) Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while? You a lover?—An' you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

ORL. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

ROS. Break an hour's promise in love! He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of a thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him, that Cupid hath clapped him o' the shoulder, but I warrant him heart-whole.

ORL. Pardon me, dear Rosalind!

ROS. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight, I had as lief be wooed of a snail

ORL. Of a snail?

ROS. Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head, a better jointure, I think, than you can make a woman—Come, woo me, woo me, for now I am in holiday humour, and like enough to consent—What would you say to me now, an' I were your very, very Rosalind?

ORL. I would kiss before I spoke.

ROS. Nay, you were better speak first; and when you were gravelled for want of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators—when they are out, they will spit; and, for lovers lacking matter, the cleanest shift is to kiss.

ORL. How, if the kiss be denied?

ROS. Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter

ORL. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

ROS. Am I not your Rosalind?

ORL. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her

ROS. Well, in her person, I say—I will not have you.

ORL. Then, in mine own person, I die

ROS. No, 'faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, videlicet, in a love cause. Men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

ORL. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind, for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

Enter CELIA, R.

ROS. (c.) By this hand, it will not kill a fly! But come now I will be your Rosalind, in a more coming-on disposition; and ask me what you will, I will grant it

ORL. (L. c.) Then love me, Rosalind

ROS. Yes, faith, will I, Fridays and Saturdays and all.

ORL. And wilt thou have me?

ROS. Ay, and twenty such

ORL. What say'st thou?

ROS. Are you not good?

ORL I hope so.

ROS Why, then, can one desire too much of a good thing?—Come, sister, you shall be the priest, and marry us.—Give me your hand, Orlando:—What do you say, sister?

CEL. (R) I cannot say the words.

ROS You must begin—Will you, Orlando—

CEL Go to.—Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?

ORL. I will

ROS. Ay, but when?

ORL. Why, now; as fast as she can marry us.

ROS. Then you must say—I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

ORL. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife

ROS. Now, tell me how long you would have her after you possessed her?

ORL. Forever, and a day.

ROS. Say a day, without the ever; no, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes, when they are wives. (*Celia retires up the Stage.*) I will be more jealous of thee, than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen; more clamorous than a parrot against rain; more new-fangled than an ape; more giddy in my desires than a monkey, I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that, when you are disposed to be merry: I will laugh like a hyena, and that, when you are inclined to sleep.

ORL. But will my Rosalind do so?

ROS. By my life she will do as I do!

ORL. Oh, but she is wise?

ROS. Or else she could not have the wit to do this; the wiser, the waywarder: make the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole; stop that, it will fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

ORL. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

ROS. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours!

ORL. I must attend the duke at dinner, by two o'clock I will be with thee again

ROS. Ay, go your ways, go your ways; I knew what

you would prove! my friends told me as much, and I thought no less that flattering tongue of yours won me; 'tis but one cast away, and so—come death Two o'clock is your hour?

ORL. Ay, sweet Rosalind!

ROS. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathological break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful. therefore, beware my censure, and keep your promise

ORL. With no less religion, than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: so, adieu!

ROS. Well, time is the old justice, that examines all such offenders, and let time try. Adieu! [*Exit Orlando, L.*]

CEL. You have simply misused our sex in your love-prate.

ROS. (L.) Oh, coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded: my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal

CEL. Or, rather, bottomless, that, as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.



I count this thing to be grandly true;

That a noble deed is a step toward God,

Lifting the soul from the common clod

To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by the things that are under feet;

By what we have mastered of good and gain;

By the pride deposed and the passion slain,

And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound;

But we build the ladder by which we rise

From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,

And we mount to its summit round by round

J. G. Holland.

The New Brother

BY JOE LINCOLN.

Say, I've got a little brother,
Never teased to have him, nuther;
But he's here.

They just went ahead and bought him,
And, last week, the doctor brought him;
Wa'n't that queer?

When I heard the news from Molly,
Why, I thought at first 'twas jolly,
'Cause you see

I s'posed I could go an' see him,
And then mamma course would let him
Play with me.

But when I oncet looked at him,
"Why," I says, "My sakes, is *that* him—
Just that mite!"

They said "Yes," and "Ain't he cunnin',"
And I thought they must be funnin';
He's a sight!

He's so small, it's just amazin',
And you'd think he was ablazin',
He's so red.

And his nose is like a berry,
And he's bald as Uncle Jerry
On his head.

Why, he isn't worth a dollar,
All he does is cry and holler
More and more.

Won't sit up—you can't arrange him,
I don't see why Pa don't change him
At the store.

The Speaker

Now we got to dress and feed him,
An' we really didn't need him
More'n a frog.

Why'd they buy a baby brother,
When they know I'd good deal ruther
Have a dog?



The Horn of Plenty

BY MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN

Reprinted from "Collier's Weekly" for Thanksgiving, 1911



REBECCA REDDY wasn't satisfied with what a higher Providence had lotted out to her, and she reached up beyond her height for more, and pulled things all to pieces, and lost her own balance.

"There she had a beautiful old house to live in, and enough money at interest to pay the taxes and keep it in repair, and she had to pity herself, and complain, and get herself and everybody else stirred up. People used to drop in to see her a good deal, and she used to neighbor a lot as she grew older, and all she talked about was her deprivations and her hardships. I suppose she was honest enough about it. She had been such a beauty and a darling that she felt puzzled and injured because she didn't have what she knew she wanted and didn't know she wanted. Anyway, she got the whole town up in arms over her hard lot. Everybody was pitying her and thinking she had an awful time. She never lost a pretty little way she had, and she coaxed everybody round to her way of thinking until we were all about as mad as she was herself that she couldn't go dressed in the top notch of style and take trips round the world and live on roast swans. It was about a week before Thanksgiving, a good many years ago, that Aurelia Ames came to see me about Rebecca, and she shed tears. Aurelia was one of the sweetest women that

ever lived, and most of her tears were for the troubles of other folks. When one came to think of it fair and square, Aurelia hadn't had any too fine a time in this world herself. Her husband had got the old-fashioned consumption before her two little girls were grown up, and she had had to dressmake. Then just when her husband had finally died, and she could draw a long breath, because, though she had thought a lot of him, he had been an awful care, and cross as a bear all the time, one of her girls got married to a worthless sort of chap, and had a baby and died, and her husband skipped, and Aurelia had to take the child. Then the other girl, who was a real help to her mother, got consumption, the quick kind, and died, and Aurelia wasn't very strong herself, working hard to support the baby, and the baby wasn't a pretty child, and sick a good deal, and when it was well chock full of mischief, but Aurelia never seemed to think she was an object of pity, not even for herself. So in she comes and shed tears over Rebecca Reddy. 'Poor soul,' says she. 'There she was born Squire Reddy's daughter, and used to have everything, and she can't even have a turkey for her Thanksgiving dinner.' All Aurelia was going to have was a roast of pork, but she didn't seem to think of that, and all I was going to have was a chicken, but I must say I didn't think of that myself. I remember that I felt about as much wrought up as Aurelia did over Rebecca. I don't think I shed any tears. I never was easy to cry, but I was wrought up. 'It is dreadful,' says I. You see, I called to mind that beautiful girl sitting all dressed up with her beaux around her on her front porch when I was going by to school, and I remembered how grand the great dining-room in the squire's house was, with its Turkey carpet, and mahogany furniture, and great sideboard, and solid silver service, and willow ware, and pictures with wide gold frames, and the dinners Rebecca must have been used to, and it did seem rather dreadful to think of her sitting down on Thanksgiving Day to eat a hen that she had raised herself. 'To think of that poor soul, brought up as she was, not having even a turkey—nothing but a he-n,' says Aurelia, in that lovely trembling voice of hers. Then I sat up straight. 'If you don't

The Speaker

think she will be offended she shall have the very best turkey that I can buy at Peters,' says I

"'She needn't know it—that is, she needn't know who sent it,' says Aurelia 'I thought I would send her a couple of my mince pies, with just a line saying they came from a constant old friend and admirer, not because she needed them, but just because she lived alone, and might not be making mince pies just for herself. I haven't got it worded just right yet'

"I said I thought it was a good plan, and I would send the turkey, and would write something after Aurelia's plan to go with it. Aurelia went home a little comforted, but I could see her wipe her eyes now and then as she went down the street. If everybody were as tender-hearted as Aurelia Ames was, one-half of creation would drown out the other half with tears of pity for its troubles. As I look back I think Aurelia was almost too tender-hearted. I wasn't so much so, but I think sometimes such things are sort of catching. There really was no more hardship for Rebecca to have a chicken for her Thanksgiving dinner than for me, but it looked so then, and I couldn't seem to see it any other way.

"So I went to Peters' market. We always called it Peters, but Sam Rumson kept it. Peters had moved out West long before I didn't get to the market till two days before Thanksgiving. I had a bad cold, and when I did go I was a little afraid I might be careless. But I kept thinking of poor Rebecca Reddy with nothing for her Thanksgiving dinner but a hen, and I bundled up and I went, though it was a raw day. When I got to the market, Rumson had just two turkeys left, one was big enough for a hotel, weighed somewhere around eighteen pounds, and the other wasn't worth looking at, not much bigger than a good-sized chicken, with a long, thin neck, and all bristling with pin feathers, as miserable-looking a turkey as any I ever set eyes on. 'Seems to me you have pretty well sold out your turkeys,' says I to Sam Rumson, and he grinned. 'Well, it's near time to,' says he

"'Haven't you got any except these two?' says I, looking at the big one and the little skinny one.

"'These are all I have left,' says Rumson. Then he

looks at the big one. 'That's the finest bird I've had brought in this year,' says he 'That is a prize bird for a State fair, that is.'

"'But I don't want a prize bird for a State fair,' says I 'I only want a turkey for one woman, and I should think she could never live long enough to dispose of that, even if he kept.'

"'Keep all right,' says Rumson 'He was a sharp one 'It's cold enough now to keep anything.'

"'That's so,' says I, 'but I never heard of buying a turkey that size for one woman.'

"'I've seen women that eat as hearty as men,' says Rumson, 'and this bird will make mighty good eating'

"Well, the outcome of it was I was goose enough to buy that turkey. He was big enough to send to the President, weighed over eighteen pounds, and I sent with it, written real nice on gilt-edged paper, a note. I can remember every word of it. I made it up when I was housed with my cold. This was what I wrote: 'Miss Rebecca Reddy, Dear Madam—Please accept from an old friend this slight token of a lifelong admiration and respect, and may it conduce to a happier Thanksgiving than you would otherwise have had.' I must say I felt kind of tickled when I thought of calling that monstrous turkey a 'slight' token. It struck me, whatever else he was, he wasn't slight. When I told Rumson to have the turkey sent to Miss Rebecca Reddy, I noticed his face change a little. He looked as if he'd started to laugh, then choked it back, and acted as solemn as a deacon. I paid him for that turkey and went home as fast as I could.

"Well, Thanksgiving morning came. It was a beautiful day. I thought I would go to meeting. I knew I could leave the stove so the chicken wouldn't burn, and I had just got it into the oven, and was going upstairs to get dressed, when in comes Aurelia as pale as a sheet and all of a-tremble. 'Oh,' says she, 'do come over to that poor soul's just as quick as you can! Get the camphor bottle and come. I've got a bottle of my blackberry wine. I don't know as it will do a mite of good.'

"'What are you talking about?' says I.

"'Oh,' says she, and sort of sobs: 'Poor Rebecca!'

"'What about her?' says I.

"'She's got a bad spell,' says Aurelia. 'Do come quick as you can! I didn't fetch my camphor bottle. Maria Liscom just run in and told me. Her little girl had been over to carry some celery, and she found that poor soul in a spell, and she run all the way home to tell her ma. Maria has gone right over there.'

"'How about the doctor?' says I, getting my shawl and knit hood out of the sitting-room closet.

"'Maria sent her Lilly for the doctor,' says Aurelia. 'Have you got the camphor bottle?'

"'I had a good-sized camphor bottle, and I hugged it up under my shawl and we started on a run for the Reddy house. On the way the doctor passed with his old horse at a gallop. 'Oh, dear! oh, dear!' says Aurelia. 'There goes Doctor Simson, but I know it's too late. Poor Rebecca!'

"'She isn't dead yet,' says I, all out of breath.

"'You don't know. Oh, you don't know,' says Aurelia.

"'I certainly didn't know, but I remember feeling thankful that she couldn't have had time to even cook that big turkey, let alone eat him, so if she was dead, I hadn't killed her. Then we went on till we come in sight of Squire Reddy's, and there was a whole crowd of folks standing around the front door and going in, and horses and buggies were hitched outside the fence beside the doctor's.

"'When Aurelia and I got to the door we heard what everybody standing there was listening to. It was a queer noise. It wasn't crying and it wasn't laughing, and it wasn't groaning, and it wasn't talking—at least not then, but it was something betwixt them all.

"'She must be dreadful sick,' says Clara Todd. Clara was a pretty young girl, and she had run without her hat, and her yellow hair was ruffling all over her head, and her cheeks were pale and her blue eyes big.

"'It is a dreadful spell,' gasps Aurelia. 'She never will get over it.'

"'Then Aurelia and I went through the crowd into the house. As soon as I went in I smelled celery and cake and spice. The whole house smelled rich and sweet. Folks were standing peeking into the dining-room, and Aurelia and I headed for there. There lay Rebecca on the floor, with the doctor down on his knees feeling

her pulse, and she was keeping right on making those awful noises, but in spite of my feeling so scared about her, I couldn't help fairly jumping at the sight that room was, and the sight the sitting-room was—the door stood open—and the sight the hall was. It did look for all the world like a country fair, or a great grocery establishment. Chickens and turkeys and roasts of pork and hams were lying all around. The air seemed fairly bristling with those stiff fowl's legs. And there were bunches of celery everywhere and stacks of pies and cakes and puddings, and nice little glass dishes of jelly, and bowls full of nuts and raisins, and vegetables. There were bushels of onions and turnips and potatoes and beets. There were hubbard squashes and pumpkins. There were baskets of apples and oranges and eggs, and paper bags full of goodness knew what. I never had seen anything like it. I felt as if I might have a spell myself. 'What in creation does it all mean?' says I to Aurelia. Then she gives me a nudge and sort of pointed with her chin, and I looked, and there was poor Thomas Dean. He had an enormous paper bag under his arm, and the paper had broken and some nuts and candy were tumbling out. There Thomas Dean stood looking at that woman, he had worshiped ever since he knew what worship meant, having a spell, and the tears were rolling right down over his cheeks. Thomas Dean had kept his looks better than Rebecca had done. He was a real handsome little man, and he was so good and so worried over his precious Rebecca.

"Aurelia looked at him, then at me, and the tears ran down her own cheeks. 'She must have had all this sent in,' says Aurelia, sort of choking, 'and it must have been too much for her.'

"That was exactly what had happened. Rebecca had had her piece of pie, that Providence thought suited to her, lotted out to her, and she had rebelled, and this was the outcome. Doctor Simson looks round finally and sees me, and I guess he knew I was to be depended on, for he calls out real rough—he was a pretty rough-spoken old man—'Mrs. Armstrong, for God's sake, come here and shut the doors and keep all the rest of the fools out.'

"When I came to think of it afterward, it didn't sound

so very complimentary to me—sounded as if he classed me in with the rest, but I did just as he told me to. I faced round on the others, and I says. 'You all hear what the doctor says,' and with that the folks seemed to scurry out like a parcel of hens, and I locked the doors. When I turned round, though, there was Thomas Dean left. He had sort of huddled into a corner, and there he stood, staring with his pitiful brown eyes, holding his paper bag, with the things all dropping out of it. Doctor Simson saw him, and he sort of laughed. 'You are the biggest fool of all, Thomas,' says he, 'but you can stay. Now, Abby Armstrong, get me a tumbler half full of water.'

"I had to slip out into the kitchen for that, and the folks were all out in the entry staring, and the kitchen was heaped up with things worse than the other rooms. There was a turkey half stuffed on the table, and my big turkey was on the floor, and Rebecca's cat was smelling it, and I drove her away. I got the water, and went back, and locked the door after me, and the doctor dropped some medicine into the tumbler. Then he lifted poor Rebecca's head, and it actually waggled, and he fairly yelled at her: 'Here, you, stop this confounded noise and drink this,' and Thomas Dean gave a sort of leap forward, and Doctor Simson shouted at him: 'Keep away, man. It is the only way to treat her.' Then the doctor yelled at Rebecca again. 'Here, you, drink this or—' and poor Rebecca, she stopped and swallowed the medicine as meek as a lamb. But in a second, after she had got her wind, she talked connectedly. 'Oh,' says she, in that high, screeching, cackling voice, that sounded like a parrot's. 'Oh, oh! Twenty-seven turkeys, fourteen chickens, seven roasts of pork, sixteen hams, eighteen cakes, fifty-three pies. Oh, twenty-two!' Then the doctor shook her, though Thomas Dean made as if he would knock him down for it. 'You let me alone, Thomas,' says Doctor Simson. 'I know what I'm about.' Then he shook her again, and she stared at him like a helpless baby. 'You just stop,' says he, and she did stop.

"'Now,' says he to me, 'you do seem to have a few wits left. Thomas and I will help her upstairs, and you can undress this woman and get her to bed.'

"It was lucky that there was a staircase running out

of that room beside the one in the front entry. Doctor Simson and Thomas Dean—Thomas had set his paper bag down on the floor, and it was slowly collapsing, while nuts and raisins and oranges and all sorts of things gathered round it—helped Rebecca upstairs, and I got her undressed and put her to bed. I don't know what Doctor Simson had given her—he had the name of giving real strong medicine—but her head hadn't more than touched the pillow before she was quiet, and she sunk right off to sleep like a baby. I heard afterward that the doctor said he had never seen a worse case of hysterics, and she had a weak heart and it might have been dangerous.

"When I got back downstairs, Doctor Simson was talking to the folks. 'Now,' says he, 'all of you take what you have brought, or sent here, and get it home. I have been as big a fool as anybody else, and pretty near killed a woman I've known since she was knee-high, and always thought a good deal of. I knew Rebecca had enough to get along with, and that she was only amusing herself nursing her grievances instead of a baby, and didn't want to part with them, and I sent her a turkey, when she would enough sight rather have had one of her own chickens, and thought while she ate it that she was a blessed martyr. My turkey is the one she was fixing to cook. I'll leave that, but the rest of you sort out what you have sent her and get it out of this house, or I won't answer for the consequences.'

"Well, they just hustled around, and it was like a moving grocery establishment. Thomas Dean left his paper bag and went home, walking sort of slow, with his head bent, but everybody else took away their contributions. Aurelia and I stayed and finished dressing the turkey and getting the rest of the dinner started. Then Aurelia took hold of the neck of my big turkey, and I took hold of the feet, and we carried him out in the woodshed. 'I will get Sammy Joyce to come with his express wagon and get him by and by,' says I; 'then you and your grandchild come over Sunday and help eat him. He'll keep.'

"We finished getting Rebecca's dinner, and by that time Susan Jones, the nurse had come. Doctor Simson had sent her. She said as soon as Rebecca waked

up, she would see that she ate her dinner, and she had seen a great many cases of hysterics and she knew just what to do. Then Aurelia and I went home"

Lucilla had been listening interestedly. "Is that all?" said she

"No," said her sister. "Rebecca Reddy, she got married to Thomas Dean the next June, and came out bride the first Sunday in a beautiful old organdie that she hadn't made over. It had a sort of running pattern of roses over it, and the skirt was full and just showed the little pointed tips of her feet when she stepped up the church aisle with Thomas, and she wore a narrow green ribbon round her waist, and a big hat trimmed with lilacs, and a fall of white lace over the brim, and she looked beautiful, like a rose that had been freshened up in some queer kind of water of the spirit. As for Thomas Dean, he looked as if he had reached the goal that he had been looking forward to all his life. Then they lived together in the old Squire Reddy house, and were as happy as could be, and they both died within a week of each other, and are buried in the Reddy lot with myrtle all over their graves, and I for one don't doubt that they are happy together in heaven. Rebecca must have liked Thomas all the time, only she was looking too high, and missed the flower at her feet for the sake of straining after the star in the sky that maybe wasn't worth while if she had got it"



Longing is God's fresh heavenward will
With our poor earthward striving;
We quench it that we may be still
Content with merely living;
But would we know that heart's full scope
Which we are hourly wronging,
Our lives must climb from hope to hope
And realize our longing.

—James Russell Lowell

In Christmas Land

BY FRANK L. STANTON.

In the beams and gleams came the Christmas dreams
To the little children there
And hand in hand to the Christmas land—
'Neath the Christmas skies so fair,
They went away in a magic sleigh
That tinkled with silver bells,
Over the white of the snow, one night,
Where the King of the Christmas dwells.

They saw him marshal his soldiers small,
In beautiful, bright brigades;
At the tap o' the drum they saw them come
With guns and glittering blades.
The little soldiers were made of tin,
With painted coats of red,
And they drilled away, with their banners gay,
By a cute little captain led.

But alas! for the King o' the Christmas land
And the march that his soldiers made!
For the dolls were dressed in their very best—
Oh, the dolls were on dress parade!
And they smiled so sweet at the soldiers brave—
Each beautiful, fairy doll,—
They dropped their guns for the smile they gave,
An' ran away with them all!

But—such is the wonder of Christmas land—
When in the morning light
The children awoke from the Christmas dreams,
There stood the soldiers bright;
And the dolls were smiling their sweetest smiles,
And they said, "From our land so true
The soldiers brought us a thousand miles
To the homes and the hearts of you!"

The Breaking of the Ice Bridge

A despatch from Niagara Falls, N. Y., in the daily papers of February 5, 1912.



THE great ice bridge that has choked the river channel between the cataract and the upper steel arch bridge below the falls for the last three weeks broke from its shoring just at noon to-day and went down the river, taking with it to their death a man and woman, said to be Mr. and Mrs. Eldridge Stanton, of Toronto, and Burrell Heacock, 17 years old, of Cleveland. Four other persons were on the ice at the time, but managed to get ashore in safety.

The bridge was considered perfectly safe. For weeks the great fields of ice had been coming down the river, piling up against the barrier until it was from 60 to 80 feet thick, and under the influence of zero weather the great mass had become firmly anchored to the shore. The jam was about 1000 feet in length and in some places a quarter of a mile in breadth. For two weeks it had offered safe passage to the hardy, and to-day an immense crowd of excursionists came to view the winter wonder of the river. Had the accident happened an hour later in the day hundreds would have lost their lives, for the crowd was moving down into Prospect Park to the elevators that run down the cliff for the purpose of venturing out upon the ice.

Somewhere, deep in the great whirlpool to-night sleeps the man partially identified as Mr. Stanton, who twice put aside chances of rescue in order to remain with his terror-stricken wife, and who, in the shadow of death—just at the break in the rapids, spurned assistance for himself and attempted to bind about the woman's body a rope dangling from the lower steel arch bridge. And the lad, Burrell Heacock, was cast in the same mould. Had he not turned back on the ice to give assistance to the man, he too, might have made the shore.

Besides these three, five men were on the ice bridge at the time it tore loose from the shore. All of these safely reached the Canadian side, but the others became

confused, and by the time they had regained their composure, the bridge was floating fast down the river

The man and the woman started first towards the American shore, but they were stopped by a lane of open water. Back they ran again towards the Canadian side, turned about and made for the American side. When hardly more than 50 yards from the rocky shore, the woman fell on her face, utterly spent.

"I can't go on; I can't go on," she cried. "Let us die here."

And all the time the great field of ice, driven onward by a southwest gale and pressed by a jam broken free from its anchorage near the base of the Horseshoe Falls, went on breasting the mightiest current in all the river, without being broken. As the woman fell, the man strove to get her on her feet again and tried to drag her along the ice, calling for assistance to Roth and Heacock, who were nearest. Heacock turned back to the couple, and helped support the woman. This cost him his life.

Men were making desperate efforts to reach the three on the ice floe. But at a point about 600 feet below the upper steel arch bridge the ice field broke into two great fields, and the moving floe, with the three helpless beings, passed slowly down the river

Meantime a general alarm of fire had called out men on both sides of the river. They took station with ropes along the shore, but the floe was far beyond their reach. The Niagara avenue firemen were sent to the lower steel arch bridge and there waited with a rope. The Canadian firemen had two ropes from the Cantilever bridge, which is about 300 yards above the other structure.

Just above the old Maid of the Mist landing, a quarter of a mile from the whirlpool rapids, the floe on which the three were borne broke into two sections, each about 200 feet square, the man and woman on one, Heacock on the other. Heacock waved his hand to his companions in distress as his floe moved clear of the other, and, caught in a current, raced down the river. The other floe then shot towards the American shore, where it was caught in an eddy and whirled there for about five minutes. This was within sight of the tumbling waters that marked the beginning of the rapids, and death.

Heacock saw the ropes dangling from the bridge and made ready to catch one. Very coolly he took off his

overcoat, and poised himself on the tossing floe. In his course there dangled one rope, and a second was moved toward him. He caught one and jumped free of the ice.

The sag of the rope at that great drop, 200 feet, let him into the chilly water up to his waist. And before he was clear of it he was frightfully battered by three successive floes of jutting ice.

Not content with the efforts of the men above to draw him up, he tried to assist himself hand over hand. But the hour or more that the boy had been on the ice and the effects of the icy ducking had sapped his strength. He stopped trying to pull himself up and hung limp on the rope, which spun him around like a top. The men pulled steadily. Ten feet, twenty, twenty-five, thirty feet, up he came. The great crowd on the bridges cheered—those that were not weeping.

Grimly the boy hung on, trying always to get his legs about the rope. Then his hands began to slip. He sought to get hold of the rope with his teeth, but he could not. Finally, just as he was about 60 feet clear of the water, his head fell back. He was utterly spent. He lost his grip and plunged far down into the stream. When he came up his face turned toward the great wave, and he feebly moved his arms in the breast stroke. But the mighty rush of water was too much for him. He was caught like a cork and was sent racing on to the midst of the seething waters. For perhaps a half minute he was in view, and then he was no more seen; he was swallowed up in the spume.

Heacock's failure was witnessed by the man on the other floe. The woman, apparently, dared not look. The man appeared calm as he, in turn, prepared to make a play against death.

As the couple swung under the Cantilever bridge the man grasped a rope and tried to put it about the woman's waist. The force of the current was too much for the rope. It parted, and the man waved the torn end toward the crowd.

There was still another chance—the rope that was dropped from the lower steel arch bridge by the Niagara avenue firemen. As the floe went into Swift Drift the man caught it, and grimly hung on. He was given slack and tried to wind the rope about the woman's waist. He fumbled in his agony of effort, as if his hands were

numbed. The rush of the ice in the stream was overpowering. When he could not tie the rope about the woman he let it go.

There apparently was no thought of himself. He raised the woman to her feet, kissed her, and clasped her in his arms. The woman made as if to cross herself, then sank to her knees. The man knelt beside her, his arms clasped close about her.

So they went to their death. The ice held intact until it struck the great wave. There it was shivered, there the gallant man and the woman at his side disappeared from view.



Hans' Hens

BY CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS



WID I told you about my jungest son, yes? He is an imertader. De udder day my oldes' boy who is goin' to be a Padarefski vas knockin' der scales off der biano, an' der secon' son who had been fishin' vas knockin' der scales off a fish, an' so liddle Karl he runs him into der grocery store unt knocks der scales off der counter.

Ain' dot silly? I shoost made der feerst two boys do dot scales bizziness so dot I could make up dot vun about Karl. Und a funny t'ing about id iss dot I haven't two udder boys at all. Only shoost Karl, unt he iss my nephew.

My mudder-in-law she is my aunt. She vas my aunt ven I vas born but she didn't get to be my mudder-in-law until I married Katrina. Katrina iss her daughder unt my wife. I vish dot Katrina's mudder vas only my aunt yet—ain'd id? Dere is someding about a mudder-in-law dat ubseeds peeble. Shoost to look at Katrina's mudder you vould t'ink she vas no vairse dan an aunt, but dot iss pecause she neffer vould haf come to liff mit you. Eef I am cross mit Katrina my mudder-in-law always takes Katrina's sides unt makes me sorry she vas not my aunt only, alretty yet. She says dot she objectut

to cousins becomin' vifes, unt I say dot I objec' to aunts becomin' mudder-in-laws, unt so it goes from vairse to bad until I vish dot Katrina had married out of der family.

De udder day I took my vife unt her mudder to zee Kellar, unt he did zome vondairful tricks, unt at lezt he made der vanishing lady trick. After der show vas over I vent to see Kellar unt asked him if he would take some money away from me to make my mudder-in-law vanish, unt vot do you suppose he said? Dot he couldn't do id because she wasn't a lady

Of course, I see der choke because I haff lived in deez coundry t'irty year, unt I know my mudder-in-law, but ven I vent home unt tole Kellar's funny choke to her she does not at all der point zee. She is so mat unt uses such langwitches dot I tole her dot if she didn'd look out she vould spoil der pleasure of her visit mit me, unt dot make her so mat dot she say she vill not stay to be insultit, unt she vent home. So I write to Kellar how much I owed him, because eefen if my mudder-in-law vas not a lady she had vanished.

I vant to ask you for der remetty for my schickens layin' so funny. I haf a dozen of schickens, unt a neighbor tells me dot if I don'd vant dem to be stoled I make dem roost high. Unt I ask him how I shall teach dem to roost at all, unt he say, "Get a rooster, unt ven dey see him roost dey vill become roosters, too." But I guess dot iss hiss choke.

But I make der perches ten feet high unt dot iss all righd; der hens go up dair unt sit down, but in der morning dey are so high dey are afrait to come down unt so dey lay deir eggs up dere. Dey are splendut schickens unt lay big eggs, better as der groceryman has, but de eggs fall so far dot de yolk run out of der shell der minid dey hit der grount. Now I don'd know vot to do. Eight, nine, ten eggs a day iss lard, but dey is all broken ven dey hit der grount. Of course, uff dere vas no grount dey wouldn't get breaked, unt dot giff me an idea. I dell Katrina dot der grount iss too hard unt I ought to get swan's down, unt she say better I get der schickens down.

But ven nearly sixty eggs iss all smasheet on der floor of der hen-house I make up a plan dot is all righd. I

buy me tvelff boys' caps for fifty cents abiece unt I fastens dem on tvelff poles so dot dey come under der hens, unt ven I go oud again dere iss an eggs in each cap Vot iss der use mit prains unless a man uses dem. De reason zome peebles don'd have success mit hens is peacause dey don'd use chudgment

But experience has school poys De nex' time I buy me some secon'-han' caps, peacause ven I pay me six dollars out for caps to get tvelff eggs it is too much Unt anyway der hens don'd lay any more peacause dey are sick from livin' on a perch all der vile. I, too, vould get sick from livin' on a perch peacause I hate fish.



Intercollegiate Athletics

This brief in favor of intercollegiate athletics was prepared by E. E. Huntsman, of Emory and Henry College, Emory, Va

Resolved, That Intercollegiate Athletics should be abolished.

NEGATIVE.

I General meaning of the question.

- (a) The question refers to all intercollegiate athletic contests, and not to any particular kind.
- (b) If football, or any other game, is brutal and dangerous and should be abolished, then abolish them; but because one or two games are dangerous does not mean that the entire system must be sacrificed for a part, rather than a part for the whole
- (c) Intercollegiate athletics take in many different kinds of competitive sport
- (d) To abolish intercollegiate athletics would mean that every college must give up absolutely every kind of intercollegiate athletic sport
- (e) A man who has his arm injured is not killed; but his arm is removed, that he may live. So it is with intercollegiate athletics.

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2. The opponents of the present system point to the defects as sufficient proof of the need of its abolition

(a) There are defects, but they have been greatly exaggerated

(1) There has never been anything made by man that is perfect, and it would be a great fallacy to admit that because a few or many instances of mismanaged athletics can be shown that the entire system is a failure

(a) The Christian church, while everyone will admit its usefulness, has at times been mismanaged, has stopped progress, has crowned ignorance. The French Revolution furnishes another instance of mismanagement, yet we do not say that democracy and republican institutions should be abolished

3. The merits of intercollegiate athletics overbalance the evils, and the system must be kept and encouraged under proper restraint

(a) The negative will attempt to prove that intercollegiate athletics are beneficial to every school participating

(b) That they are not detrimental to the educational interests of the schools.

(c) That they are not destructive of good morals, but that they are, as a whole, great aids in making the college student the prospective citizen.

4. Intercollegiate athletics are beneficial to every school participating.

(a) Good athletics in colleges are essential.

(1) The sound mind in the sound body.

(2) Youth is the time for physical development.

(3) Without athletics students do not get sufficient exercise.

(a) There is no need for physical exertion

(b) We have no military as in the European countries

- (b) Since everyone will admit that the student must develop his body as well as his mind, we must have a system that will insure this development. Intercollegiate athletics is the only system that will do this

(a) There must be a stimulus for work of any kind.

(1) In the classroom there is a sufficient stimulus in the form of marks, honors and medals, while in the field the stimulus afforded is the desire to make good on some team that represents the college.

(a) Destroy the system of giving marks, honors and medals, and you lower the scholarship of the entire school. Destroy intercollegiate athletics, and you remove almost completely the stimulus for physical development

- (c) Intercollegiate athletics furnish more stimulus for physical development

(1) Man by nature is adventurous. He likes to run risks. The very fact that he knows he must match his strength with a foreign foe causes him to strive harder.

(a) Class games cannot take the place of intercollegiate athletics.

(1) Experience of colleges that have abolished intercollegiate football and substituted class games has shown that interest in football at once drops.

(2) Comparison of Field Day at any college with any intercollegiate Field Day.

(3) Proof of this fact is found in the stimulus for physical development that a baseball team arouses in any town.

5 Intercollegiate athletics are not detrimental to the educational interests of any school.

(a) Proof of this statement is found in the fol-

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lowing fact: In 1903 all of the schools of New York, numbering nearly six hundred thousand children, organized an "Interschool Athletic Association." The result of this experiment has been that the desire for physical exercise has been greatly stimulated. General Wyngate, of New York, says that this stimulus for physical development has resulted in a better race of boys, both physically and mentally. General Wyngate says further, "With every year the standard of athletic ability in the schools becomes higher, and records which when made were considered wonderful are now surpassed. Accompanying this, is a marked improvement in the carriage of the person, alertness of mind and body, and the general air of strength resulting from the athletic exercises which the children have pursued."

(b) Very often the objection is advanced that intercollegiate athletics result in a deficiency in academic work.

(1) This objection is unsound, because of the very fact that every school requires a student to make a certain grade in his studies before he can play on any team. The result of this rule has been that many a dull and indifferent scholar has been made a fairly good one, because he coveted athletic honors.

(2) This theory has proved untrue in the case of the New York schools.

(a) A teacher in one of the New York schools made this statement, shortly after the Interschool Athletic Association had been organized: "All the little imps in my class have become saints, not because they want to be saints, but because they want to compete in your games."

(b) Recently the high schools of Nebraska organized an interschool athletic association. After the system had been in operation for some time a distinguished professor inquired of

the leading high schools of that State the success of interschool athletics on the academic work. No schools responded that the effect was bad, 8 per cent said that they could see no change either way, while 92 per cent declared that interschool contests had assisted remarkably in raising the standard of the entire school.

- (c) Professor Woodward, of the University of Washington, says: "It is my conviction that we have made a serious mistake in not fostering intercollegiate athletics. In a great measure we have defeated ourselves."

6. Intercollegiate athletics are not destructive of good morals

- (a) They form an atmosphere of temperance in every college that nothing else can do.

(1) Before the time of intercollegiate contests there were always fights between the college students and the town. Many were dissipated men, and a spree and a row furnished recreation. However, many such men, under the present system, find occupation for all this activity in constant training, with the result that college disorders have almost become a thing of the past.

- (a) Men who are in training cannot dissipate.

(b) Coach will not allow it. A dissipated man cannot hope to excel in athletics. Professor Hadley says: "It is not from the cult of the Muses, but from the cult of Bacchus, as a rule, that these games turn the efforts and thoughts of students."

- (c) Hazing has practically disappeared since the present system has been established.

(1) The old student finds it very

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hard to haze a man who has a good chance for the team

- (2) Hazing used to furnish recreation for the students, but now recreation is found in constant training. Those who haze are not the continual dregs or weak-bodied men, but those who have the most physical energy and who spend only a part of the time at study.
- (3) If it were possible to substitute class games for intercollegiate athletics this change would not be advisable, for this reason:
 - (a) The experience of many colleges has shown that when only class games are played there are always hard feelings between the classes
 - (b) Riots and disorders in the student body will destroy the usefulness of a college as nothing else can do
 - (c) This tendency, however, is checked by intercollegiate athletics, because the college teams are composed of members from all the classes and no class can claim the championship, since the college teams represent the entire college and not a part
- (b) Intercollegiate athletics teach self-control and fairness.
 - (1) Students learn fairness only by competition. Arlo Bates, although he opposed intercollegiate athletics, is forced to say, "The claim that they develop pluck, and produce a gain in self-control and fairness, is undoubtedly well founded. No one for an instant could deny the worth of these things."

- (2) There has been a steady improvement in the spirit of the college youth during the past twenty years.
- (3) The majority of students go to college unformed, and while there they learn self-control and fairness.
 - (a) This is the reason that the first-year man often violates the spirit of courtesy and fairness in his sports, but soon gains these attributes after he has played on a college team for some time.
- (4) The Duke of Wellington attributed his success to the athletic fields of Eton, of Westminster and of Rugby.
- (c) Intercollegiate athletics fuse together the members of a college community, develop a college democracy, create a college spirit.



The Recall of Judges

Affirmative, Doane College. Negative, Colner University.

Won by the negative The speeches given by Doane College are given below.

Resolved, That all judges, other than Federal, should be subject to the popular recall.

First affirmative speech:

BY CHARLES E. KELLOGG.

Introduction

I. Statement of the question.

- 1. Advocates of the recall do not necessarily advocate the short and elective tenure of office, nor do they necessarily oppose the long and appointive tenure
- 2 The question is, simply, shall the people be em-

powered to end the term of office when, for good cause, they deem it necessary?

- 3 Affirmative advocates the popular recall, not to remedy the evils in our judicial system due to bad laws, incompetent lawyers, corrupt juries, etc., but to remedy the evils due to judges for,

II. Statement of issues.

1. Our present method of check on the actions of our judges is inadequate.
2. The recall is the proper and adequate check and will remedy the existing evils due to judges
3. Recall will introduce no new or serious evils.

Discussion.

1. Our present methods of check are inadequate.
 1. Impeachment and redress by legislatures have not worked in practice for—
 - a. Incompetent men remain in office for—
 - w. Police judges give decisions on the basis of personal feelings
 - x. Discriminations, in a very large number of cases, are made in favor of the rich man, against the poor man
 - y. Many decisions are reversed
 - z Judges defeat good legislation by their interpretations of the law
 - b Corrupt judges sit on the bench to-day
 - c. Such men as Bryan, Cummins, LaFollette and Roosevelt testify that present methods are inadequate.
 2. Impeachment and redress by legislature are not sound in theory.
 - a Impeachment
 - x. Is not broad enough. It covers only a few cases of bribery—does not touch incompetent judges.
 - y. It is before a partial tribunal Men of the same profession try each other
 - b. Redress by legislature not sound in theory for
 - x It destroys the co-ordination of the three different departments of our government
 - y. It permits of partisan control, log rolling and party dominance
 - z. The records of some of our legislatures

show that they are not near as competent to judge fairly on the actions of the judges as the people.

Second speech:

BY FRANK A DAWES.

- I. Classification of bad judges.
 - a* Those elected deliberately by the people.
 - b* Those who go wrong after election.
 - c* Those who have fooled the people at election
 - d* Those placed in power by the interests because of the indifference of the people.
- II. Popular recall will remedy the evils in the judicial system due to bad judges, for—
 1. It will remove the incompetent judges, for—
 - a* It will give the people a chance to remedy their mistakes.
 - b* It will kill indifference and in this manner kill corporate control, for—
 - x* People will not be interested until they have the power.
 - y* People have shown in history that with an increase in power given them there has been increase in ability to use that power.
 - z* When the people are once aroused they will not let the corporations hoodwink them
 2. Popular recall is right in theory, for—
 - a* It maintains the co-ordination of the three departments of government.
 - b* Its influence is as great as its use.
 3. There is no inherent difference between the judiciary and the other branches of our government with reference to popular control
 - a* No distinction was made when our Constitution was framed.
 - b* The judge is elected by the people as are other officers
 - c* The judge serves the people as a public official.
 - d* The judge may hold different offices and thus be the same man under different ethical rules

The Speaker

Third speech:

BY H. W. DAVISON.

I. The popular recall will introduce no new or serious evils, for—

1. Corporations, labor unions and the interests cannot control the recall, for—

a. The people will have the power and the interests cannot use the recall unless the people want them to

b. Labor unions could be tried by judges whose jurisdiction is so wide that one labor union could not control them

2 The recall will not lower the standard of the judiciary, for—

a It has not lowered the standard of other administrative officers.

b. The judges in California have not feared it

c. The people will not misuse the recall and should the people be negligent the interests will have no more power than at present

3. The people are competent to use the recall and it is a just method of removal, for—

a The trial of impeachment gives no more justice than the recall.

b. The judge is given ample means to protect himself, for—

x. He has the use of the newspapers, magazines, public platforms, etc

c. The people have never misused powers given them

d The people can secure sufficient information to recall intelligently, for—

x. Most of our State judiciaries are made up largely of minor judges whose jurisdiction is not wide enough to permit of a lack of information on the part of the people.

y If a State supreme court judge was to be removed the matter would be agitated so violently that there could not be a lack of information.

Affirmative, Bellevue College. Negative, Doane College.

Won by the negative.

First negative speech :

BY ARTHUR L. HILL.

Introduction.

I Statement of the question.

1. Affirmative must overthrow present system and establish the recall.
2. Efficiency of present system of no import to the negative.
3. If the negative can prove that the popular recall is less desirable than the present system they have established their case
- 4 Negative may or may not propose a new system just as they see fit.

II Statement of the issues.

1. Popular recall will not remove undesirable judges who defeat justice
- 2 Popular recall will injure the judiciary.
- 3 Popular recall a menace to good government

Discussion

I. Popular recall will not remove undesirable judges, for—

1. When a decision, though wrong, accords with popular opinion the people will not remove a judge.
 - a. Locality where the liquor interests are dominant and sentiment is in favor of wet community.
 - x. Ex. Omaha, Neb.
 - y. St. Louis
 - b. Locality where labor interests are strong
2. People lack sufficient information to remove judges, for—
 - a. A large per cent. do not even know the names of the judges in their own State courts.
 - b. Those who think they have or could secure sufficient information to recall intelligently, testify that they do not believe the majority of people have.

3. The people are too indifferent to public matters to remove bad judges, for—
 - a.* They vote on matters which only concern them directly.
 - b.* The vote on the adoption of the commission form of government has been very light
 - x.* Ex., Omaha, Buffalo, Springfield, Ill.
 - c.* Oregon people opposed both a poll tax and a single tax, but adopted both.
 - d.* Oregon people also voted for two conflicting measures to regulate fishing in the Columbia River.
 - e.* People will not educate and inform themselves.
 - x.* Oregon has held public meetings for educational purposes, but they were poorly attended.
4. (Refutation) Success of the recall as applied to other officials no reason for its success as applied to judges, for—
 - a.* Issues in the recall of mayors, etc., have been simple, for—
 - x.* Los Angeles had a grand jury investigation.
 - y.* Tacoma mayor refused point blank to enforce the laws.
 - b.* Issues in the recall of a judge complex, for—
 - x.* People must decide whether sufficient evidence in any particular case at bar has been produced.
 - y.* People must know the laws
 - z.* People must place themselves virtually in the position of a judge, which they cannot do.

Second speech :

BY HARRY S. WILKINSON.

II. Popular recall will introduce positive injuries to our judicial system, for—

- 1 It will result in injustice to the judge
 - a.* It will subject him constantly to political and personal attacks.

- b.* It denies the judge a fair trial before an impartial tribunal and thus deprives him of one of his rights as a citizen.
- 2. It will make it difficult to remove a corrupt judge in districts where certain interests are in power, for—
 - a.* It would practically be impossible to remove "wet" judges in "wet" districts
- 3. Recall would often result in the removal of an upright judge in districts where certain interests are in power or public sentiment is strong.
 - a.* Ex., A judge favoring negroes in the South
 - b.* A dry judge in Omaha or Chicago
 - c.* A judge hostile to the unions in Pittsburgh.

In all three cases, if the judge should give decisions unfavorable, though just, removal would be the result, and thus a premium would be placed on dishonesty, in order that a judge might retain his position.
- 3. Recall would result in greater corruption and corporate and machine control.
 - a.* Whereas it now takes a majority of voters to own a judge, the corporations or machines may influence the judges by instituting recall petitions against him by a very small per cent. of the voters.
 - b.* The interests would easily rouse public sentiment against a judge—
 - x.* By the newspapers
 - y.* By the use of money.
- 4. The recall would lower the standard of the judiciary, for—
 - a.* It would tend to make the judge temper his decisions to meet the approval of the people
 - b.* It would force the judge to have a platform, to state in advance what interests he would favor, etc., thus placing him on the level of the office-seeking politician.
 - c.* It would make the judge more openly the servant of the machine's interests, etc.
 - d.* Good judges would not enter the race with the possibility of personal and political attacks ever before them. Their place would be taken

by the time server, the demagogue, who would make decisions to please the people, rather than in accord with the principles of justice

III.* Popular recall is a menace to good government, for—

- I. It makes judges dependent upon the will of the majority, which is undesirable, for—
 - a. The judge should serve and often protect the minority
 - b. Majorities are often wrong, due to indifference, lack of information or prejudice
 - x Ex, South before the war on the slavery question
 - c. Majorities are too unsteady.
 - x Ex., Attitude of many localities on the liquor question
2. The judge will become an instrument, not of justice, but of tyranny, the tyranny of a selfish majority
- 3 The popular recall demoralizes the administration of justice, which is the basis of good government

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... .. about



Son, You Washed? ✓

First thing, when I come in sight,
In the morning or at night,
Pa yells out with all his might,
"Son, you washed?"

Had a girl to spend the day,
An' soon as we got in from play,
Pa looked o'er his spec's this way—
"Son, you washed?"

Spec' when I get sick an' die,
And go flyin' through the sky,
Peter'll yell as I go by—
"Son, you washed?"

Government Control of Monopolies

The annual triangular debate between Princeton, Yale and Harvard was held this year on the evening of March 29, and resulted in a double victory for the Princeton teams. The Yale negative team also defeated the Harvard affirmative.

The subject debated was Resolved, that the government should accept the principle of monopoly control of industry, and regulate the prices in all cases brought about by the operation of economic law." Synopses of the speeches of the Princeton teams are given below.

FIRST AFFIRMATIVE.

BY P. F. MYERS.

P. F. Myers began his speech by defining the question for his side. He demanded that the negative defend the dissolution of monopolies or the affirmative argument would stand. He then based his debate on two points. He proved, first, that the Government cannot legislate trusts out of existence by artificial means. This is so because it is a mistake in policy from the very nature of competition which is founded on natural conditions. Then, dissolution is impossible in practice, because it is an attempt to destroy a logical growth. The recent action of the Standard Oil Company in dividing and yet retaining their monopolistic control is an example of this. Among them were those of the DuPont Powder case and Trans-Missouri case. Thus regulation by lawsuit has failed. Industry is at a standstill, because it has no way of telling how there may be restraint of trade. Hence the only course open is to accept them and regulate them.

SECOND AFFIRMATIVE.

BY C. BELKNAP.

Since the dissolution of industrial monopolies has proved impossible in practice, we must resort to a policy of Government regulation. The characteristic feature of this scheme, if it shall prove effective, must be price regulation.

The best organ for the Government to use in control-

ing prices would be a commission of business men, from which we would allow an appeal to the Commerce Court

Price regulation is sound in principle, because a privilege, the right of unlimited combination, is offered in return for the surrender of the right to set prices. We see the Government successfully regulating prices in the case of railroads and public utilities, and it has an accumulation of data which would almost alone afford a basis for regulation.

THIRD AFFIRMATIVE.

By C. H. COOKE.

The affirmative has shown that under our economic system monopolies are inevitable, that it is impossible to destroy industrial combinations or monopolies by legislative enactment without destroying the system producing them and that Government regulation is the only practicable way of dealing with them.

The policy of the affirmative has two objects in view; to eradicate the evil of monopoly control and to conserve for the public welfare the economic and social benefits that come with industrial combination.

The economic advantages preserved by the affirmative come from the economies realized from the wastes. It also gives a sure market to concerns within the combination in cases where those who combined were not competitors but producers at different stages of the same industry. And lastly it paves the way for better settlement of labor problems and gives stability to investments.

FIRST NEGATIVE.

By C. F. TAEUSCH.

The sentiment of the people of this country is opposed to monopoly control of industry because it invests too much power in the hands of the leaders of industry.

The present condition of industry is the result of abnormal methods; for although large scale productions may be prompted by increased economies, the motives for monopoly growth are purely speculative.

Furthermore monopoly growth has been inseparable from illegal practices. These fostered its growth when a proper enforcement of the law would have prevented it.

The Speaker

The affirmative would have us think that the present situation in industry is hopeless. But we are just beginning to meet the difficulty. Legislation is becoming more definite, the administration is becoming more aggressive and the courts are applying the law more specifically.

The affirmative is asking us to give up the attempt to meet the difficulty at the very moment when we are achieving some real results.

SECOND NEGATIVE.

By E. R. WHITTINGHAM

There is a distinction between the unit of production resulting in large scale production and the increase of the unit of management which is characteristic of monopolies. The former is a perfectly natural development which involves all the advantages which exist under competition. The Carnegie Company had all these advantages before the formation of the Steel Trust. The Standard Oil Company has now introduced new processes since its formation.

There is however the disadvantage in large scale production that companies become too large for maximum efficiency, a thing which is impossible under competition. Industry was tending towards a situation in which we had the advantages of large scale production, without its evils when monopolies came into being. They exist only because they control the market, and this control of the market, itself brings about evils of which the most important is the production of out of date products. These evils cannot be eliminated by any system of price regulation however perfect such a system may be.

THIRD NEGATIVE

By F. E. MASON

The price regulation of monopoly has been shown to be impracticable, as it leads inevitably to Government control. The only solution of our present industrial problem lies in the operation of fair competition. Any commission proposed by the affirmative for the regulation of prices will have the whole of monopolized industry on its hands for an active regulation.

The difficulty of this problem lies, first in finding a basis of capitalization for monopolies so that the public would not pay dividends on watered stock, second, in ascertaining the cost of production, which would be very difficult and any fixing of the prices of the finished product involves the regulation of all the factors of production.

The negative advocates as a solution of the present problem an efficient dissolution of combinations in restraint of trade and the maintenance of a fair competition by the enforcement of criminal statutes by a supervisory administrative commission.

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See report of U S. Indust. Commission, Vol. 18, for further information.

Greek-Letter Fraternities

Briefs of speeches given by Swarthmore College in debate with Dickinson on the subject. "Resolved, That Greek letter fraternities, as existing at present in undergraduate colleges, are detrimental to the best interests of the academic world" Swarthmore's affirmative team won, while the negative lost.

FIRST AFFIRMATIVE.

By RAYMOND T. BYE.

A. *Introduction:*

I Fraternities an important factor in academic world because

- (a) Statistics show their great size.
- (b.) Pres. Faunce of Brown University says
"They are bearers of a responsibility that cannot be escaped"

II. Affirmative maintains they are not living up to this responsibility because:

- (a.) Although they confer some social benefits on members,
- (b) From standpoint of entire academic world they are detrimental, for
 - 1. They have a detrimental influence on character;
 - 2. They have a detrimental influence on scholarship;
 - 3. They are undemocratic.

B. *Brief Proper.*

Fraternities have a detrimental influence upon character, because:

- I The "rushing" system is injurious, for
 - (a.) E. G. Parkhurst says practically that it is but a boisterous round of amusements.
 - (b.) Prof. E. S. Reynolds, University of Tennessee, says it has three evils, for
 - 1. It makes the Freshman conceited,
 - 2. It takes the students' time,
 - 3. It does not allow time for acquaintance.
 - (c.) Board of Regents of University of Wisconsin says, "Rushing is a decidedly unwholesome condition."

- (d.) Examples from various colleges show these evils
- (e.) The evils cannot be cured, for
 - 1. Attempts at University of Pennsylvania, Swarthmore, Dickinson and elsewhere have failed.
- II. Fraternity life encourages extravagance, for
 - (a.) The various activities entail excessive expenses; for
 - 1. A fraternity house-party in a middle western college costs each member \$50;
 - 2. The University of Wisconsin Junior Prom, a fraternity affair, costs each man \$24.
 - (b.) The dues are excessive:
 - 1. Initiation fees are from \$25 to \$50,
 - 2. Annual dues are from \$20 to \$100
 - (c.) Fraternities increase college expenses 20 to 30 per cent, for
 - 1. Lowest cost of fraternity life, \$100 a year;
 - 2. Average cost at least \$150 annually (Authority for all these figures: Thwing's "American Colleges," committee report of University of Wisconsin Faculty.)
- III Fraternities foster idleness, and sometimes dissipation and vice, for
 - (a.) Pres. Swain of Swarthmore College mentions these as fraternity evils
 - (b.) Dissipation and drunkenness are sometimes provided for by rooms known as "boozeatoriums."
 - (c.) Some students would not wear the pins of certain fraternities, so evil is their reputation
 - (d.) Pres. Jordan, although a fraternity man, recognizes that this evil exists uncured.
- C. *Conclusion:*
 I have shown fraternities detrimental to character, because:
 - (a) They have evil tendencies in
 - 1. Rushing,
 - 2. Extravagance,
 - 3. Idleness, dissipation and vice

SECOND AFFIRMATIVE

BY W. RUSSELL GREEN

The fundamental purpose of a college should be to make good citizens.

A good citizen must be democratic, therefore our colleges should be democratic.

I *Introduction.*

Fraternities hinder the attainment of primary object of college, which is scholarship, for

- (a) Classroom and laboratory have become merely the formal and compulsory side of its life;
- (b) "Undergraduate Activities" have become the vital realities for nine out of every ten men
- (c.) Social organizations absorb thought and energy in lavish measure.

II. *Argument*

Fraternities are detrimental to scholarship, for

- (a.) Social activities take time, which leaves but little time to spend upon lessons.
- (b.) Jordan, Pres of Leland Stanford, says standard of fraternity men is below that of non-fraternity men.
- (c.) Statistics by Pres J. G. Shurman, of Cornell, show that fraternity standard is low.
- (d.) Statistics from Brown University show same
- (e.) Statistics by W E Hardy show same is true in six representative universities.
- (f.) Records of Registrar of Swarthmore College show it also.
- (g.) Statistics from Stanford are unfavorable to fraternities.
- (h.) Same is true at University of Wisconsin as shown by faculty committee of Board of Regents, and also by J. L. Kind, an investigator.

III. *Conclusion:*

Fraternities are detrimental, for

- (a.) I have given representative examples.
- (b) I have quoted eminent men among whom have been college presidents and other authorities in the academic world

Therefore, since these facts all point to that conclusion, fraternities are detrimental to best interests of academic world.

THIRD AFFIRMATIVE.

By C. A. COLLINS.

- I. Fraternities are detrimental to best interests of academic world, for
 In Russia and Great Britain university is wellspring of democracy. Not so in this country, due largely to Greek letter fraternities.
- II. Fraternities are undemocratic, because
 - (a.) Membership is based on a false standard of wealth and social position.
 - (b.) Membership dependent on personal whims of individual members of chapter at time of election
 - (c.) The Board of Regents of the University of Wisconsin found that in their present methods of choosing members fraternities are not as democratic as they should be.
- III. Fraternities are undemocratic, because
 - (a.) They are snobbish
 1. Snobbishness is promoted by the present method of choosing members.
 - 2 By rituals
 - 3 By handsome private dwellings.
 - (b.) This exclusiveness fosters a class spirit that is undemocratic and detrimental to the academic world.
 - (c.) We do not need in colleges our present social organizations, which reproduce the class distinctions based chiefly on wealth, which are arising in all parts of the country.
- IV. Fraternities are undemocratic, because
 - (a.) They artificially choose a student's companions and friends.
 - (b.) A Freshman scarcely knows a majority of the men in his fraternity chapter.
 - (c.) Its members are his friends and companions through college.
 - (d.) These friends, made on such short notice, are not as lasting nor as true as those made voluntarily on longer acquaintance.
- V. Fraternities are undemocratic, because
 - (a.) They play petty politics;

The Speaker

1. They try to get as many offices as possible in order to attract new men.
 2. Fraternity men always vote for their fraternity brothers for offices.
 3. They try to influence outsiders to vote for their men.
 4. They make deals with each other in order to control the offices
 - (b.) Legislature of Wisconsin passed a resolution declaring that fraternities are undemocratic
 - (c.) Senator LaFollette fought the fraternities when a student at Wisconsin, because they were undemocratic.
- VI. Fraternity men lose their sense of proportions, and thus break up college spirit
They get an idea that the fraternity is more important than the college
- VII. Summary and conclusion.

FIRST NEGATIVE

BY ROY OGDEN.

- A. It is generally conceded throughout the academic world that Greek letter fraternities are here to stay
1. President Faunce, of Brown University, said, "I heartily believe in college fraternities and that the growth of college fraternities has been part of a social tendency in American life"
 - 2 Late Prof. McDermott, of Northwestern University, came to conclusion after thorough investigation that they were as much a fixture in our colleges and universities as our colleges and universities are a fixture in the community.
- B. Negative will prove fraternities are not a detriment by showing
1. That fraternities have a glorious past and a still more glorious future.
 2. That to-day fraternities hold a more recognized place in the college world than ever before.
 3. They are the most potent factor in developing student life in our institutions
- C. Fraternities have had a natural growth, for

1. Cliques will form when students group together.
 - a. G. Stanley Hall says, "The organizing instinct in student life is strong."
2. Growth has been gradual
 - a. Slow but sure growth to 1885, temporarily retarded by Civil War.
 - b. Remarkable growth since 1885.
 1. Membership almost tripled
 2. To-day over 1,000 active chapters of forty general fraternities; 200,000 graduate and undergraduate members; 700 houses owned, 1,500 houses rented. Add to these figures 55,000 members of local fraternities.
- D. Fraternities are a close organization for
 1. Active chapters bound to alumni by
 - a. Alumni meetings in chapters, alumni associations, banquets, magazines, etc.
 2. Each fraternity has national officers, yearly conventions, district conventions
 3. Traveling secretaries are being established.
- Rebuttal.*—Affirmative would abolish this organization because they have a few evils which they claim far outweigh the good. The fact that a few evils have been vigorously pointed out in the last few years does no more prove fraternities a failure than does presence of graft in American politics prove popular government a failure. On contrary, this issue is a sign of advancement for the first step in any reform in ascertaining what is wrong. This fraternities are doing, and are taking the initiative in these reforms.
- E. Fraternities are correcting own slight faults.
 1. Rushing system is being changed.
 2. Scholarship is being raised
- F. Fraternities are the only organization in academic world that
 1. Prevent a man of studious habits from becoming a mere grind and recluse, by forcing him into society.
 2. Prevent a man of strong social inclination from wasting time to the detriment of his mental development.
 3. Tone up a boy of good mind but slovenly habits, and tone down a dude and prevent him from becoming the laughing stock of community.

The Speaker

4. Prevent use of vulgar language, coarse manners, loafing in boarding-houses, dishonesty and immorality, everywhere as things unworthy a college man.
5. Hold in check a man of strong appetites and desires until danger point is passed, until he has developed sufficient strength of character to resist temptation.
6. Reach down a helping hand to a hard working, honest student who needs help.

SECOND NEGATIVE.

BY RALPH LINTON.

- I. The object of a college course is not purely the attainment of high marks
 - (a.) The real objects are two:
 1. Technical training,
 2. Character building.
 - (b.) Of these the latter is the more important
- II. Fraternities are character builders.
 - (a.) They have taken the place of the faculty as providers of ideals
 - (b.) They teach co-operation.
 - (c.) They provide a broad outlook
 - (d.) Administration of property develops business ability.
- III. Our opponents claim fraternities are immoral. These claims are false.
 - (a.) All prominent educators agree to the contrary
 - (b.) Supervision by local societies
 - (c.) National supervision
- IV. Fraternities are not injurious to scholarship.
 - (a.) The difference in scholarship between fraternity and non-fraternity men is slight.
 - (b.) This is accounted for by work for the college
 - (c.) Apparent differences are greater than real ones, due to grinds
 - (d.) Fraternities are adopting systems of supervision of scholarship
 1. Card system.
 2. Traveling secretary
- VI. As it stands, fraternities have produced more than their share of great men.

THIRD NEGATIVE.

BY J. AUGUSTUS CADWALLADER.

Fraternalities are a positive good to the academic world.

- I. They are not undemocratic, for
 - (a) They select for members rich, poor, dull, bright.
 - (b) Their members meet all students on equal basis in
 1. Securing places on teams;
 2. Election to office in college organizations;
 3. The class rooms
 - (c.) They do not limit friendship, for
 1. Opportunities are given to meet fellows in a. classes; b athletics; c college activities
 2. They encourage mixing to prevent being charged with snobbishness, for a This is not the prevailing attitude; b They try to overcome it.
 - (d) Comparison with German universities is not tenable, for
 1. Workingmen's sons are excluded from many.
 2. More nearly socially equal abroad.
 3. We draw from every stratum of society.
 - (e) Democracy does not mean social equality and association, for
 1. Birds of a feather flock together.
 2. Congeniality is magnet of human nature.
 3. We laugh at fears of Southerners when they fear giving negro vote on that account.
 - (f.) When they have been abolished, conditions have not improved, for
 1. Local organizations have sprung up.
 2. They have been reinstated in some places
 - (g.) Regents' definition of democracy.

[Such a place as Houston Hall, at Pennsylvania, and similar places at Brown and Harvard should be provided as a common meeting center.]

- II. They foster college spirit and loyalty, for
 - (a.) They encourage college activities, which creates interest, thus keeping men in college four years.
 - (b.) They emphasize the dependence upon the college and work for its interest.

(c.) They teach old students to be on look out for prospective material.

(d.) They hold the alumni by a close interest and bring them back

III. Summary and conclusion.

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If I Were King*

BY JUSTIN HUNTLEY McCARTHY.

Introduction, Francois Villon, a wild genius, poet, tavern brawler, idealist at soul, had seen and dared to love the Lady Katherine de Vaucelles, who in her beauty and pride had refused the King's suit. This lady, made desperate by the attention of the Grand Constable, bethinks her of the love verses sent by the tavern poet, and asks him to rid her of her enemy. Villon makes a quarrel with the great Lord, wounds him and is taken prisoner by the King and the guards.

At this time Paris is in a state of siege, surrounded by the forces of the Duke of Burgundy, and King Louis is influenced through a dream to believe that this same Villon is the power that will deliver the city.

The King, in disguise, is in the tavern when Villon wounds the Grand Constable and hearing Villon boast of what he would do if he were king, decides to set Villon into the place of Constable, left vacant through his sword. At the same time, the King hopes to lower the pride of the lady who refused him by making her love, in the semblance of a valorous stranger, the wild tavern brawler.

The King orders that Villon be given a pot of drugged wine and sent him to sleep in a prison. The next morning Villon awakes lapped in the linen of a royal bed, and is so changed that his dearest friend would not know him.

It was Francois Villon's first day of power as Lord of Montcorbier, Grand Constable of France. Katherine goes to the King to beg for the poor prisoner's life, and he sends her to plead her suit before the new Lord Constable.



KATHERINE flung herself swiftly at his feet.

"My lord," she cried, "will you listen to a distressed lady?"

Villon stooped and caught her white fingers and drew her to her feet.

"Not while the lady kneels," and he looked with a strange apprehension into the frank, bright eyes of Katherine.

"She does not know me," Villon's delight cried in his heart. The Lord of Montcorbier, who was Grand Constable of France, might say many things that were denied to the lips of Francois Villon.

* Copyrighted by Russell, New York, 1901. The entire book may be cut for an evening's program. Other chapters of great merit for short readings are "If I Were To Die Tomorrow," and "In the Fircone Tavern."

Katherine pleaded warmly :

"There is a man in prison at this hour for whom I would implore your clemency. His name is Francois Villon Last night he wounded Thibaut d'Aussigny."

"Thereby making room for me," he suggested

"The penalty is death. This man has seen me, thought he loved me, sent me verses—I was in mortal fear of Thibaut d'Aussigny. I went to this Villon and begged him to kill my enemy. He backed his love tale with his sword—and he lies in the shadow of death. It is not just that he should suffer for my sin."

"Do you by any chance love this Villon?"

"Great ladies do not love tavern bravos But I pity him, and I do not want him to die, though, indeed, life cannot be very dear to him if he would fling it away to please a woman."

"That broker of ballads shall go free. Your prayer unshackles him and we will do no more than banish him from Paris. Forget that such a slave ever came near you."

The lady dropped him a magnificent courtesy, and her cheeks glowed with gratitude.

"I shall remember your clemency "

She made as if she would leave his presence, but his boldness waxed within him as a fire waxes with new wood, and he caught her lightly by the wrist.

"By Saint Venus, I envy this fellow that he should have won your thoughts For I am in his case and I, too, would die to serve you."

"My lord, you do not know me "

"Did he know you? Yet when he saw you he loved you and made bold to tell you so "

"His words were of no more account than the wind in the caves But you and I are peers, and the words we change have meanings "

"Though I be newly come to Paris I have heard much of the beauty and more of the pride of the Lady Katherine de Vaucelles "

"I am humble enough as to my beauty, but I am very proud of my pride."

"Would you pity me if I told you that I loved you?"

"Heaven's mercy," she said. "How fast your fancy gallops. I care little to be flattered and less to be wooed, and I swear that I should be very hard to win You are very inflammable."

"My fire burns to the ashes. You can no more stay me from loving you than you can stay flowers from loving the soft air, or true man from loving honour, or heroes from loving glory. I would rake the moon from heaven for you."

"That promise has grown rusty since Adam first made it to Eve. There is a rhyme in my mind, about moons and flowers:

"Life is unstable,
Love may uphold;
Fear goes in sable,
Courage in gold.

Mystery covers
Midnight and noon,
Heroes and lovers
Cry for the moon."

"My verses! What doggerel!"

"Doggerel! It is divinity."

"Tell me what I may do, to win your favor"

"A trifle, *Save France!*"

"No more?"

"No less. Are you not Grand Constable, chief of the king's army? There is an enemy at the gates of Paris, and none of the king's men can frighten him away. Oh, that a man would come to court! For the man who shall trail the banners of Burgundy in the dust for the king of France to walk on, I may perhaps have favours."

And so with a swift salutation, gracious as the dip of a dancing wave, she entered the palace and left him standing there, dazed and ardent, as a man might be who had just been vouchsafed the vision of an angel.

A touch on the shoulder roused Villon from his honeyed meditations, and he turned with a start to find the sable figure of the king at his side.

"Good afternoon, Lord Constable; does power taste well?"

"Nobly, sire. On my knees let me thank your majesty."

"Nonsense, man; I'm pleasing myself. I couldn't very well make you king, you know, and I wouldn't if I could, for I have a fancy for the task myself, but have made you Grand Constable for a week."

"A week, sire?"

"Good Lord, did your vanity credit a permanent appointment? Come, friend, come, that would be pushing the joke too far!"

All the sunlight seemed to have gone out of the world, all the scent of the roses Villon could only repeat to himself. "A week!"

Louis came closer to the poet and tapped him on the chest with his lean forefinger. He was enjoying himself immensely

"You don't taste the full force of the joke yet In a week's time you will build me a big gibbet in the Place de Greve, and there your last task as Grand Constable will be to hang Master Francois Villon You read Louis of France a lesson, and Louis of France returns the compliment. You mouthed your longing for a chance to show what you could do if you were king Here is your chance! Take it or leave it. But remember that I never change my mind. You may have your week of wonder if you wish, but if you do, by my word as king, you shall swing for it."

"Heaven help me! Life, squalid, but still life, with its tavern corners and its brute pleasures of food and drink and warm sleep, living hands to hold and living laughter to gladden me—or a week of cloth of gold, of love—and then a shameful death!"

"One further chance, fellow," said the king. "If the Count of Montcorbier win the heart of Lady Katherine de Vaucelles within the week, he shall escape the gallows and carry his lady love where he pleases"

"On your honour, sire?"

"My word is honour, Master Francois. Well?"

At this very moment it pleased heaven that Katherine sitting on the terrace began to sing The tune was quaint and plaintive; the words were the words of the tortured poet And as he heard them a new hope seemed to come into his heart.

"Life is unstable,
Love may uphold,
Fear goes in sable,
Courage in gold.

Mystery covers
Midnight and moon,
Heroes and lovers,
Cry for the moon "

"Well," said the king, "you cried for the moon, I give it to you "

"And I take it at your hands! Give me my week of wonders though I die a dog's death at the end of it I will show France and *her* what lay in the heart of the poor rhymester."

"Spoken like a man! But remember, a bargain's a bargain If you fail to win the lady, you must, with Heaven's help, keep yourself for the gallows No self-slaughter, no flinging away your life on some other fool's sword. I give you a week of wonder, but I want my price for it."

"Sire, I will keep my bargain. Give me my week of opportunity, and if I do not make the most of it I shall deserve the death to which you devote me "

Even as he spoke the air was stirred with a cheerful flourish of trumpets and a company of soldiers came across the court, escorting a tall and stately gentleman, whose gorgeous tabard proclaimed him to be the herald of the Duke of Burgundy The news of his coming had run through the palace, and the terrace was suddenly flooded with courtiers and ladies eager to hear what the enemy's envoy had to say and what answer the King would send back to him. Louis seated himself in the marble seat anigh the image of Pan and drew Villon down beside him.

"Listen well to this man's words, my Lord Constable," he whispered, and then turning to the gleaming figure of the herald, he demanded:

"Your message, sir!"

The herald advanced a few feet to the monarch and spoke in a ringing voice.

"In the name of the Duke of Burgundy and of his allies and brother-in-arms assembled in solemn leaguer outside the walls of Paris, I hereby summon you, Louis of France, to surrender this city unconditionally and to yield yourself in confidence to my master's mercy."

"And if we refuse, Sir Herald?"

The Speaker

"The worst disasters of war, fire and sword and famine, much blood to shed and much gold to pay and for yourself, no hope of pardon "

"Great words," the king sneered

The herald replied proudly:

"The angels of great deeds "

Villon had been sitting listening as a man listens to a dream, almost unconscious of what was taking place. Lous interrupted his reveries:

"The Count of Montcorbier, Constable of France, is my counsellor. His voice delivers my mind. Speak, friend, and give this messenger his answer."

"As I will, sire?"

"Yes, go on, go on. 'If Villon were the King of France.' "

Villon leaped to his feet and advanced toward the herald. He looked straight into the herald's changeless face, but his heart shrined Katherine as he spoke.

"Herald of Burgundy, in God's name and the king's, I bid you go back to your master and say this: 'Kings are great in the eyes of their people, but the people are great in the eyes of God, and it is the people of France who speak to you in the name of this epitome!'

"The people of Paris are not so poor of spirit that they fear the croak of the Burgundians' ravens. We are well victualled; we are well armed; we lie snug and warm behind our stout walls, we laugh at your leaguer. But when we who glow are frozen, when there is neither bite on the board nor sup in the pitcher nor spark upon the hearth, our answer to rebellious Burgundy will be the same. You are knocking at our doors; beware lest we open them and come forth to speak with our enemy at the gate. We give you back defiance for defiance; menace for menace; blow for blow. This is our answer—this and the drawn sword. God and St. Denis for the King of France."

There was contagion in his burning words, and every soldier present bared his blade and pointed it to heaven, while Villon's cry was repeated upon a hundred lips. Katharine came swiftly down the steps and flung herself at Villon's feet.

"My Lord," she said, "with my lips the women of France thank you for your words of flame."

Louis leaned forward, smiling sardonically, "Mistress, what does this mean?" he questioned

"It means, sire, that a man has come to court"



The Song in the Market Place

BY JAMES BUCKHAM

Gay was the throng that poured through the streets of
the old French town;

The walls with bunting streamed, and the flags tossed up
and down.

"Vive l'roi! Vive l'roi!" the shout of the people rent
the air,

And the cannon shook and roared, and the bells were all
ablare.

But, crouched by St Peter's fount, a beggar with her
child,

Weary and faint and starved, with eyes that were sad
and wild,

Gazed on the passing crowd, and cried, as it went and
came,

"Alms, for the love of God!! Pity in Jesu's name!"

Few were the coins that fell in the little cup she bore,
But she looked at her starving babe, and cried from her
heart the more:

"Alms, for the love of God! Mother of Jesu, hear!"

The steeples shook with bells, and the prayer was
drowned in a cheer

But see! Through the thoughtless crowd comes one with
a regal face;

He catches the beggar's prayer, and turns with a gentle
grace.

"Alms thou shalt have, poor soul! Alas! not a soul to
share!

But stay!"—and he doffs his hat, and stands in the
crowded square.

Then from his heart he sang a little song of the South,
A far off cradle song that fell from his mother's mouth,
And the din was hushed in the square, and the people
stood as mute
As the beasts in the Thracian wood, when Orpheus
touched his lute
The melting tenor ceased, and a sob from the list'ners
came;
"Mario!" cried a voice, and the throng caught up the
name;
"Mario!" and the coins rained like a shower of gold,
Till the singer's hat o'erflowed, like Midas' chests of old

"Sister," he said, and turned to the beggar crouching
there,
"Take it; the gold is thine, Jesu hath heard thy prayer;"
Then kissed the white-faced child, and smiling went his
way,
Gladdened with kindly thoughts, and the joy of holiday

That night, when the footlights shone on the famous
tenor's face,
And he bowed to the splendid throng with his wonted
princely grace,
Cheer after cheer went up, and stormed at with flowers,
he stood
Like a dark and noble pine, when the blossoms blow
through the wood

Wilder the tumult grew, till out of his fine despair
The thought of the beggar rose, and the song he had
sung in the square.
Raising his hand, he smiled, and a silence filled the
place,
While he sang that simple air, with the love-light on his
face.

Wet were the singer's cheeks when the last note died
away,
Brightest of all his bays, the wreath that he won that
day!
Sung for the love of God, sung for sweet pity's sake,
Song of the market-place, tribute of laurel take.

The Meaning of the Flag*

Speech of Mr Witherspoon, Congressman from Mississippi, in Congress, March 6, 1912.



R. CHAIRMAN, this bill appropriating \$30,000 for the preservation of 136 flags taken in conflicts between the American Navy and the navies of hostile governments will receive my vote, because I feel that the value of these flags is far greater than the cost of their preservation. When the proposition to make this appropriation was first submitted to the committee it did not have my assent. I have long felt, and I feel now, that the enormous expenditures of the Federal Government far exceed the value of the services it renders the people, and on account of the unfair, unjust apportionment of taxes have become oppressive and burdensome and should not be increased; and I had, therefore, made up my mind to vote for a reduction in public expenditures and to vote against the assumption of new obligations on the part of the Government.

But when these flags were exhibited to the committee and I saw their torn and tattered fragments struggling, as it were, to hold together and apparently breaking asunder, like the sunlit shreds of a cloud whose glory is about to depart forever, I was unwilling to say by my vote that those fading emblems of the national glory, those neglected tokens of a splendid heroism, those sacred rags of an unconquerable navy, were not worth the cost of their preservation. If it be difficult to justify this expenditure, it is impossible to excuse and assent to the impending destruction of these flags. Written all through their precious folds there are lessons which we cannot afford to forget; there are memories which we cannot afford to dim and there are hopes which we cannot darken without shutting out the very sunlight of our future. These flags tell us of a day when the public good was held high above private gain, of a day when American heroes hastened to surrender and to sacrifice position, place, property, reputation, and life itself for

* From the Congressional Record.

the public good, and when they were never seen rushing with open hands into the Public Treasury.

They tell us of a day when the essence and the glory of the Union were that all the States were equal, and when geography, but not sentiment divided our country into sections.

The preservation of the flags is necessary to the perpetuation of those lofty ideals and noble aims of which they are the emblems

Mr. Speaker, in this age of commercialism, when avarice has become the dominant passion, and when private gain has become a more potent consideration than justice, there is an imperative need for the continued and repeated expression of all that is unselfish and noble and patriotic in the emblems as well as in the literature of the past



Their First Spat

From *London Tid-Bits*



HEY had been married three weeks, and had just gone to housekeeping. He was starting for the city one morning, and she followed him to the door

"O Clarence! do you think it possible that the day will ever come when we shall part in anger?"

"Why, no, little puss, of course not. What put that foolish idea into my little birdie's head, eh?"

"Oh! nothing, dearest, I was only thinking how dreadful it would be if one of us should speak harshly to the other."

"Well, don't think of such wicked, utterly impossible things any more. We can never, never quarrel"

"I know it, darling Good-bye, you dear old precious, good-bye Oh! wait a second, Clarence, I've written a note to mamma. Can't you run down to the house and leave it for her some time to-day?"

"Why, yes, dearie, if I have time."

"If you have time! O Clarence!"

✓ running

"What is it, little girlie?"

"Oh! to say 'if you have time' to do almost the first errand your little wife asks you to do."

"Well, well, sissy, I'm awfully busy just now."

"Too busy to please me? O Clarence! you hurt my feelings so."

"Why, child, I—"

"I'm not a child—I'm a married woman, and I—"

"There, there, my pet. I—"

"No, no, Clarence, if I was your p-p-pet you'd t-t-try to—to—"

"But, Mabel, do be reasonable."

"O Clarence! don't speak to me so."

"Mabel, be sensible, and—"

"Go on, Clarence, go on, break my heart."

"Stuff and nonsense."

"Oh! o-o-oh!"

"What have I said or done?"

"As if you need to ask! But go—hate me if you will, Clarence, I—"

"This is rank nonsense!"

"I'll go back to mamma if you want me to. She loves me, if you don't."

"You must be crazy!"

"Oh! yes, sneer at me, ridicule me, break my poor heart. Perhaps you had better strike me!"

He bangs the door, goes down the steps on the jump, and races off, muttering something about women being the "queerest creatures."

Of course they'll make it up when he comes home, and they'll have many a little tiff in the years to come, and when they grow old they'll say: "We've lived together forty-five years, and never, no never, spoken a cross word to each other in all that time."



Finish every day and be done with it. You have done what you could; some blunders and absurdities crept in—forget them as soon as you can. Tomorrow is a new day. You shall begin it well and serenely, and with too high a spirit to be encumbered with old nonsense.

What Really Is the Trouble

From the Infant's Point of View

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

I wish to thunder I could talk,
I'd tell my folks a thing or two
If I could speak instead of squawk
I sort of think 'twould help us through
They're all as blue as yonder sky,
And scratch their heads, and fret, and frown,
Because no matter how I try
I cannot keep my breakfast down

They call the doctor in to see
What is the matter with the child,
And he just sits and stares at me
Until he fairly drives me wild.
He hems and haws and hums a tune,
He taps me on my chest and back,
And then he takes a tablespoon
And fills me up with epicac

He says my stomach's rather weak,
And calls for antiseptic food,
With name set forth in classic Greek
To show it comes already chewed
There've been some seventeen or more
New baby-foods procured for me,
And not a one of all the store
Has solved the awful mystery.

I would to gracious I could get
A chance the trouble to explain
It really makes me fume and fret
To find my efforts all in vain.
The trouble is that when I'm fed
My nurse, who's greener than a goose,
Doth rock me in my cradle-bed
Till I'm as seasick as the deuce !

A Fight With Pirates

From "Hard Cash"

BY CHARLES READE



It was about the year 1850, that the India merchantman, *Agra*, set sail from Canton bound for England. She was under the command of Captain David Dodd, whose last word before leaving land had been the intelligence of a daring pirate who had been lately cruising in those waters. Three weeks passed, three weeks during which a constant watch was kept for sinister-looking sails, and the *Agra* was among the *Bornese* and *Malay Islands*.

"Strange sail! Right ahead!" was the cry of the lookout, one morning just at sunrise. A schooner, hove to, and waiting,—for what? Few men on deck,—too few,—and seven false ports, as could be seen through the glass. The *Agra* altered her course and entered the straits between *Long Island* and *Point Leat*, leaving the schooner about two miles and a half distant to the north-west.

Ah! the stranger's deck swarms black with men. His sham ports fell as if by magic; his guns grinned through the gaps like black teeth; his huge foresail rose and filled, and out he came in chase.

The best speed of the merchantman on the tack forced upon her by the narrow strait was no match for that of the pirate, and Captain Dodd gave orders to shorten sail and send the men aft. No sooner was this done than he sprang on a carronade and stood erect. He was not the man to show the crew his forebodings.

"My men, the schooner coming up on our weather quarter is a Portuguese pirate. His character is known; he scuttles all the ships he boards, dishonors the women, and murders the crew. We cracked on to get out of the narrows, and now we have shortened sail to fight this blackguard, and teach him to molest a British ship. I promise in the Company's name, twenty pounds prize money to every man before the mast if we beat him off or out-manoevre him, thirty if we sink him, and forty

if we tow him astern into a friendly port Eight guns are clear below, three on the weather side, five on the lee The muskets are all loaded, the cutlasses ground like razors. We have got women to defend, a good ship under our feet, the God of justice overhead, British hearts in our bosoms, and British colors flying—run 'em up—over our heads. Now, lads, I mean to fight this ship while a plank of her swims beneath my foot, and—What do you say?"

The reply was a fierce hurrah from a hundred throats, so loud, so fierce, so full of volume, it made the ship vibrate, and rang in the creeping-on pirate's ears He crept nearer, steering in and out like a snake to avoid the carronades, and firing two heavy guns alternately into the devoted ship He hulled the *Agra* nearly every shot The two available carronades replied noisily; they sent one thirty-two pound shot clean through the schooner's deck and side, but that was literally all they did worth speaking of.

"Curse them!" cried Dodd, "load them with grape! they are not to be trusted with ball And all my eighteen-pounders dumb! The coward won't come alongside and give them a chance!"

Cautious and cruel, the pirate hung on the poor hulking creature's quarters and raked her at point-blank distance He made her pass a bitter time. And her captain! To see the splintering hull, the parting shrouds, the shivered gear, and hear the shrieks and groans of his wounded, and be unable to reply in kind! The sweat of agony poured down his face Oh, if he could but reach the open sea, and square his yards, and make a long chase of it, perhaps fall in with aid Wincing under each heavy blow, he crept doggedly, patiently, on, towards that one visible hope At last, when the ship was cloved with shot, and peppered with grape, the channel opened, in five minutes more, he could put her dead before the wind

No The pirate, on whose side luck had been from the first, got half a broadside to bear at long musket range, and cut the jib-stay; down fell that powerful sail into the water, and dragged across the ship's forefoot, stopping her way to the open sea she panted for. The mates groaned; the crew cheered stoutly, as British tars do in any great disaster. But most human events, even calamities, have two sides The *Agra*, being brought almost

to a standstill, the pirate forged ahead against his will, and the long eighteen-pounders on the gun-deck at last got a word in. The old gunner was not the man to miss a vessel alongside in a quiet sea; he sent two round shot clean through him; the third splintered his bulwark, and swept across his deck.

"His masts! fire at his masts!" roared Dodd through his trumpet; he then got the jib clear, and made what sail he could without taking all the hands from the guns. This kept the vessels nearly alongside a few minutes, and the fight was hot as fire. The pirate now for the first time hoisted his flag. It was black as ink. His crew yelled as it rose; the Britons, instead of quailing, cheered with fierce derision; the pirate's crew of yellow Malays, black, chinless Papuans, and bronzed Portuguese, served their side guns, twelve-pounders, well, and with ferocious cries, the white Britons, drunk with battle now, naked to the waist, grimed with powder, and spotted like leopards with blood, replied with loud, undaunted cheers, and deadly hail of grape from the quarter-deck; while the master-gunner and his mates firing chain shot at the pirate's masts, began to play the mischief with his shrouds and rigging.

Just then Dodd saw a vessel running out from Long Island, and coming swiftly up on his lee quarter. It was a schooner. Was she coming to his aid?

Horror! A black flag floated from her foremast head.

While Dodd's eyes were staring almost out of his head at this deathblow to hope, a pale face came close to his, and a solemn voice whispered in his ear: "Our ammunition is nearly done!"

Dodd seized his mate convulsively by the hand, and pointed to the pirate's consort coming up to finish them; and said with the calm of a brave man's despair: "Cutlasses! and die hard!"

At that moment the master-gunner fired. He sent a chain shot on board the pirate, took off a Portuguese head, and spun it clean into the sea ever so far to windward, and cut the schooner's foremast so nearly through that it trembled and nodded, and presently snapped with a loud crack and came down like a broken tree, with the yard and sail; the latter overlapping the deck and burying itself black flag and all, in the sea; and there,

in one moment, lay the destroyer buffeting and wriggling—an utter cripple

The victorious crew raised a stunning cheer

“Silence!” roared Dodd, through his trumpet “All hands make sail.”

But now the consort bore up in chase, and sailed three feet to the Agra's two. On this superiority being made clear, the situation of the merchant vessel, though not so utterly desperate as before that lucky shot, became pitiable enough. If she ran before the wind, the fresh pirate would cut her off, if she lay to windward, she might postpone the inevitable and fatal collision with a foe as strong as that she had only escaped by a rare piece of luck; but this would give the crippled pirate time to refit and unite to destroy her. Add to this the failing ammunition and the thinned crew.

The wind was west-north-west; Dodd was standing north; one pirate lay on his lee beam stopping a leak between wind and water, and hacking the deck clear of his broken mast and yards. The other fresh, and thirsting for the easy prey, came up to weather on him and hang on his quarter, pirate fashion. When they were distant about a cable's length, the fresh pirate luffed up, and gave the ship a broadside, well aimed but not destructive, the guns being loaded with ball

Dodd, instead of replying immediately, put his helm hard up, ran under the pirate's stern, and with his eighteen-pounders raked him fore and aft, and then gave him three carronades crammed with grape and canister; the rapid discharge of eight guns made the ship tremble, and enveloped her in thick smoke; loud shrieks and groans were heard from the schooner, the smoke cleared; the pirate's mainsail hung on deck, his jibboom was cut off like a carrot, and the sail struggling; his foresail looked lace, lanes of dead and wounded lay still or writhing on his deck, and his lee scuppers ran blood into the sea. Dodd squared his yards and bore away.

The great silent ship ran environed by her foes; one destroyer right in her course, another in her wake, following her with yells of vengeance, and pounding away at her—but no reply.

Suddenly the yells of the pirates on both sides ceased, and there was a moment of dead silence on the sea.

Yet nothing fresh had happened

Yes, this had happend; the pirates to windward, and the pirates to leeward of the Agra had found out, at the same moment, that the merchant captain they had lashed and bullied and tortured, was a patient but tremendous man. It was not only to rake the fresh schooner he had put his ship before the wind, but also by a double, daring master-stroke to hurl his monster ship bodily on the other. Without a foresail she could never get out of the Agra's way. The pirate crew had stopped the leak, and cut away and unshipped the broken foremast, and were stepping a new one, when they saw the huge ship bearing down in full sail. Nothing easier than to slip out of her way could they get the foresail to draw; but the time was short, the deadly intention manifest, the coming destruction swift.

After that solemn silence came a storm of cries and curses, as their seamen went to work to fit the yard and raise the sail; while their fighting men seized their matchlocks and trained the guns. They were commanded by an heroic, able villain. Astern the consort thundered, but the Agra's response was a dead silence more awful than broadsides. For then was seen with what majesty the enduring Anglo-Saxon fights.

One of that indomitable race on the gangway, one at the foremast, two at the wheel, conned and steered the great ship down on a hundred matchlocks and a grinning broadside, just as they would have conned and steered her into a British harbor.

At this critical moment the pirate astern sent a mischievous shot and knocked one of the men to atoms at the helm.

Dodd waved his hand without a word, and another man rose from the deck, and took his place in silence, and laid his unshaking hand on the wheel stained with that man's warm blood whose place he took.

The great ship was now scarce sixty yards distant; *she seemed to know*; she reared her lofty figure-head with great, awful shoots into the air.

But now the panting pirates got their new foresail hoisted with a joyful shout; it drew, the schooner gathered way, and their furious consort close on the Agra's heels just then scourged her deck with grape.

"Port!" said Dodd, calmly.

"Port it is"

The giant prow darted at the escaping pirate. That acre of coming canvas took the wind out of the swift schooner's foresail, it flapped; oh, then she was doomed! That awful moment parted the races on board her; the Papuans and Sooloos, their black faces livid and blue with horror, leaped yelling into the sea, or crouched and whimpered; the yellow Malays and brown Portuguese, though blanched to one color now, turned on death like dying panthers, fired two cannon slap into the ship's bows, and snapped their muskets and matchlocks at their solitary executioner on the ship's gangway, and out flew their knives like crushed wasp's stings. CRASH! the Indiaman's cutwater in thick smoke beat in the schooner's broadside; down went her masts to leeward like fishing-rods whipping the water; there was a horrible, shrieking yell; wild forms leaped off on the Agra, and were hacked to pieces almost ere they reached the deck—a surge, a chasm in the sea, filled with an instant rush of ingulfing waves, a long, awful, grating, grinding noise never to be forgotten in this world, all along the ship's keel—and the fearful, majestic monster passed on over the blank she had made, with a pale crew standing silent and awe-struck on her deck; a cluster of wild heads and staring eyeballs bobbing like corks in her foaming wake, sole relic of the blotted-out destroyer; and a wounded man staggering on the gangway, with hands uplifted and staring eyes.

Shot in two places, the head and the breast

With a loud cry of pity and dismay, his officers sprang to catch him; but, ere they got near, the victorious captain of the triumphant ship fell down on his hands and knees, his head sunk over the gangway, and his blood ran fast and pattered in the midst of them, on the deck he had defended so bravely.



The Measure of the Ghetto

BY JOHN S. LOPEZ.

From *The Hampton Magazine*



~~T~~ was Maury Green, altruist, champion of the Ghetto and misfortune generally, who asserted that the divine measure of love lay not in doing or giving, but in *giving up*. And this measure, ~~he~~ *lies* persisted, was the measure particularly of the poor and lowly—a measure to be found in its quintessence in the lower East Side of the City of Extremes. ~~In other words, he argued that unless one knew sorrow and poverty and hardship one could never know the sublime reaches of love~~

Rosa Eppman was a Ghetto widow. None noticed her especially—sorrow and poverty and self-sacrifice are too commonplace. Not that the strugglers are unsympathetic. But each is so sore beset balancing his own burden that he cannot pause to notice other burden bearers, unless their load becomes so heavy that his own is light in comparison.

At first this was not the case with Rosa Eppman. Indeed there were many who envied her. Her old boss had given her a place at a sewing machine when so many more robust widows were clamoring for an opportunity to make shirtwaists. Then came the great fire, and though Rosa saved her life, she lost her hand and marred her face in the doing of it. And so, months after, when the wounds were healed and the balance of her savings was gone, and there was no work to be had, Rosa Eppman, with her baby, Morris, drifted to Mother Rosenberg's to live the second part of her story.

A strange mixture of pride and humility she was, ~~as we soon discovered~~, and a certain indefinable air of dignity sat upon her despite the unpleasantness of her appearance. She did not want ~~our~~ pity—that she made evident. There was the same response to attempted friendliness. Whatever form our overtures took they were blocked by a barrier of reserve. There is no doubt that she had believed Mother Rosenberg's sophistries;

but before long she must have seen that the pretense of her earning her way by dish-washing and bed-making was a farce

She could find no work outside and things were getting worse and worse, when it was suggested that she apply to the Omnipotent Charities Association. They had a department that secured employment for persons who were physically handicapped in any way

Can you imagine a mouse transferred to a roaring lioness? That was Rosa Eppman when she returned from the Omnipotent Charities! Perhaps you will say she was ungrateful. They had offered her a home in the family of a charitable church worker, where she would be comfortable, get one dollar a week, and have little to do but care for a baby girl. Not so bad for a woman with one hand, eh?

Yes; but ~~what do you suppose? Think of impossible things! Well, then,~~ in order to get the job she must surrender baby-boy Morris to the Omnipotent Charities Association, which would find some one to adopt him!

Give up her Morris, indeed! They were crazy! Her little boy that was all she had left. Why didn't they ask her to cut off her other hand? Wanted her to take care of some one's brat while her own darling baby was away with strangers! To gehenna with them! Something would surely turn up!

That evening Maury Green harked back to his philosophy of love

"See?" he gloated "Here is your Ghetto mother who gives up assured comfort for herself rather than sacrifice her child"

"Not so fast," I contended, perhaps to be contrary "It may be that between the comfort of a good home and the comfort of her child's presence she chooses what suits her best."

It set him off like touching a match to gunpowder.

"You scoffer!" he snapped "What do you know about love?"

"Or you, for that matter?" I remarked airily, which did not at all tend to soothe him "You know they have offered prizes for its definition. Perhaps you could brush away the haze?"

"Listen!" he began. "With some, love means one

thing—with others something entirely different. That's why each man has his own definition

"Listen some night during the lobster hours at Churlish's and hear what some flush of color under a peroxide rick has to say

"It's true! He sent Gladys a solitaire sparkler to her dressing room to-day—a beauty! My, but he's crazy about her!"

"That's the Broadway measure Its standard is giving

"Or again, hear what that sedate business man is saying:

"My wife abhors the languages, but she's brushing up on her French and German like the deuce You see the children will soon be taking them up!"

"That's another measure Love's labor sets its standard!"

Then I dug the pit for him: "And your Ghetto measure?"

"Is giving up!" he flashed back "I don't mean giving up something for the sake of a loved one I mean giving up the loved one—giving up love itself—if it will benefit the one who is loved!"

"And *that*," I gloated, "is exactly what Rosa Eppman *hasn't* done!"

It put him in a corner; at least all he could say was: "We shall see, we shall see!"

But, to get back to actual happenings, things seemed to brighten from then on with Rosa Eppman Perhaps it was that she became more humble and accepting. Her love and gratitude for Mother Rosenberg were inspiring; Maury Green she regarded as a great and wise man. He got her an outfit of cheap laces to peddle and Rosa Eppman became happy Why not? Every week she was able to pay Mother Rosenberg something. What did Rosa care if doors were slammed in her face; if she came home footsore and drenched on rainy days; if negro hall boys shooed her away with insults? And instead of being ashamed of her infirmity, she was glad of it It made people kind to her. Insults! Huh! What did she care? She was earning almost enough to keep her Morris. And once when McManus suggested—the rest of us agreeing—that it would help business to take the youngster about with her, she was amazed, horrified,

humiliated. Take her little baby out into the hardships? The idea! No one but a man would think of such a thing.

Then one day the blow fell. We knew it was coming and we lined the upper hall, discreetly out of sight.

"Morris," she called before the door was half open. "Morris boy, come quick; see the pretty apple Mommer has brought. Where are you, Morris?"

We heard her hurry back to the basement stairs and call, and call, and call. Then her footsteps became quick, nervous, tense, and her voice took the ascending scale of anxiety. But she did not find Morris.

The boy was sick—very, very sick. He had been ailing, and this day he lapsed to delirium. Dr. Bernstein had called it scarlet fever.

It was a trying experience for Mother Rosenberg, and for all of us. If ever a gentle woman went suddenly amuck, Rosa Eppman was that woman.

But Maury Green argued with Rosa so convincingly and then pulled the proper wires to such good effect that presently baby Morris was trundled off to the Jewish Hospital for Children. His mother rode with him in the ambulance. We speculated on the scene that would occur when she found she could not stay with the boy. But we were fooled. We learned then from Rosa Eppman the lesson that when sorrow is most keen, love is quickest to search out some bright side or other. Was God not good, she argued, in that if Morris must be sick he had been taken to a beautiful hospital, where there were wonderful doctors, and the beds were soft and white, and everybody was kind. And then they had told her he was not very ill, he might be out in a month.

That night Rosa came to a portentous decision of which we were duly informed. She had been selfish in the past! She had sacrificed little Morris to her own pride and now God had pointed out that she must sacrifice her pride to the child. She should not have held him to such a miserable life when there was an easy way out. Here was the way of it. Her brother Hermann, who had opposed her marriage, should be written to for help. Hermann was rich—he had a fine jewelry business in Chicago—and he had a kind heart. She need only appeal to him.

All she asked was two or three hundred dollars; and

scarcely was the letter in the post before she was planning how the money was to be spent. First, to be sure, she must take Morris away for a while after he left the hospital. Scarlet fever is not such a serious thing, you know, but it leaves things behind if one isn't careful. There was a really fine place in the mountains where the board for the two would be only six dollars a week. That would leave enough to lay in a stock of irresistible laces, and if she only worked a little harder than before she would surely prosper. Who could tell? In time, maybe, she could take a little store.

Then a singular thing happened—something that showed her there were people ever so much worse off than she. That day, it seemed, the superintendent had introduced her to another young mother who was all in black and whose heart was broken. A rich widow, she was, a Mrs. Bonewaur. And the poor woman was all alone in the world because her little boy had died in the hospital, of scarlet fever, not a month before. See how little good money is when it will not save your child!

But here was the foolish part. The young woman wanted to adopt her Morris because he was just like the dead little boy. Think of it! If Rosa did not understand how that mother was suffering she'd have told her something! Money! Huh! Did that give excuse for robbing another mother, because she was poor, of the only thing she had worth living for? They might talk of fine prospects for Morris, of the beautiful home and fine education he would get. But he would not have the love of his real mother; and, anyhow, now that brother Hermann was to help, she would be able to give him future prospects enough.

Every day, in spite of this, the widow Bonewaur was at the hospital with more coaxing and arguments, and trying to win her over by bringing flowers and things to Morris. And even the superintendent, who had seemed so kind at first, took the side of the widow. That was because she was so rich! The letter from her brother Hermann would settle all their talk.

The letter came that very evening and Rosa, gloating in her first exhilaration, carried it off to have the first glimpse all to herself. On hour later we listened to the low, helpless wailing of a soul sorely tried. There was the letter from brother Hermann flung on the pile of baby

dresses that Rosa had prepared against Morris's homecoming

Brother Hermann wrote that he was sick at heart because he could do so little to help. The jewelry business had failed. Just now he and his wife and their three little ones were living in one small room, earning their bread by sewing buttons on coats. He had, however, scraped up enough for one railroad ticket, and she could bring the child since he was young enough to ride free. They would manage somehow. Rosa would be able to do some work; and by and by, when the little fellow got big enough, say seven or eight, he could learn how to sew buttons like his cousins.

We left Rosa in the apathetic calm of one who mercifully has been numbed by a blow. Later, when Mother Rosenberg found excuse to go to the room, Rosa had packed all the little dresses in a canvas bag and was trying to close it and fasten the strap with her one hand. Through the night, Mother Rosenberg uneasily alert, heard Rosa pacing back and forth, back and forth. When we came down in the morning, Rosa Eppman was gone. She had taken the bag, but left her own belongings behind.

It was raining that afternoon when she dragged herself up the stoop. She passed us in the hall, seemingly unconscious of our presence. Her eyes, glowing hectically, were set straight ahead, her cheeks were pallid; her mouth and lips dry and drawn. Her breast heaved in quick staccato rhythm.

"Rosa, girl," we heard Mother Rosenberg say with over cheerfulness, "why are you packing up? Surely you don't think of taking the boy out to that hard life!"

"Oh, no," came in a dull, lack-life monotone. "He's not going. I'm going alone."

"What's that?" snapped Mother Rosenberg. "You'll bring him right here and stay with him—that's what you'll do! And right now I'll go with you to the hospital and we'll get him."

"No, no," came in the same even, tense voice. "I'd be afraid to see him again. I didn't even go to-day. I might change my mind. I've decided it all, but I've got feelings, you know. Just suppose he reached up and patted my cheek and made play faces at me!"

"It's too late, anyhow," she continued, droningly.

"I've been to the lawyer's and signed papers. He's to grow up and think she is his mother I'm never to see him again—never to go near him And it's best. He'll forget me after awhile and then he'll be happy "

Mother Rosenberg was frankly sniveling. "And to think of the way you used to love him," she gurgled.

"Used to love him!" Rosa Eppman's voice swept up to the wavering pitch. "If I didn't love him now a million times more than I ever did, I'd take him to my brother's or I'd keep him here and struggle on somehow That wouldn't tear my heart out and make me feel all dead, this way But he'd grow up to sew buttons, to be hungry, to be always bound to sorrow and trouble. It's because I love him that I'm giving him up!"



The Laggard In Love

BY T. H. DALY



O! Giuseppe da barber ees crazy weeth spring!
He's no good een da daytimes for doin' a theeng
But to theenk of da night an da tunes he weel seeng.
Alla time w'en som' customer gat een hees chair,
He's so slow weeth da shave and weeth cuttin' da hair,
Dat hees boss ain't do notheeng but grumble an' swear.
But Giuseppe no care for wan blessa blame theeng

But to play mandolina

Where som' signorina

Weell listen at night to da love-song he seeng.

Com' Giuseppe da barber last nighta too late
To da house of da Rosa an' stan' by da gate,
An' he seeng like Il Gatto dat cry for hees mate,
Soocha playnta love music, sooch cooin', sooch sighs,
Soocha sounds from da heart—an' sooch looka su'prise
W'en he lefft hees face up an' stare eento my eyes
Lookin' down from da wall! Ah! Giuseppe, your call

Should be starta more earla

For catcha my gurla

For w'en da spreeng's here I no workin' at all!

Let Us Smile

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT

The thing that goes the farthest towards making life
worth while,
That costs the least and does the most, is just a pleasant
smile,
The smile that bubbles from a heart that loves its
fellow-men
Will drive away the cloud of gloom and coax the sun
again.
It's full of worth and goodness, too, with manly kindness
blent—
It's worth a million dollars, and doesn't cost a cent

There is no room for sadness when we see a cheery smile,
It always has the same good look—it's never out of style.
It nerves us on to try again when failure makes us blue,
The dimples of encouragement are good for me and you
It pays a higher interest, for it is merely lent—
It's worth a million dollars, and doesn't cost a cent

A smile comes very easy—you can wrinkle up with cheer
A hundred times before you can squeeze out a soggy tear.
It ripples out, moreover, to the heartstrings that will tug,
And always leaves an echo that is very like a hug
So, smile away. Folks understand what by a smile is
meant,
It's worth a million dollars, and doesn't cost a cent.



A Comparison

When Daddy mows the lawn, it looks
The way the barber cuts my hair,
All smooth and even all around,
With no long ridges anywhere.
But when I tried to mow it once,
It looked as ragged as could be,
For all the world just like the day
That Daddy cut my hair for me.

The Speaker

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Death of Madame Defarge*

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

During the reign of terror which followed the French Revolution, Charles Evremonde is sentenced to death by the guillotine through the efforts of Madame Defarge, a woman who cherishes an undying hatred toward him and his entire race. Through the devotion of Sydney Carton, who takes his place at the guillotine, he is saved against his will, and hurried from Paris by his wife and another friend. Miss Pross, his wife's companion and maid, is to follow a few hours later by another conveyance. Unknowing of the escape, Madame Defarge plots to involve Evremond's wife and child in his ruin.

She expounded her idea thus:



HE will now be at home, awaiting the moment of his death. She will be mourning and grieving. She will be in a state of mind to impeach the justice of the Republic. She will be full of sympathy with its enemies. I will go to her."

"What an admirable woman; what an adorable woman!" exclaimed Jacques Three, rapturously. "Ah, my cherished!" cried The Vengeance, and embraced her.

"Take you my knitting," said Madame Defarge, placing it in her lieutenant's hands, "and have it ready for me in my usual seat by the guillotine. Keep me my usual chair. Go you there, straight, for there will probably be a greater concourse than usual to-day."

"I willingly obey the orders of my Chief," said The Vengeance, with alacrity, and kissing her cheek. "You will not be late?"

"I shall be there before the commencement."

"And before the tumbrils arrive. Be sure you are there, my soul," said The Vengeance, calling after her,

* From "A Tale of Two Cities"

for she had already turned into the street, "before the tumbrils arrive!"

Madame Defarge slightly waved her hand, to imply that she heard, and might be relied upon to arrive in good time, and so went through the mud and round the corner of the prison wall. The Vengeance and the Jurymen, looking after her as she walked away, were highly appreciative of her fine figure, and her superb moral endowments.

It was nothing to her, that an innocent man was to die for the sins of his forefathers; she saw, not him, but them. It was nothing to her that his wife was to be made a widow and his daughter an orphan; that was insufficient punishment, because they were her natural enemies and her prey, and as such had no right to live. To appeal to her, was made hopeless by her having no sense of pity, even for herself. If she had been laid low in the streets, in any of the many encounters in which she had been engaged, she would not have pitied herself; nor, if she had been ordered to the axe to-morrow, would she have gone to it with any softer feeling than a fierce desire to change places with the man who sent her there.

Such a heart Madame Defarge carried under her rough robe. Carelessly worn, it was a becoming robe enough, in a certain weird way, and her dark hair looked rich under her coarse red cap. Lying hidden in her bosom was a loaded pistol. Lying hidden at her waist was a sharpened dagger. Thus accoutred, and walking with the confident tread of such a character, and with the supple freedom of a woman who had habitually walked in her girlhood, bare-foot and bare-legged, on the brown sea-sand, Madame Defarge took her way along the streets.

* * * * *

Miss Pross was preparing for departure. Afraid, in her extreme perturbation, of the loneliness of the deserted rooms, and of half-imagined faces peeping from behind every open door in them, she got a basin of cold water and began laving her eyes, which were swollen and red. Haunted by her feverish apprehensions, she could not bear to have her sight obscured for a minute at a time by the dripping water, but constantly paused and

looked round to see that there was no one watching her. In one of those pauses she recoiled and cried out, for she saw a figure standing in the room.

The basin fell to the ground broken, and the water flowed to the feet of Madame Defarge. By strange, stern ways, and through much staining blood, those feet had come to meet that water.

Madame Defarge looked coldly at her and said, "The wife of Evremonde, where is she?"

It flashed upon Miss Pross' mind that the doors were all standing open and would suggest the flight. Her first act was to shut them. There were four in the room and she shut them all. She then placed herself before the door of the chamber which Lucie had occupied.

Madame Defarge's dark eyes followed her through this rapid movement, and rested on her when it was finished. Miss Pross had nothing beautiful about her; years had not tamed the wildness, or softened the grimness of her appearance; but she, too, was a determined woman in her different way, and she measured Madame Defarge with her eyes, every inch.

"You might, from your appearance, be the wife of Lucifer," said Miss Pross. "Nevertheless, you shall not get the better of me. I am an Englishwoman."

Madame Defarge looked at her scornfully, but still with something of Miss Pross' own perception that they two were at bay. She knew full well that Miss Pross was the family's devoted friend; Miss Pross knew full well that Madame Defarge was the family's malevolent enemy.

"On my way yonder," said Madame Defarge, with a slight movement of her hand towards the fatal spot, "where they reserve my chair and my knitting for me, I am come to make my compliments to her in passing. I wish to see her."

"I know that your intentions are evil," said Miss Pross, "and you may depend upon it, I'll hold my own against them."

Each spoke in her own language; neither understood the other's words; both were very watchful and intent to deduce from look and manner what the unintelligible words meant.

"It will do her no good to keep herself concealed from

me at this moment," said Madame Defarge "Good patriots will know what that means. Let me see her. Go tell her that I wish to see her Do you hear?"

"If those eyes of yours were bed-witches," returned Miss Pross, "and I was an English four-poster, they shouldn't loose a splinter of me. No, you wicked foreign woman, I am your match."

"Woman, imbecile and pig-like!" said Madame Defarge, frowning. "I take no answer from you I demand to see her. Either tell her that I demand to see her or stand out of the way of the door and let me go to her!" This, with an angry explanatory wave of her right arm.

"I little thought," said Miss Pross, "that I should ever want to understand your nonsensical language; but I would give all I have, except the clothes I wear, to know whether you suspect the truth, or any part of it."

Neither of them for a single moment released the other's eyes. Madame Defarge had not moved from the spot where she stood when Miss Pross first became aware of her; but she now advanced one step

"I am a Briton," said Miss Pross. "I am desperate I don't care an English twopence for myself. I know that the longer I keep you here, the greater hope there is for my Ladybird I'll not leave a handful of that dark hair upon your head, if you lay a finger on me!"

But her courage was of that emotional nature that it brought the irrepressible tears into her eyes. This was a courage Madame Defarge so little comprehended as to mistake for weakness "Ha, ha!" she laughed, "you poor wretch! What are you worth! I address myself to that Doctor" (Then she raised her voice and called out) "Citizen Doctor! Wife of Evremonde! Child of Evremonde! Any person but this miserable fool, answer the Citizeness Defarge!"

Perhaps the following silence, perhaps some latent disclosure in the expression of Miss Pross' face, perhaps a sudden misgiving apart from either suggestion, whispered to Madame Defarge that they were gone. Three of the doors she opened swiftly, and looked in

"Those rooms are all in disorder, there has been hurried packing, there are odds and ends upon the ground There is no one in that room behind you! Let me look."

"Never!" said Miss Pross, who understood the request as perfectly as Madame Defarge understood the answer.

"If they are not in that room, they are gone, and can be pursued and brought back," said Madame Defarge to herself.

"As long as you don't know whether they are in that room or not, you are uncertain what to do," said Miss Pross to herself; "and you shall not know that, if I can prevent your knowing it; and know that, or know not that, you shall not leave here while I can hold you."

"I have been in the streets from the first, nothing has stopped me, I will tear you to pieces, but I will have you from that door," said Madame Defarge.

"We are alone at the top of a high house in a solitary courtyard, we are not likely to be heard, and I pray for bodily strength to keep you here, while every minute you are here is worth a hundred thousand guineas to my darling," said Miss Pross.

Madame Defarge made at the door. Miss Pross, on the instinct of the moment, seized her round the waist in both her arms, and held her tight. It was in vain for Madame Defarge to struggle and to strike, Miss Pross, with the vigorous tenacity of love, always so much stronger than hate, clasped her tight, and even lifted her from the floor in the struggle that they had. The two hands of Madame Defarge buffeted and tore her face; but Miss Pross, with her head down, held her round the waist, and clung to her with more than the hold of a drowning woman.

Soon Madame Defarge's hands ceased to strike, and felt at her encircled waist. "It is under my arm," said Miss Pross, in smothered tones, "you shall not draw it. I am stronger than you, I bless Heaven for it. I'll hold you till one or the other of us faints or dies!"

Madame Defarge's hands were at her bosom. Miss Pross looked up, saw what it was, struck at it, struck out a flash and a crash, and stood alone—blinded with smoke.

All this was in a second. As the smoke cleared, leaving an awful stillness, it passed out on the air, like the soul of the furious woman whose body lay lifeless on the ground.

* * * * *

The clocks are on the stroke of three, and all are fol-

lowing the tumbrils to the Guillotine. In front of it, seated in chairs as in a garden of public diversion, are a number of women, busily knitting. On one of the foremost chairs, stands The Vengeance, looking about for her friend.

"Therese!" she cries, in her shrill tones. "Who has seen her? Therese Defarge!"

"She never missed before," says a knitting-woman of the sisterhood.

"No; nor will she miss now," cries The Vengeance, petulantly. "Therese."

"Louder," the woman recommends

Ay! Louder, Vengeance, much louder, and still she will scarcely hear thee. Louder yet, Vengeance, with a little oath or so added, and yet it will hardly bring her. Send other women up and down to seek her, lingering somewhere; and yet, although the messengers have done dread deeds, it is questionable whether of their own wills they will go far enough to find her!



The Rose of Calvary

This Rose the sweet winds toss—
This dream of Love and loss—
Once bloomed above the red thorns
in the shadow of a Cross

So fair—so fair it seems!
But bitter-sweet its dreams,—
For still beneath its beauty a
crimson memory gleams!

And yet, above the sod,
Unscathed of wrathful rod,
It lives, like a love-wounding heart,
forgiven of its God.

Others Call It God

BY WILLIAM H. CARRUTH.

A fire-mist and a planet,
A crystal and a cell.
A jelly-fish and a saurian,
And caves where the cave-men dwell;
Then a sense of law and beauty,
And a face turned from the clod,—
Some call it evolution,
And others call it God.

A haze on the far horizon,
The infinite, tender sky:
The ripe, rich tints of the corn-fields,
And the wild geese sailing high:
And all over upland and lowland
The charm of the goldenrod,—
Some of us call it Autumn,
And others call it God.

Like the tide on a crescent sea-beach,
When the moon is new and thin,
Into our hearts high yearnings
Come welling and surging in.
Come from the mystic ocean,
Whose rim no foot has trod,—
Some of us call it longing
And others call it God.

A picket frozen on duty,
A mother starved for her brood,
Socrates drinking the hemlock,
And Jesus on the rood;
The millions, who, humble and nameless
The straight, hard pathway trod,—
Some call it Consecration
And others call it God.

Two Scenes from The Taming of the Shrew^{*}

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

ACT II.

Scene I.—Padua A Room in BAPTISTA'S House

PET. I will attend her here,
And woo her with some spirit when she comes
Say that she rail, why then I'll tell her plain
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale:
Say that she frown, I'll say she looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew
Say she be mute and will not speak a word,
Then I'll commend her volubility,
And say she uttereth piercing eloquence:
But here she comes, and now, Petruchio, speak

Enter KATHARINA.

Good-morrow, Kate, for that's your name, I hear.

KATH Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing:

They call me Katharine that do talk of me

PET. You lie, in faith, for you are call'd plain Kate.
And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst,
But, Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,
Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,—
Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,—
Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.

KATH. Mov'd! in good time let him that mov'd you hither

Remove you hence I knew you at the first,
You were a moveable

PET Come, come, you wasp; i' faith you are too angry.

KATH If I be waspish, best beware my sting

^{*} These scenes may be given separately or as one reading.

PET My remedy is, then, to pluck it out
 KATH. Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.
 PET. Who knows not where a wasp does wear his
 sting?
 In his tail
 KATH. In his tongue
 PET. Whose tongue?
 KATH. Yours, if you talk of tails; and so farewell
 PET. Nay, come again.
 Good Kate, I am a gentleman
 KATH. That I'll try. [*Striking him*]
 PET. I swear I'll cuff you if you strike again
 KATH. So may you lose your arms:
 If you strike me, you are no gentleman;
 And if no gentleman, why then no arms
 PET. A herald, Kate? O! put me in thy books
 KATH. What is your crest? a coxcomb?
 PET. Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look so
 sour.
 KATH. It is my fashion when I see a crab.
 PET. Why, here's no crab, and therefore look not sour
 KATH. There is, there is.
 PET. Then show it me.
 KATH. Had I a glass, I would
 PET. What, you mean my face?
 KATH. Well aim'd of such a young one
 PET. Now, by Saint George, I am too young for you
 KATH. Yet you are wither'd
 PET. 'Tis with cares.
 KATH. I care not
 PET. Nay, hear you, Kate: in sooth, you 'scape not so
 KATH. I chafe you, if I tarry: let me go.
 PET. No, not a whit: I find you passing gentle.
 'Twas told me you were rough and coy and sullen,
 And now I find report a very liar;
 For thou are pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous.
 But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers:
 Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,
 Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will;
 Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk;
 But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,
 With gentle conference, soft and affable.
 Why does the world report that Kate doth limp?
 O slandrous world! Kate, like the hazel-twigg,

The Speaker

Is straight and slender, and as brown in hue
As hazel-nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.

O' let me see thee walk: thou dost not halt

KATH. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command

PET. Did ever Dian so become a grove
As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?

KATH. Where did you study all this goodly speech?

PET. It is extempore, from my mother-wit
Thus in plain terms: your father hath consented
That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on;
And will you, nill, you, I will marry you
Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn;
For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,—
Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well,—
Thou must be married to no man but me.
For I am he am born to tame you, Kate;
And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate
Conformable as other household Kates.
Here comes your father never make denial;
I must and will have Katharine to my wife.

Enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, and TRANIO.

BAP. Now, Signor Petruchio, how speed you with my
daughter?

PET. How but well, sir? how but well?
It were impossible I should speed amiss.

BAP. Why, how now, daughter Katharine! in your
dumps?

KATH. Call you me daughter? now, I promise you
You have show'd me a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one half lunatic;
A mad-cap ruffian and a swearing Jack,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

PET. Father, 'tis thus: yourself and all the world,
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her:
If she be curst, it is for policy,
For she's not froward, but modest as the dove;
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;
For patience she will prove a second Grissel,
And Roman Lucrece for her chastity;
And to conclude, we have 'greed so well together,
That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.

KATH. I'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first

GRE. Hark, Petruchio: she says she'll see thee hang'd first.

PET. Be patient, gentlemen; I choose her for myself: If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?

'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,

That she shall still be curst in company.

I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe

How much she loves me O! the kindest Kate

She hung about my neck, and kiss on kiss

She vied so fast, protesting oath on oath,

That in a twink she won me to her love.

Give me thy hand, Kate: I will unto Venice

To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day.

Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests;

I will be sure my Katharine shall be fine.

BAP I know not what to say, but give me your hands.

God send you joy, Petruchio! 'tis a match.

PET. I will to Venice; Sunday comes apace.

We will have rings, and things, and fine array;

And, kiss me, Kate, we will be married o' Sunday

ACT IV.

Scene III—A Room in PETRUCHIO's House.

Enter KATHARINA and GRUMIO

GRU. No, no, forsooth; I dare not, for my life.

KATH. The more my wrong the more his spite appears.

What, did he marry me to famish me?

Beggars, that come unto my father's door,

Upon entreaty have a present alms;

If not, elsewhere they meet with charity:

But I, who never knew how to entreat,

Nor never needed that I should entreat,

Am starv'd for meat, giddy for lack of sleep;

With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed,

And that which spites me more than all these wants,

He does it under name of perfect love;

As who should say, if I should sleep or eat

'Twere deadly sickness, or else present death.

I prithee go and get me some repast;

The Speaker

I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

GRU. What say you to a neat's foot?

KATH. 'Tis passing good. I prithee let me have it

GRU. I fear it is too choleric a meat

How say you to a fat tripe finely broil'd?

KATH. I like it well good Grumio, fetch it me

GRU. I cannot tell: I fear 'tis choleric.

What say you to a piece of beef and mustard?

KATH. A dish that I do love to feed upon

GRU. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.

KATH. Why, then the beef, and let the mustard rest,

GRU. Nay, then I will not. you shall have the mustard,

Or else you get no beef of Grumio.

KATH. Then both, or one, or anything thou wilt

GRU. Why then, the mustard without the beef

KATH. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave,
[Beats him

Thou feed'st me with the very name of meat.

Sorrow on thee and all the pack of you,

That triumph thus upon my misery!

Go, get thee gone, I say

Enter PETRUCHIO

PET. How fares my Kate? What, sweeting, all amort?

Pluck up thy spirits;

The tailor stays thy leisure,

To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure

Enter Tailor.

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments;

Lay forth the gown —

Enter Haberdasher

What news with you, sir?

HAB. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak

PET. Why, 'tis a cockle or a walnut-shell,

A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap:

Away with it! come, let me have a bigger

KATH. I'll have no bigger: this doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

PET. When you are gentle, you shall have one too;
And not till then.

KATH. Why, sir, I trust I may have leave to speak,
And speak I will; I am no child, no babe
Your betters have endur'd me say my mind,
And if you cannot, best you stop your ears.

PET. Why, thou sayst true; it is a paltry cap,
I love thee well in that thou lik'st it not.

KATH. Love me or love me not, I like the cap,
And it I will have, or I will have none.

[Exit Haberdasher]

PET. Thy gown? why, ay: come, tailor, let us see 't
What's this? a sleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon:
What! up and down, carv'd like an apple-tart?
Here's snip and nip and cut and slish and slash,
Like to a censer in a barber's shop
Why, what, i' devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?

TAL. You bid me make it orderly and well.
According to the fashion and the time.

PET. Marry, and did; but if you be remember'd,
I did not bid you mar it to the time
I'll none of it hence! make your best of it.

KATH. I never saw a better-fashioned gown,
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable.
Belike you mean to make a puppet of me

PET. Why, true; he means to make a puppet of thee

TAL. She says your worship means to make a puppet
of her.

PET. O monstrous arrogance! Thou liest, thou
thread,
Thou thimble,

Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail!
Away! thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant,
I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown

TAL. Your worship is deceived. the gown is made
Just as my master had direction.

PET. Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

(To Tailor.) Go take it hence; be gone, and say no
more

[Exit Tailor.]

Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your father's
Even in these honest mean habiliments.
And therefore frolic we will hence forthwith,

The Speaker

To feast and sport us at thy father's house.

Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon!

KATH. The moon! the sun. it is not moonlight now

PET. I say it is the moon that shines so bright

KATH. I know it is the sun that shines so bright

PET. Now by my mother's son, and that's myself,
It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,
Or ere I journey to your father's house.

KATH. Oh be it moon, or sun, or what you please
An if you please to call it a rush-candle,
Henceforth it shall be so for me.

PET. I say it is the moon.

KATH. I know it is the moon.

PET. Nay, then you lie, it is the blessed sun.

KATH. Then God be bless'd it is the blessed sun;
But sun it is not when you say it is not,
And the moon changes even as your mind
What you will have it nam'd, even that it is;
And so, it shall be so for Katharine.



Returned Unopened

BY SEYMOUR BARNARD

Little Timmy Tudor Titus
Thought he had appendicitis;
Went to bed and owned him beaten,
Quite forgot the things he'd eaten

Mother sent out frantic calls
To the nearest hospitals;
Ambulances! Ever tried one?
My, 'twas fun to be inside one!

Doctors grave and doctors glum
Thumped on little Timmy's tum;
Recommended but a rope-end,
Timmy was "Returned Unopened"

The Boat Race*

BY THOMAS HUGHES.



HE crew had just finished their early dinner Hark! the first gun! The St. Ambrose crew fingered their oars, put a last dash of grease on their rowlocks, and settled their feet against the stretchers "Shall we push her off?" asked "bow." "No, I can give you another minute," said the coxswain, who was sitting, watch in hand, in the stern; "only be smart when I give the word. Eight seconds more only. Look out for the flash. Remember, all eyes in the boat"

There it comes, at last—the flash of the starting gun. Long before the sound of the report can roll up the river the whole pent-up life and energy which has been held in leash, as it were, for the last six minutes is let loose, and breaks away with a bound and a dash which he who has felt it will remember for his life, but the like of which will he ever feel again? The starting ropes drop from the coxswain's hands, the oars flash into the water, and gleam on the feather, the spray flies from them and the boats leap forward.

The crowds on the bank scatter and rush along, each keeping as near as it may be to its own boat. Some of the men on the towing path, some on the very edge of, often in, the water—some slightly in advance, as if they could help to drag their boat forward—some behind, where they can see the pulling better—but all at full speed, in wild excitement, and shouting at the top of their voices to those to whom the honor of the college is laid. "Well pulled, all!" "Pick her up there, five!" "You're gaining, every stroke!" "Time in the bows!" "Bravo, St Ambrose!" On they rushed by the side of the boats jostling one another, stumbling, struggling, and panting along.

For the first ten strokes Tom Brown was in too great fear of making a mistake to feel or hear or see. His whose soul was glued to the back of the man before him, his one thought to keep time, and get his strength into

From "Tom Brown at Oxford"

the stroke. But as the crew settled down into the well-known long sweep, consciousness returned. While every muscle in his body was straining, and his chest heaved, and his heart leaped, every nerve seemed to be gathering new life and his senses to wake into unwonted acuteness. He caught the scent of the wild thyme in the air, and found room in his brain to wonder how it could have got there, as he had never seen the plant near the river or smelt it before. Though his eye never wandered from the back of the man in front of him, he seemed to see all things at once; and amid the Babel of voices, and the dash and pulse of the stroke, and the laboring of his own breathing he heard a voice coming to him again and again, and clear as if there had been no other sound in the air. "Steady, two! steady! well pulled! steady, steady!"

The voice seemed to give him strength and keep him to his work. And what work it was! He had had many a hard pull in the last six weeks, but never aught like this. But it can't last forever; men's muscles are not steel, or their lungs bull's hide, and hearts can't go on pumping a hundred miles an hour long without bursting. The St. Ambrose's boat is well away from the boat behind. There is a great gap between the accompanying crowds. And now, as they near the Gut, she hangs for a moment or two in hand, though the roar from the banks grows louder and louder, and Tom is already aware that the St. Ambrose crowd is melting into the one ahead of them.

"We must be close to Exeter!" The thought flashes into him and into the rest of the crew at the same moment. For, all at once, the strain seems taken off their arms again. There is no more drag. She springs to the stroke as she did at the start; and the coxswain's face, which had darkened for a few seconds, lightens up again. "You're gaining! you're gaining!" now and then he mutters to the captain, who responds with a look, keeping his breath for other matters. Isn't he grand, the captain, as he comes forward like lightning, stroke after stroke, his back flat, his teeth set, his whole frame working from the hips with the steadiness of a machine? As the space still narrows, the eyes of the fiery little coxswain flash with excitement.

The two crowds are mingled now, and no mistake; and the shouts come all in a heap over the water "Now, St. Ambrose, six strokes more!" "Now, Exeter, you're gaining; pick her up!" "Mind the Gut, Exeter!" "Bravo, St Ambrose!" The water rushes by, still eddying from the strokes of the boat ahead Tom fancies now he can hear the voice of their coxswain In another moment both boats are in the Gut, and a storm of shouts reaches them from the crowd. "Well steered, well steered, St. Ambrose!" is the cry. Then the coxswain, motionless as a statue till now, lifts his right hand and whirls the tassel round his head: "Give it her now, boys; six strokes and we are into them!"

And while a mighty sound of shouts, murmurs, and music went up into the evening sky, the coxswain shook the tiller ropes again, the captain shouted, "Now, then, pick her up!" and the St. Ambrose boat shot up between the swarming banks at racing pace to her landing-place, the lion of the evening.



Agnes, I Love Thee

ANONYMOUS

I stood upon the ocean's briny shore;
And, with a fragile reed, I wrote
Upon the sand—"Agnes, I love thee!"
The mad waves rolled by, and blotted out
The fair impression.
Frail reed! cruel wave! treacherous sand!
I'll trust ye no more;
But, with giant hand, I'll pluck
From Norway's frozen shore
Her tallest pine, and dip its top
Into the crater of Vesuvius,
And upon the high and burnished heavens
I'll write,—“Agnes, I love thee!”—
And I would like to see any
Dog-goned wave wash that out!

The Jackdaw of Rheims

BY R. H. BARHAM

The Jackdaw sat on the Cardinal's chair!
Bishop and abbot and prior were there;
 Many a monk, and many a friar,
 Many a knight, and many a squire,
With a great many more of lesser degree,—
In sooth, a goodly company;
And they served the Lord Primate on bended knee.
 Never, I ween, was a prouder seen,
Read of in books, or dreamt of in dreams,
Than the Cardinal Lord Archbishop of Rheims!
 In and out through the motley rout,
That little Jackdaw kept hopping about—
 Here and there, like a dog in a fair,
 Over comfits and cates, and dishes and plates,
Cowl and cope, and rochet and pall,
Mitre and crosier! he hopped upon all.
With a saucy air, he perched on the chair
Where, in state, the great Lord Cardinal sat,
In the great Lord Cardinal's red hat;
 And he peered in the face
 Of his Lordship's Grace,
With a satisfied look, as if he would say,
"We two are the greatest folks here to-day!"
 And the priests with awe, as such freaks they saw,
Said, "The deuce must be in that little Jackdaw!"

The feast was over, the board was cleared,
The flawns and the custards had all disappeared,
And six little singing-boys—dear little souls
In nice clean faces, and nice white stoles—
 Came, in order due, two by two,
Marching that grand refectory through!

A nice little boy held a golden ewer,
Embossed and filled with water, as pure
As any that flows between Rheims and Namur,

Which a nice little boy stood ready to catch
In a fine golden hand-basin made to match.
Two nice little boys, rather more grown,
Carried lavender-water, and eau de Cologne;
And a nice little boy had a nice cake of soap,
Worthy of washing the hands of the Pope.

One little boy more a napkin bore,
Of the best white diaper, fringed with pink,
And a Cardinal's hat marked in "permanent ink."

The great Lord Cardinal turns at the sight
Of these nice little boys dressed all in white;
From his finger he draws his costly turquoise,
And, not thinking at all about little Jackdaws,
Deposits it straight by the side of his plate,
While the nice little boys on his Eminence wait;
Till when nobody's dreaming of any such thing,
That little Jackdaw hops off with the ring!

There's a cry and a shout, and a terrible rout,
And nobody seems to know what they're about;
But the monks have their pockets all turned inside out;
The friars are kneeling, and hunting and feeling
The carpet, the floor, and the walls, and the ceiling
The Cardinal drew off each plum-colored shoe,
And left his red stockings exposed to the view;
He peeps, and he feels in the toes and the heels,
They turn up the dishes, they turn up the plates,
They take up the poker and poke out the grates,
They turn up the rugs, they examine the mugs;
But, no! no such thing,—they can't find THE RING!
The Cardinal rose with a dignified look,
He called for his candle, his bell, and his book!
In holy anger and pious grief
He solemnly cursed that rascally thief!
Never was heard such a terrible curse!
But what gave rise to no little surprise,
Nobody seemed one penny the worse!

The day was gone, the night came on,
The monks and the friars they searched till dawn;
When the sacristan saw, on crumpled claw,
Come limping a poor little lame Jackdaw!

No longer gay, as on yesterday,
His feathers all seemed to be turned the wrong way;
His pinions drooped, he could hardly stand,—
His head was as bald as the palm of your hand,
His eyes so dim, so wasted each limb,
Regardless of grammar, they all cried, "THAT'S HIM!
That's the scamp that has done this scandalous thing,
That's the thief that has got my Lord Cardinal's ring!"
The poor little Jackdaw, when the monks he saw,
Feebly gave vent to the ghost of a caw;
And turned his bald head as much as to say,
"Pray be so good as to walk this way!"
Slower and slower he limped on before,
Till they came to the back of the belfry-door,
Where the first thing they saw,
Midst the sticks and the straw,
Was the RING, in the nest of the little Jackdaw!

Then the great Lord Cardinal called for his book,
And off that terrible curse he took;
The mute expression served in lieu of confession,
And, being thus coupled with full restitution,
The Jackdaw got plenary absolution!

When these words were heard, the poor little bird
Was so changed in a moment, 'twas really absurd:
He grew slick and fat; in addition to that,
A fresh crop of feathers came thick as a mat!
His tail wagged more even than before;
But no longer it wagged with an impudent air,
No longer he perched on the Cardinal's chair
He hopped now about with a gait devout;
At matins, at vespers, he never was out;
And, so far from any more pilfering deeds,
He always seemed telling the Confessor's beads.
If any one lied, or if any one swore,
Or slumbered in prayer-time and happened to snore,
That good Jackdaw would give a great "Caw!"
As much as to say, "Don't do so any more!"
While many remarked, as his manners they saw,
That they never had known such a pious Jackdaw!
He long lived the pride of that country side,
And at last in the odor of sanctity died:

When, as words were too faint his merits to paint,
The Conclave determined to make him a Saint
And on newly made Saints and Popes, as you know,
It's the custom at Rome new names to bestow,
So they canonized him by the name of Jim Crow!



Selling the Family Pictures*

BY RICHARD B. SHERIDAN.

Sir Oliver Surface, after a long absence from England, desires to test the character of his spendthrift nephew, Charles Surface. Disguised as a moneylender, Mr. Premium, he accompanies a genuine broker on a visit to his nephew Charles, to his horror, offers to sell the family-pictures, his friend, Careless, volunteering to act as auctioneer. The scene is in the picture-room

Charles S. Walk in, gentlemen; pray walk in. Here they are, the family of the Surfaces, up to the Conquest

Sir Oliver S. And, in my opinion, a goodly collection

Charles S. Ay, ay; these are done in the true spirit of portrait painting. Not like the works of your modern Raphaels, who give you the strongest resemblance, yet contrive to make your portrait independent of you; so that you may sink the original and not hurt the picture. No, no; the merit of these is the inveterate likeness—all stiff and awkward as the originals, and like nothing in human nature besides.

Sir Oliver S. Ah! we shall never see such figures of men again

Charles S. I hope not. Well, you see, Master Premium, what a domestic character I am. Here I sit of an evening surrounded by my family. But come, get to your pulpit, Mr. Auctioneer; here's an old gouty chair of my father's will answer the purpose

Careless. Ay, ay, this will do. But Charles, I hav'n't a hammer; and what's an auctioneer without his hammer?

*From "The School for Scandal"

Charles S. Egad, that's true What parchment have we here? O, our genealogy in full. Here, Careless, you shall have no common bit of mahogany, here's the family tree for you, you rogue; this shall be your hammer, and now you may knock down my ancestors with their own pedigree

Sir Oliver S. What an unnatural rogue! an ex post facto parricide! (*Aside*)

Careless. Yes, yes, here's a bit of your generation, indeed; faith, Charles, this is the most convenient thing you could have found for the business, for 'twill serve not only as a hammer, but as a catalogue into the bargain Come, begin—A-going, a-going, a-going!

Charles S. Bravo, Careless! Well, here's my great uncle, Sir Richard Raveline, a marvelous good general in his day, I assure you. He served in all the Duke of Marlborough's wars, and got that cut over his eye at the battle of Malplaquet What say you, Mr. Premium? look at him, there's a hero, not cut out of feathers, as your modern clipp'd captains are, but enveloped in wig and regimentals, as a general should be. What do you bid?

Moses. Mr. Premium would have you speak.

Charles S. Why, then, he shall have him for ten pounds, and I'm sure that's not dear for a staff-officer.

Sir Oliver S. Heaven deliver me! his famous uncle for ten pounds? (*Aside*) Well, sir, I take him at that

Charles S. Careless, knock down my uncle Richard. Here, now, is a maiden sister of his, my great Aunt Deborah, done by Kneller, thought to be in his best manner, and a very formidable likeness There she is, you see, a shepherdess feeding her flock. You shall have her for five pounds ten; the sheep are worth the money.

Sir Oliver S. Ah! poor Deborah; a woman who set such a value on herself! (*Aside.*) Five pounds ten; she's mine.

Charles S. Knock down my Aunt Deborah! Here, now, are two that were a sort of cousins of theirs. You see, Moses, these pictures were done some time ago, when beaux wore wigs and the ladies their own hair

Sir Oliver S. Yes, truly, headdresses appear to have been a little lower in those days.

Charles S. Well, take that couple for the same.

Moses. 'Tis a good bargain.

Charles S. Careless! This, now, is a grandfather of my mother, a learned judge, well known on the Western Circuit. What do you rate him at, Moses?

Moses. Four guineas!

Charles S. Four guineas! Gad's life, you don't bid me the price of his wig. Mr. Premium, you have more respect for the woosack; do let us knock his lordship down at fifteen

Sir Oliver S. By all means.

Careless. Gone!

Charles S. And there are two brothers of his, William and Walter Blunt, Esquires, both members of Parliament, and noted speakers, and what's very extraordinary, I believe, this is the first time they were ever bought or sold.

Sir Oliver S. That is very extraordinary, indeed! I'll take them at your own price, for the honor of Parliament.

Careless. Well said, little Premium! I'll knock them down at forty.

Charles S. Here's a jolly fellow; I don't know what relation, but he was mayor of Manchester. Take him at eight pounds.

Sir Oliver S. No, no; six will do for the mayor.

Charles S. Come, make it guineas, and I'll throw you the two alderman there into the bargain.

Sir Oliver S. They're mine.

Charles S. Careless, knock down the mayor and aldermen. But, plague on't, we shall be all day retailing this manner. Do let us deal wholesale; what say you, little Premium? Give us three hundred pounds for the rest of the family in the lump

Careless. Ay, ay, that will be the best way.

Sir Oliver S. Well, well, anything to accommodate you—they are mine. But there is one portrait which you have always passed over.

Careless. What, that ill-looking little fellow over the settee?

Sir Oliver S. Yes, sir, I mean that; though I don't think him so ill-looking a little fellow, by any means.

Charles S. What, that? Oh! that's my Uncle Oliver; 'twas done before he went to India.

Careless Your Uncle Oliver! Gad, then, you'll never be friends, Charles. That, now, to me, is as stern a looking rogue as ever I saw—an unforgiving eye, and a d—d disinheriting countenance! an inveterate knave, depend on't Don't you think so, little Premium?

Sir Oliver S. Upon my soul, sir, I do not I think it is as honest a looking face as any in the room, dead or alive But I suppose Uncle Oliver goes with the rest of the lumber?

Charles S. No, hang it! I'll not part with poor Noll The old fellow has been very good to me, and, egad, I'll keep his picture while I've a room to put it in

Sir Oliver S. The rogue's my nephew after all! (*Aside.*) But, sir, I have somehow taken a fancy to that picture

Charles S. I'm sorry for't, for you certainly will not have it. Oons, haven't you got enough of them?

Sir Oliver S. I forgive him everything! (*Aside*) But, sir, when I take a whim in my head I don't value money. I'll give you as much for that as for all the rest

Charles S. Don't tease me, master broker I tell you I'll not part with it, and there's an end of it.

Sir Oliver S. How like his father the dog is! (*Aside*) Well, well, I have done. I did not perceive it before, but I think I never saw such a striking resemblance. (*Aside.*) Here is a draft for your sum

Charles S. Why, 'tis for eight hundred pounds

Sir Oliver S. You will not let Sir Oliver go?

Charles S. Z—ds! no! I tell you once more

Sir Oliver S. Then never mind the difference, we'll balance that another time But give me your hand on the bargain, you are an honest fellow, Charles I beg pardon, sir, for being so free Come, Moses

Charles S. Egad, this is a whimsical old fellow! But hark'ee, Premium, you'll prepare lodgings for these gentlemen?

Sir Oliver S. Yes, yes, I'll send for them in a day or two.

Charles S. But hold; do now send a genteel conveyance for them, for, I assure you, they were most of them used to ride in their own carriages.

Sir Oliver S. I will, I will; for all but Oliver.

Charles S. Ay, all but the little nabob.

Sir Oliver S. You're fixed on that?

Charles S. Peremptorily.

Sir Oliver S. A dear extravagant rogue! (*Aside.*)
Good day! Come, Moses. Let me hear now who calls
him profligate!



The Old House a New Inn*

Mr Hardcastle is preparing for the reception of young Charles Marlow, whom he has never seen, although the young man, by arrangement of the fathers, is betrothed to Hardcastle's daughter, Kate. Misdirected, Marlowe and his friend, Hastings, come to the house believing it an inn, and bear themselves accordingly.

BY OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

SCENE—*An Old-fashioned House*

Either part of this scene may be given as a separate reading if desired

Enter Hardcastle, followed by three or four awkward servants.

Hardcastle. Well, I hope you're perfect in the table exercise I have been teaching you these three days. You all know your posts and your places, and can shew that you have been used to good company without ever stirring from home.

Omnes. Ay, ay.

Hard. When company comes you are not to pop out and stare, and then run in again, like frightened rabbits in a warren.

Omnes. No, no.

Hard. You, Diggory, whom I have taken from the barn, are to make a shew at the side-table; and you, Roger, whom I have advanced from the plough, are to place yourself behind my chair. But you're not to stand so, with your hands in your pockets. Take your hands

*From "She Stoops to Conquer."

from your pockets, Roger; and from your head, you blockhead, you. See how Diggory carries his hands. They're a little too stiff, indeed, but that's no great matter.

Diggory Ay, mind how I hold them. I learned to hold my hands this way, when I was upon drill for the militia. And so being upon drill——

Hard. You must not be so talkative, Diggory. You must be all attention to the guests. You must hear us talk, and not think of talking, you must see us drink, and not think of drinking; you must see us eat, and not think of eating.

Dig. By the laws, your worship, that's perfectly impossible. Whenever Diggory sees yeating going forward, ecod, he's always wishing for a mouthful himself.

Hard. Blockhead! Is not a bellyfull in the kitchen as good as a bellyfull in the parlor? Stay your stomach with that reflection.

Dig. Ecod, I thank your worship, I'll make a shift to stay my stomach with a slice of cold beef in the pantry.

Hard. Diggory, you are too talkative. Then, if I happen to say a good thing, or tell a good story at table, you must not all burst out a-laughing, as if you made part of the company.

Dig. Then, ecod, your worship must not tell the story of Ould Grouse in the gun-room: I can't help laughing at that—he! he! he!—for the soul of me! We have laughed at that these twenty years—ha! ha! ha!

Hard. Ha! ha! ha! The story is a good one. Well, honest Diggory, you may laugh at that—but still remember to be attentive. Suppose one of the company should call for a glass of wine, how will you behave? A glass of wine, sir, if you please (*to Diggory*). Eh, why don't you move?

Dig. Ecod, your worship, I never have courage till I see the eatables and drinkables brought upo' the table, and then I'm as bauld as a lion.

Hard. What, will nobody move?

First Servant. I'm not to leave this place.

Second Servant. I'm sure it's no pleast of mine.

Thurd Servant. Nor mine, for sartain.

Dig. Wauns, and I'm sure it canna be mine.

Hard. You numbskulls! and so, while, like your bet-

ters you are quarrelling for places, the guests must be starved. O you dunces! I find I must begin all over again. But don't I hear a coach drive into the yard? To your posts, you blockheads! I'll go in the meantime and give my old friend's son a hearty reception at the gate. (*Exit Hardcastle*)

Dig. By the elevens, my pplace is gone quite out of my head!

Roger. I know that my pplace is to be everywhere!

First Serv. Where the devil is mine?

Second Serv. My pplace is to be no where at all, and so Ize go about my business! (*Exeunt Servants, running about as if frightened, different ways.*)

Enter Marlowe, Hastings and Hardcastle.

Hard. Gentlemen, once more you are heartily welcome Which is Mr Marlow? Sir, you're heartily welcome It's not my way, you see, to receive my friends with my back to the fire I like to give them a hearty reception, in the old style, at my gate. I like to see their horses and trunks taken care of.

Marlowe (Aside.) He has got our names from the servants already (*To him.*) We approve your caution and hospitality, sir. (*To Hastings*) I have been thinking, George, of changing our traveling dresses in the morning. I am growing confoundedly ashamed of mine.

Hard. I beg, Mr. Marlow, you'll use no ceremony in this house.

Hastings. I fancy, George, you're right; the first blow is half the battle I intend opening the campaign with the white and gold.

Hard. Mr Marlow, Mr Hastings, gentlemen, pray be under no constraint in this house. This is Liberty-hall, gentlemen. You may do just as you please here.

Marl. Yet, George, if we open the campaign too fiercely at first, we may want ammunition before it is over I think to reserve the embroidery to secure a retreat.

Hard. Your talking of a retreat, Mr. Marlow, puts me in mind of the Duke of Marlborough, when we went to besiege Denain. He first summoned the garrison—

Marl Don't you think the *ventre dor* waistcoat will do with the plain brown?

Hard. He first summoned the garrison, which might consist of about five thousand men——

Hast. I think not; brown and yellow mix but very poorly

Hard I say, gentlemen, as I was telling you, he summoned the garrison, which might consist of about five thousand men——

Marl. The girls like finery

Hard Which might consist of about five thousand men, well appointed with stores, ammunition and other implements of war. "Now," says the Duke of Marlborough to George Brooks, that stood next to him—you must have heard of George Brooks—"I'll pawn my dukedom," says he, "but I take that garrison without spilling a drop of blood!" So——

Marl What, my good friend, if you gave us a glass of punch in the meantime, it would help us to carry on the siege with vigour

Hard Punch, sir! (*Aside.*) This is the most unaccountable kind of modesty I ever met with!

Marl Yes, sir, punch! A glass of warm punch after our journey, will be comfortable. This is Liberty-hall, you know.

Hard. Here's a cup, sir.

Marl. (*Aside*) So this fellow, in his Liberty-hall, will only let us have just what he pleases

Hard (*Taking the cup*) I hope you'll find it to your mind. I have prepared it with my own hands, and I believe you'll own the ingredients are tolerable Will you be so good as to pledge me, sir? Here, Mr Marlow, here is to our better acquaintance! (*Drinks*)

Marl (*Aside*) A very impudent fellow this! But he's a character, and I'll humor him a little. Sir, my service to you (*Drinks*)

Hast. (*Aside*) I see this fellow wants to give us his company, and forgets that he's an innkeeper before he has learned to be a gentleman.

Marl. From the excellence of your cup, my old friend, I suppose you have a good deal of business in this part of the country. Warm work, now and then, at elections, I suppose?

Hard. No, sir, I have long given that work over. Since our betters have hit upon the expedient of electing each other, there's no business for us that sell ale

Hast So then you have no turn for politics, I find

Hard. Not in the least There was a time, indeed, I fretted myself about the mistakes of government, like other people; but, finding myself every day grow more angry, and the government growing no better, I left it to mend itself. Since that, I no more trouble my head about *Heyder Ally*, or *Ally Cawn*, than about *Ally Croaker*.

Hast. So that, with eating above stairs, and drinking below, with receiving your friends within, and amusing them without, you lead a good, pleasant, bustling life of it

Hard. I do stir about a great deal, that's certain. Half the differences of the parish are adjusted in this very parlor.

Marl. (*After drinking.*) And you have an argument in your cup, old gentleman, better than any in Westminster-hall

Hard. Ay, young gentleman, that, and a little philosophy.

Marl. (*Aside.*) Well, this is the first time I ever heard of an inn-keeper's philosophy.

Hast So, then, like an experienced general, you attack them on every quarter. If you find their reason manageable, you attack it with your philosophy; if you find they have no reason, you attack them with this. Here's your health, my philosopher. (*Drinks.*)

Hard. Good, very good, thank you; ha! ha! Your generalship puts me in mind of Prince Eugene, when he fought the Turks at the battle of Belgrade. You shall hear——

Marl Instead of the battle of Belgrade, I believe it's almost time to talk about supper. What has your philosophy got in the house for supper?

Hard. For supper, sir! (*Aside*) Was ever such a request to a man in his own house!

Marl Yes, sir, supper, sir! I begin to feel an appetite I shall make devilish work to-night in the larder, I promise you

Hard (*Aside.*) Such a brazen dog, sure, never my

eyes beheld. (*To him*) Why, really, sir, as for supper I can't well tell. My Dorothy, and the cook maid, settle these things between them. I leave this kind of things entirely to them

Marl. You do, do you?

Hard. Entirely By-the-bye, I believe they are in actual consultation upon what's for supper this moment in the kitchen

Marl. Then I beg they'll admit me as one of their privy council. It's a way I have got When I travel, I always choose to regulate my own supper. Let the cook be called No offense, I hope, sir

Hard. O, no, sir, none in the least; yet, I don't know how Our Bridget, the cook maid, is not very communicative upon these occasions. Should we send for her, she might scold us all out of the house

Hast. Let's see your list of the larder, then. I ask it as a favor I always match my appetite to my bill of fare.

Marl. (*To Hardcastle, who looks at them with surprise*) Sir, he's very right, and it's my way, too

Hard. Sir, you have a right to command here. Here, Roger, bring us the bill of fare for to-night's supper. I believe it's drawn out. (*Exit Roger.*) Your manner Mr. Hastings, puts me in mind of my uncle, Colonel Wallop. It was a saying of his that no man was sure of his supper till he had eaten it.

Hast. (*Aside.*) All upon the high ropes! His uncle a colonel! We shall soon hear of his mother being a justice of peace. (*Re-enter Roger*) But let's hear the bill of fare.

Marl. (*Perusing*) what's here? For the first course; for the second course; for the desserts The devil, sir, do you think we have brought down the whole Joiners Company, or the Corporation of Bedford, to eat up such supper? Two or three little things, clean and comfortable, will do.

Hast. But let's hear it.

Marl. (*Reading*) For the first course, at the top, a pig and pruin sauce.

Hast. Damn your pig, I say!

Marl. And damn your pruin sauce, say I!

Hard And yet, gentlemen, to men that are hungry, pig with pruin sauce is very good eating.

Marl At the bottom, a calve's tongue and brains.

Hast Let your brains be knock'd out, my good sir; I don't like them.

Marl Or you may clap them on a plate by themselves I do

Hard. (*Aside.*) Their impudence confounds me. (*To them*) Gentlemen, you are my guests, make what alterations you please. Is there anything else you wish to retrench or alter, gentlemen?

Marl Item: a pork pie, a boiled rabbit and sausages, a florentine, a shaking pudding and a dish of tiff—taff—taffety cream!

Hast Confound your made dishes! I shall be as much at a loss in this house as at a green and yellow dinner at the French Ambassador's table I'm for plain eating.

Hard I'm sorry, gentlemen, that I have nothing you like, but if there be anything you have a particular fancy too——

Marl Why, really, sir, your bill of fare is so exquisite that any one part of it is full as good as another. Send us what you please So much for supper And now to see that our beds are air'd and properly taken care of

Hard I entreat you'll leave all that to me. You shall not stir a step.

Marl Leave that to you! I protest, sir, you must excuse me, I always look to these things myself.

Hard. I must insist, sir, you'll make yourself easy on that head.

Marl You see, I'm resolved on it. (*Aside.*) A very troublesome fellow, this, as ever I met with.

Hard Well, sir, I'm resolved at least to attend you (*Aside*) This may be modern modesty, but I never saw anything look so like old-fashioned impudence (*Exeunt.*)



Words learned by rote a parrot may rehearse,
But talking is not always to converse;
Not more distinct from harmony divine
The constant creaking of a country sign.

—Cowper.

The Secret of Death

BY EDWIN ARNOLD

"She is dead!" they said to him; "come away;
Kiss her and leave her,—thy love is clay!"

They smoothed her tresses of dark-brown hair;
On her forehead of stone they laid it fair,

Over her eyes, that gazed too much,
They drew the lids with a gentle touch;

With a tender touch they closed up well
The sweet thin lips that had secrets to tell;

About her brows and beautiful face
They tied her veil and her marriage lace

And drew on her feet her white silk shoes—
Which were the whitest no eye could choose—

And over her bosom they crossed her hands.
"Come away!" they said, "God understands."

And there was silence, and nothing there
But silence, and scents of eglantere,

And jasmine, and roses, and rosemary;
And they said, "As a lady should lie, lies she"

And they held their breath till they left the room,
With a shudder, to glance at its stillness and gloom.

But he who loved her too well to dread
The sweet, the stately, the beautiful dead,—

He lit his lamp, and took the key
And turned it,—alone again,—he and she

He and she, but she would not speak,
Though he kissed, in the old place, the quiet cheek.

He and she; but she would not smile,
Though he called her the names she loved erewhile.

He and she; still she did not move
To any one passionate whisper of love.

Then he said "Cold lips and breasts without breath,
It there no voice, no language of death?

"Dumb to the ear and still to the sense,
But to heart and to soul distinct, intense?

"See now; I will listen with soul, not ear;
What was the secret of dying, dear?

"Was it the infinite wonder of all
That you ever could let life's flower fall?

"Or was it a greater marvel to feel
The perfect calm o'er the agony steal?

"Was the miracle greater to find how deep
Beyond all dreams sank downward that sleep?

"Did life roll back its records, dear,
And show, as they say it does, past things clear?

"And was it the innermost heart of the bliss
To find out so, what a wisdom love is?

"Oh, perfect dead! Oh, dead most dear,
I hold the breath of my soul to hear!

"I listen as deep as to horrible hell,
As high as to heaven, and you do not tell.

"There must be pleasure in dying, sweet,
To make you so placid from head to feet!

"I would tell you, darling, if I were dead,
And 'twere your hot tears upon my brow shed,—

"I would say, though the Angel of Death had laid
His sword on my lips to keep it unsaid.

The Speaker

"You should not ask vainly, with streaming eyes,
Which of all deaths was the chiefest surprise,

"The very strangest and suddenest thing
Of all the surprises that dying must bring"

Ah, foolish world! Oh, most kind dead!
Though he told me, who will believe it was said?

Who will believe that he heard her say,
With the sweet, soft voice, in the dear old way

"The utmost wonder is this,—I hear
And see you, and love you, and kiss you, dear ;

"And am your angel, who was your bride,
And know that, though dead, I have never died "



Arbaces to the Lion*

BY E. BULWER LYTTON.

It was the day of the great eruption of Vesuvius, and the people of Pompeii were gathered at the amphitheatre. The last event on the program had come—the combat between the lion and Glaucus, the Athenian. The young Greek lay in prison on the false accusation of Arbaces, the magician of Egypt, who hated Glaucus because his ward, Ione, returned the love of the younger man. In a quarrel with Apaecides, the brother of Ione, Arbaces slew him, and then cunningly weaving a convicting net of circumstantial evidence about Glaucus, succeeded in having him convicted and doomed to be thrown to the lion.

"Bring forth the lion and Glaucus the Athenian," said the editor. Glaucus had been placed in that gloomy and narrow cell in which the criminals of the arena awaited their last and fearful struggle. The door swung gratefully back—the gleam of spears shot along the walls

* From "The Last Days of Pompeii"

"Glaucus the Athenian, thy time has come," said a loud and clear voice "The lion awaits thee."

"I am ready," said the Athenian. "Worthy officer, I attend you."

When he came into the air its breath, which, though sunless, was hot and arid, smote witheringly upon him. They anointed his body, placed the stylus in his hand, and led him into the arena.

And now when the Greek saw the eyes of thousands and tens of thousands upon him, he no longer felt he was mortal. All evidence of fear—all fear itself—was gone. A red and haughty flush spread over the paleness of his features—he towered aloft to the fullness of his glorious stature. In the elastic beauty of his limbs and form, in his intent but unfrowning brow, in the high disdain, and in the indomitable soul, which breathed visibly, which spoke audibly, from his attitude, his lip, his eye, he assumed the very incarnation, vivid and corporeal, of the valor of his land—of the divinity of its worship—at once a hero and a god.

The murmur of hatred and horror at his crime, which had greeted his entrance, died into the stillness of voluntary admiration and half-compassionate respect; and with a quick and convulsive sigh, that seemed to move the whole mass of life as if it were one body, the gaze of the spectators turned from the Athenian to a dark uncouth object in the center of the arena. It was the grated den of the lion. Kept without food for twenty-four hours, the animal had, during the whole morning, testified a singular and restless uneasiness, which the keeper had attributed to the pangs of hunger. Yet its bearing seemed rather that of fear than of rage; its roar was painful and distressed; it hung its head—snuffed the air through the bars—then lay down—started again—and again uttered its wild and far-reaching cries.

The editor's lip quivered, and his cheek grew pale; he looked anxiously around—hesitated—delayed; the crowd became impatient. Slowly he gave the sign; the keeper, who was behind the den, cautiously removed the grating, and the lion leaped forth with a mighty and glad roar of release. The keeper retreated hastily through the grated passage leading from the arena, and left the lord of the forest—and his prey.

The Speaker

Glaucus had bent his limbs so as to give himself the firmest posture at the expected rush of the lion, with his small and shining weapon raised high, in the faint hope that one well directed thrust might penetrate through the eye to the brain of his grim foe.

At the first moment of its release the lion halted in the arena, raised itself half on end, snuffing the upward air with impatient sighs; then suddenly sprang forward, but not on the Athenian. At half speed it circled around and around the arena; once or twice it endeavored to leap up the parapet that separated it from the audience. At length, as if tired of attempting to escape, it crept with a moan into its cage, and once more laid itself down to rest.

The first surprise of the assembly at the apathy of the lion soon grew into resentment at its cowardice, and the populace already merged their pity for the fate of Glaucus into angry compassion for their own disappointment. The editor called the keeper.

"How is this? Take the goad, prick him forth, and then close the door of the den."

As the keeper, with some fear, but more astonishment, was preparing to obey, a loud cry was heard at one of the entrances of the arena; there was a confusion—a bustle—voices of remonstrance suddenly breaking forth, and suddenly silenced at the reply. All eyes turned in wonder at the interruption, toward the quarter of disturbance; the crowd gave way, and suddenly Sallust appeared on the senatorial benches, his hair disheveled—breathless—half exhausted. He cast his eyes hastily around the ring. "Remove the Athenian," he cried. "Haste,—he is innocent. Arrest Arbaces the Egyptian. He is the murderer of Apæcides."

"Art thou mad, O Sallust?" said the prætor, rising from his seat. "What means this raving?"

"Remove the Athenian. Quick! or his blood be on your head. Prætor, delay and you answer with your own life to the Emperor. I bring with me the eye-witness to the death of Apæcides. Room there—stand back—give way. People of Pompeii, fix every eye on Arbaces—there he sits. Room there for the priest Calenus."

"The priest Calenus,—Calenus," cried the mob. "Is it he?"

"It is the priest Calenus," said the prætor. "What hast thou to say?"

"Arbaces of Egypt is the murderer of Apæcides, the priest of Isis; these eyes saw him deal the blow. It is from the dungeon into which he plunged me—it is from the darkness and horror of a death by famine—that the gods have raised me to proclaim his crime. Release the Athenian—he is innocent."

"A miracle—a miracle," shouted the people. "Remove the Athenian. Arbaces to the lion!"

"Officers, remove the accused Glaucus—remove, but guard him yet," said the prætor.

"Calenus, priest of Isis, thou accusest Arbaces of the murder of Apæcides?"

"I do."

"Thou didst behold the deed?"

"Prætor—with these eyes—"

"Enough at present—the details must be reserved for more suiting time and place. Ho! guards—remove Arbaces—guard Calenus! Sallust, we hold you responsible for your accusation. Let the sports be resumed."

"To the lion with the Egyptian!" cried the people.

With that cry, up sprang—on moved—thousands upon thousands! They rushed from the heights—they poured down in the direction of the Egyptian. In vain did the ædile command—in vain did the prætor lift his voice and proclaim the law. The people had been already rendered savage.

Arbaces stretched his hand on high; over his lofty brow and royal features there came an expression of unutterable solemnity and command. "Behold!" he shouted with a voice which stilled the roar of the crowd; "behold the gods protect the guiltless! The fires of the avenging Orcus burst forth against the false witness of my accusers!"

The eyes of the crowd followed the gesture of the Egyptian, and beheld, with ineffable dismay, a vast vapor shooting from the summit of Vesuvius, in the form of a gigantic pine tree; the trunk, blackness,—the branches, fire,—a fire that shifted and wavered in its hues with every moment, now fiercely luminous, now of a dull and dying red, that again blazed terrifically forth with an intolerable glare.

The Speaker

There was a dead heart-sunken silence. Then there arose on high the universal shrieks of women, the men stared at each other, but were dumb. At that moment they felt the earth shake beneath their feet, the walls of the theater trembled, and beyond in the distance, they heard the crash of falling roofs; an instant more and the mountain-cloud seemed to roll towards them, dark and rapid, like a torrent, at the same time, it cast forth from its bosom a shower of ashes mixed with vast fragments of burning stone! Over the crushing vines,—over the desolate streets,—over the amphitheater itself,—far and wide,—with many a mighty splash in that agitated sea,—fell that awful shower! The crowd turned to fly—each dashing, pressing, crushing, against the other. Trampling recklessly over the fallen—amidst groans, and oaths, and prayers, and sudden shrieks, the enormous crowd vomited itself forth through the numerous passages, prisoner, gladiator and wild beast now alike freed from their confines.

Glaucus paced swiftly up the perilous and fearful streets, having learned that Ione was yet in the house of Arbaces. Thither he fled to release—to save her! Even as he passed, however, the darkness that covered the heavens increased so rapidly, that it was with difficulty he could guide his steps. He ascended to the upper rooms—breathless he paced along shouting out aloud the name of Ione; and at length he heard, at the end of a gallery, a voice, in wondering reply! He rescued her and they made their way to the sea, boarded a vessel and were saved from the wrath of Vesuvius.

Arbaces returned to his house to seek his wealth and Ione ere he fled from the doomed Pompeii. He found them not, all was lost to him. In the madness of despair he rushed forth and hurried along the street he knew not whither; exhausted or lost he halted at the east end of the Forum. High behind him rose a tall column that supported the bronze statue of Augustus; and the imperial image seemed changed to a shape of fire. He advanced one step—it was his last on earth! The ground shook beneath him with a convulsion that cast all around upon its surface. A simultaneous crash resounded through the city, as down toppled many a roof and pillar! The lightning, as if caught by the metal, lingered an in-

stant on the Imperial Statue—then shivered bronze and column! Down fell the ruin, echoing along the street, crushing Arbaces and riving the solid pavement where it crashed! The prophecy of the stars was fulfilled!

So perished the wise Magician—the great Arbaces—the Hermes of the Burning Belt—the last of the royalty of Egypt.



The Return of Enoch Arden*

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

Ten years had it been since Enoch Arden set sail for China. All believed him dead, and finally, yielding to the importunities of even her own children, his wife, Annie, married Philip Ray, a wealthy neighbor who had loved her since long before she married Enoch. Enoch, meanwhile, shipwrecked on an uninhabited tropical island, had lived alone until picked up by a vessel which brought him at last to his own harbor. His house deserted, he found a boarding-place, and keeping his identity unknown learned the whole story from his garrulous landlady.

But Enoch yearn'd to see her face again;
"If I might look on her sweet face again
And know that she is happy." So the thought
Haunted and harass'd him, and drove him forth,
At evening when the dull November day
Was growing duller twilight, to the hill.
There he sat down gazing on all below;
There did a thousand memories roll upon him,
Unspeakable for sadness. By and by
The ruddy square of comfortable light,
Far-blazing from the rear of Philip's house,
Allured him, as the beacon-blaze allures
The bird of passage, till he madly strikes
Against it, and beats out his weary life

For cups and silver on the burnish'd board
Sparkled and shone, so genial was the hearth:

* From "Enoch Arden"

The Speaker

And on the right hand of the hearth he saw
Philip, the slighted suitor of old times,
Stout, rosy, with his babe across his knees;
And o'er her second father stooped a girl,
A later but a loftier Annie Lee,
Fair-hair'd and tall, and from her lifted hand
Dangled a length of ribbon and a ring
To tempt the babe, who rear'd his creasy arms,
Caught at and ever miss'd it, and they laugh'd,
And on the left hand of the hearth he saw
The mother glancing toward her babe,
But turning now and then to speak with him,
Her son, who stood beside her tall and strong,
And saying that which pleased him, for he smiled
Now when the dead man come to life beheld
His wife his wife no more, and saw the babe
Her's, yet not his, upon the father's knee,
'And all the warmth, the peace, the happiness,
And his own children tall and beautiful,
'And him, that other, reigning in his place,
Lord of his rights and of his children's love,—
Then he, tho' Miriam Lane had told him all,
Because things seen are mightier than things heard,
Stagger'd and shook, holding a branch, and fear'd
To send abroad a shrill and terrible cry,
Which in one moment, like the blast of doom,
Would shatter all the happiness of the hearth.

He, therefore, turning softly like a thief,
Lest the harsh shingle should grate underfoot,
And feeling all along the garden-wall,
Lest he should swoon and tumble and be found,
Crept to the gate, and open'd it, and closed,
As lightly as a sick man's chamber-door,
Behind him, and came out upon the waste.

And there he would have knelt, but that his knees
Were feeble, so that falling prone he dug
His fingers into the wet earth, and pray'd.

"Too hard to bear! why did they take me thence?
O God Almighty, blessed Saviour, Thou
That didst uphold me on my lonely isle,
Uphold me, Father, in my loneliness

A little longer! aid me, give me strength
 Not to tell her, never to let her know.
 Help me not to break in upon her peace
 My children too! must I not speak to these?
 They know me not I should betray myself.
 Never: No father's kiss for me—the girl
 So like her mother, and the boy, my son."

There speech and thought and nature fail'd a little,
 And he lay tranced; but when he rose and paced
 Back toward his solitary home again,
 All down the long and narrow street he went
 Beating it in upon his weary brain,
 As tho' it were the burthen of a song,
 "Not to tell her, never to let her know."

He was not all unhappy. His resolve
 Upbore him, and firm faith, and evermore
 Prayer from a living source within the will,
 And beating up thro' all the bitter world,
 Like fountains of sweet water in the sea,
 Kept him a living soul. "This miller's wife"
 He said to Miriam "that you spoke about,
 Has she no fear that her first husband lives?"
 "Ay, ay, poor soul" said Miriam, "fear enow!
 If you could tell her you had seen him dead,
 Why, that would be her comfort;" and he thought
 "After the Lord has call'd me she shall know,
 I wait His time," and Enoch set himself,
 Scorning an alms, to work whereby to live.
 Almost to all things could he turn his hand.
 Cooper he was and carpenter, and wrought
 To make the boatmen fishing-nets, or help'd
 At lading and unlading the tall barks,
 That brought the stinted commerce of those days;
 Thus earn'd a scanty living for himself:
 Yet since he did but labor for himself,
 Work without hope, there was not life in it
 Whereby the man could live; and as the year
 Roll'd itself round again to meet the day
 When Enoch had return'd, a languor came
 Upon him, gentle sickness, gradually
 Weakening the man, till he could do no more,

The Speaker

But kept the house, his chair, and last his bed.
 But Enoch bore his weakness cheerfully
 For sure no gladlier does the stranded wreck
 See thro' the gray skirts of a lifting squall
 The boat that bears the hope of life approach
 To save the life despair'd of, than he saw
 Death dawning on him, and the close of all

For thro' that dawning gleam'd a kindlier hope
 On Enoch thinking "after I am gone,
 Then may she learn I lov'd her to the last"
 He call'd aloud for Miriam Lane and said
 "Woman, I have a secret—only swear,
 Before I tell you—swear upon the book
 Not to reveal it, till you see me dead."
 "Dead," clamor'd the good woman, "hear him talk!
 I warrant, man, that we shall bring you round"
 "Swear," added Enoch sternly, "on the book"
 And on the book, half-frighted, Miriam swore.
 Then Enoch rolling his gray eyes upon her,
 "Did you know Enoch Arden of this town?"
 "Know him?" she said, "I knew him far away
 Ay, ay, I mind him coming down the street;
 Held his head high, and cared for no man, he."
 Slowly and sadly Enoch answer'd her,
 "His head is low, and no man cares for him.
 I think I have not three days more to live;
 I am the man." At which the woman gave
 A half-incredulous, half-hysterical cry
 "You Arden, you! nay,—sure he was a foot
 Higher than you be" Enoch said again
 "My God has bow'd me down to what I am;
 My grief and solitude have broken me;
 Nevertheless, know you that I am he
 Who married—but that name has twice been
 changed—
 I married her who married Philip Ray
 Sit, listen" Then he told her of his voyage,
 His wreck, his lonely life, his coming back,
 His gazing in on Annie, his resolve,
 And how he kept it As the woman heard,
 Fast flow'd the current of her easy tears,
 While in her heart she yearn'd incessantly

To rush abroad all round the little haven,
 Proclaiming Enoch Arden and his woes,
 But awed and promise-bounden she borebore,
 Saying only "See your bairns before you go!
 Eh, let me fetch 'em, Arden," and arose
 Eager to bring them down, for Enoch hung
 A moment on her words, but then replied:

"Woman, disturb me not now at the last,
 But let me hold my purpose till I die
 Sit down again, mark me and understand,
 While I have power to speak I charge you now,
 When you shall see her, tell her that I died
 Blessing her, praying for her, loving her;
 Save for the bar between us, loving her
 As when she laid her head beside my own.
 And tell my daughter Annie, whom I saw
 So like her mother, that my latest breath
 Was spent in blessing her and praying for her.
 And tell my son that I died blessing him.
 And say to Philip that I blest him, too;
 He never meant us any thing but good
 But if my children care to see me dead,
 Who hardly knew me living, let them come,
 I am their father; but she must not come,
 For my dead face would vex her after-life."

He ceased; and Miriam Lane
 Made such a voluble answer promising all,
 That once again he roll'd his eyes upon her
 Repeating all he wish'd, and once again
 She promised.

Then the third night after this,
 While Enoch slumber'd motionless and pale,
 And Miriam watch'd and dozed at intervals,
 There came so loud a calling of the sea,
 That all the houses in the haven rang.
 He woke, he rose, he spread his arms abroad
 Crying with a loud voice "A sail! a sail!
 I am saved;" and so fell back and spoke no more

So past the strong heroic soul away
 And when they buried him, the little port
 Had seldom seen a costlier funeral.

David Copperfield*

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

THE BETROTHAL

David Copperfield has taken his friend, Steerforth, to visit Mr Peggotty, a Yarmouth fisherman, in whose home he had spent many a happy boyhood hour, playing with Ham and little Em'ly, orphaned cousins, to whom Mr Peggotty had given an open-hearted shelter



MURMUR of voices had been audible on the outside, and, at the moment of our entrance, a clapping of hands, which latter noise I was surprised to see, proceeded from the generally disconsolate Mrs. Gummidge. But Mrs. Gummidge was not the only person there, who was unusually excited. Mr Peggotty, his face lighted up with uncommon satisfaction, and laughing with all his might, held his rough arms wide open, as if for little Em'ly to run into them; Ham, with a mixed expression in his face of admiration, exultation, and a lumbering sort of bashfulness that sat upon him very well, held little Em'ly by the hand, as if he were presenting her to Mr Peggotty; little Em'ly herself, blushing and shy, but delighted with Mr Peggotty's delight, as her joyous eyes expressed, was stopped by our entrance (for she saw us first) in the very act of springing from Ham to nestle in Mr Peggotty's embrace. In the first glimpse we had of them all, and at the moment of our passing from the dark cold night into the warm light room, this was the way in which they were all employed: Mrs. Gummidge in the background, clapping her hands like a madwoman.

The little picture was so instantaneously dissolved by our going in, that one might have doubted whether it had ever been. I was in the midst of the astonished

* The four scenes from "David Copperfield," which are here given, are so arranged that, while each is in itself a complete reading, the four, if read in consecutive order, will give the story of Little Em'ly, Ham, and Steerforth, from the time when their lives first crossed until the final tragedy. David Copperfield tells the story.

family, face to face with Mr. Peggotty, and holding out my hand to him, when Ham shouted:

"Mas'r Davy! It's Mas'r Davy!"

In a moment we were all shaking hands with one another, and asking one another how we did, and telling one another how glad we were to meet, and all talking at once. Mr. Peggotty was so proud and overjoyed to see us, that he did not know what to say or do, but kept over and over again shaking hands with me, and then with Steerforth, and then with me, and then ruffling his shaggy hair all over his head, and laughing with such glee and triumph, that it was a treat to see him.

"Why, that you two gent'lmen—gent'lmen growed—should come to this here roof to-night, of all nights in my life," said Mr. Peggotty, "is such a thing as never happened afore, I do rightly believe! Em'ly, my darling, come here! Come here, my little witch! Theer's Mas'r Davy's friend, my dear! Theer's a gent'lman as you've heerd on, Em'ly. He comes to see you, along with Mas'r Davy, on the brightest night of your uncle's life as ever was or will be, Gorm the t'other one, and horroar for it!"

After delivering this speech all in a breath, and with extraordinary animation and pleasure, Mr. Peggotty put one of his large hands rapturously on each side of his niece's face, and kissing it a dozen times, laid it with a gentle pride and love upon his broad chest, and patted it as if his hand had been a lady's. Then he let her go; and as she ran into the little chamber where I used to sleep, looked round upon us, quite hot and out of breath with his uncommon satisfaction.

"If you two gent'lmen—gent'lmen growed now, and such gent'lmen—" said Mr. Peggotty.

"So th' are, so th' are!" cried Ham. "Well said! So th' are. Mas'r Davy bor—gent'lmen growed—so th' are!"

"If you two gent'lmen, gent'lmen growed," said Mr. Peggotty, "don't ex-cuse me for being in a state of mind, when you understand matters, I'll arks you pardon Em'ly, my dear!—She knows I'm going to tell," here his delight broke out again, "and has made off. If this ain't," said Mr. Peggotty, sitting down among us by the fire, "the brightest night o' my life, I'm a shellfish—biled too—and more I can't say. This here little Em'ly, sir," in a

low voice to Steerforth, "—her as you see a blushing here just now—"

Steerforth only nodded; but with such a pleased expression of interest, and of participation in Mr Peggotty's feelings, that the latter answered him as if he had spoken

"To be sure," said Mr Peggotty. "That's her, and so she is. Thankee, sir. This here little Em'ly of ours, has been, in our house, what I suppose (I'm a ignorant man, but that's my belief) no one but a little bright-eyed creetur *can* be in a house. She ain't my child, I never had one, but I couldn't love her more. You understand! I couldn't do it! There was a certain person as had knowed our Em'ly, from the time when her father was drowned; as had seen her constant, when a baby, when a young gal, when a woman. Not much of a person to look at, he warn't," said Mr Peggotty, "something o' my own build—rough—a good deal o' the sou'wester in him—wery salt—but, on the whole, a honest sort of a chap, with his art in the right place"

I thought I had never seen Ham grin to anything like the extent to which he sat grinning at us now

"What does this here blessed tarpaulin go and do," said Mr Peggotty, with his face one high noon of enjoyment, "but he loses that there art of his to our Em'ly. He follows her about, he makes hisself a sort o' servant to her, he loses in a great measure his relish for his wittles, and in the long run he makes it clear to me wot's amiss. Now I could wish myself, you see, that our Em'ly was in a fair way of being married. I could wish to see her, at all events, under articles to a honest man as had a right to defend her. I don't know how long I may live, or how soon I may die, but I know that if I was capsized, any night, in a gale of wind in Yarmouth Roads here, and was to see the town-lights shining for the last time over the rollers as I couldn't make no head against, I could go down quieter for thinking 'There's a man ashore there, iron-true to my little Em'ly, God bless her, and no wrong can touch my Em'ly while so be as that man lives'"

Mr Peggotty, in simple earnestness, waved his right arm, as if he were waving it at the town-lights for the last time, and then, exchanging a nod with Ham, whose eye he caught, proceeded as before

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"Well! I counsels him to speak to Em'ly. He's big enough, but he's bashfuller than a little un, and he don't like So I speak. 'What! *Hum*' says Em'ly '*Hum* that I've know'd so intimate so many years, and like so much! Oh, Uncle! I never can have *him*. He's such a good fellow!' I gives her a kiss, and I says no more to her than 'My dear, you're right to speak out, you're to choose for yourself, you're as free as a little bird' Then I aways to him, and I says, 'I wish it could have been so, but it can't But you can both be as you was, and wot I say to you is, 'Be as you was with her, like a man' He says to me, a shaking of my hand, 'I will' he says And he was—honorable and manful—for two year going on, and we was just the same at home here as afore"

Mr Peggotty's face, which had varied in its expression with various stages of his narrative, now resumed all its former triumphant delight, as he laid a hand upon my knee and a hand upon Steerforth's and divided the following speech between us:

"All of a sudden, one evening—as it might be to-night—comes little Em'ly from her work, and him with her! There ain't so much in *that*, you'll say. No, because he takes care on her, like a brother, arter dark, and indeed afore dark, and at all times But this tarpaulin chap, he takes hold of her hand, and he cries out to me, joyful, 'Look here! This is to be my little wife!' And she says, half shy, and half a-laughing and a-crying, 'Yes, uncle! If you please.'—'If I please!' cried Mr. Peggotty, rolling his head in an ecstasy at the idea; 'Lord, as if I should do anything else!—'If you please, I am steadier now, and I have thought better of it, and I'll be as good a little wife as I can to him, for he's a dear, good fellow' Then Missis Gummidge, she claps her hands like a play, and you come in There! the murder's out!" said Mr Peggotty—"You come in! It took place this here present hour; and here's the man that'll marry her, the minute she's out of her time."

Ham staggered, as well he might, under the blow Mr Peggotty dealt him in his unbounded joy, as a mark of confidence and friendship; but feeling called upon to say something to us, he said, with much faltering and great difficulty:

"She warn't no higher than you was, Mas'r Davy—

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when you first come—when I thought what she'd grow up to be. I see her grow up—gent'lmen—like a flower. I'd lay down my life for her—Mas'r Davy—Oh! most content and cheerful! She's more to me—gent'lmen—than—she's all to me that ever I can want, and more than ever I—than ever I could say. I—I love her true Thare ain't a gent'lman in all the land—nor yet sailing upon all the sea—that can love his lady more than I love her, though there's many a common man—would say better—what he meant."

LOST

Mr. Peggotty glanced at the Dutch clock, rose, snuffed the candle, and put it in the window

"Theer!" he said, cheerily "Theer we are. Lighted up, accordin' to custom! You're a wonderin' what that's fur, sir! Well it's fur our little Em'ly. You see, the path ain't over light or cheerful arter dark, and when I'm here at the hour as she's a comin' home, I puts the light in the winder. That, you see, meets two objects. She says, says Em'ly, 'Theer's home!' she says. And likewise, says Em'ly, 'My uncle's theer!' Fur if I ain't theer, I never have no light showed I know very well that arter she's married and gone, I shall put that candle theer, just that same as now. I know very well that when I'm here o' nights (and where else should I live, bless your arts, whatever fortun' I come into!) and she ain't here, or I ain't theer, I shall put the candle in the winder, and sit afore the fire pretending I'm expecting of her like I'm a-doing now *There's a baby for you,*" said Mr. Peggotty, "in the form of a Sea Porkypine! Why, at the present minute, when I see the candle sparkle up, I says to myself, 'She's a looking at it! Em'ly's a-coming!' *There's a baby for you, in the form of a Sea Porkypine!* Right for all that," said Mr. Peggotty, stopping in a roar of laughter, and smiting his hands together; "fur here she is!"

It was only Ham. The night should have turned more wet since I came in, for he had a large sou-wester hat on, slouched over his face.

"Where's Em'ly?" said Mr. Peggotty.

Ham made a motion with his head, as if she were out-

side Mr. Peggotty took the light from the window, trimmed it, put it on the table, and was busily stirring the fire, when Ham, who had not moved, said:

"Mas'r Davy, will you come out a minute, and see what Em'ly and me has got to show you?"

We went out. As I passed him at the door, I saw, to my astonishment and fright, that he was deadly pale. He pushed me hastily into the open air, and closed the door upon us—Only upon us two.

"Ham! what's the matter?"

"Mas'r Davy!—" Oh, for his broken heart, how dreadfully he wept!

"Ham! Poor good fellow! For Heaven's sake tell me what's the matter!"

"My love, Mas'r Davy—the pride and hope of my art—her that I'd have died for, and would die for now—she's gone!"

"Gone?"

"Em'ly's run away! Oh, Mas'r Davy, think *how* she's run away, when I pray my good and gracious God to kill her (her that is so dear above all things) sooner than let her come to ruin and disgrace!"

"You're a scholar," he said, hurriedly, "and know what's right and best. What am I to say, indoors? How am I ever to break it to him, Mas'r Davy?"

I saw the door move, and instinctively tried to hold the latch on the outside, to gain a moment's time. It was too late. Mr Peggotty thrust forth his face; and never could I forget the change that came upon it when he saw us, if I were to live five hundred years.

I remember a great wail and cry, and the women hanging about him, and we all standing in the room; I with a paper in my hand, which Ham had given me; Mr. Peggotty, with his vest torn open, his hair wild, his face and lips white, and blood trickling down his bosom (it had sprung from his mouth, I think), looking fixedly at me.

"Read it, sir," he said, in a low shivering voice. "Slow, please, I don't know as I can understand."

In the midst of the silence of death, I read thus, from a blotted letter:

"When you, who love me so much better than I ever

have deserved, even when my mind was innocent, see this, I shall be far away.'"

"I shall be fur away," he repeated slowly. "Stop! Em'ly fur away Well!"

"When I leave my dear home—my dear home—oh, my dear home!—in the morning,'"

—the letter bore date on the previous night.

"—it will be never to come back, unless he brings me back a lady This will be found at night, many hours after, instead of me Oh, if you knew how my heart is torn If even you, that I have wronged so much, that never can forgive me, could only know what I suffer! I am too wicked to write about myself Oh, take comfort in thinking that I am so bad. Oh, for mercy's sake, tell uncle that I never loved him half so dear as now Oh, don't remember how affectionate and kind you have all been to me—don't remember we were ever to be married—but try to think as if I died when I was little, and was buried somewhere Pray Heaven that I am going away from, have compassion on my uncle! Tell him that I never loved him half so dear. Be his comfort. Love some good girl, that will be what I was once to uncle, and be true to you, and worthy of you, and know no shame but me God bless all! I'll pray for all, often, on my knees. If he don't bring me back a lady, and I don't pray for my own self, I'll pray for all My parting love to uncle. My last tears, and my last thanks, for uncle!"

That was all.

He stood, long after I had ceased to read, still looking at me. At length I ventured to take his hand, and to entreat him, as well as I could, to endeavor to get some command of himself. He replied, "I thankee, sir, I thankee!" without moving

Ham spoke to him. Mr. Peggotty was so far sensible of his affliction, that he wrung his hand; but, otherwise, he remained in the same state, and no one dared to disturb him.

Slowly, at last he moved his eyes from my face, as if he were waking from a vision, and cast them round the room. Then he said, in a low voice.

"Who's the man? I want to know his name"

"For some time past," Ham faltered, "there's been a

servant about here, at odd times There's been a gen'lm'n too Both of 'em belonged to one another"

Mr. Peggotty stood fixed as before, but now looking at him

"The servant," pursued Ham, "was seen along with—our poor girl—last night He's been in hiding about here, this week or over He was thought to have gone, but he was hiding. Doesn't stay, Mas'r Davy, doesn't."

"A strange chay and horses was outside town, this morning, on the Norwich road, a'most afore the day broke," Ham went on. "The servant went to it, and come from it, and went to it again When he went to it again, Em'ly was nigh him. The t'other was inside He's the man."

"For the Lord's love," said Mr. Peggotty, falling back, and putting out his hand, as if to keep off what he dreaded. "Doesn't tell me his name's Steerforth!"

"Mas'r Davy," exclaimed Ham, in a broken voice, "it ain't no fault of yourn—and I am far from laying of it to you—but his name is Steerforth, and he's a damned villain!"

Mr Peggotty uttered no cry, and shed no tear, and moved no more, until he seemed to wake again, all at once, and pulled down his rough coat from its peg in a corner.

"Bear a hand with this! I'm struck of a heap, and can't do it," he said, impatiently. "Bear a hand and help me. Well!" when somebody had done so. "Now give me that theer hat!"

Ham asked him whither he was going.

"I'm a-going to seek my niece. I'm a-going to seek my Em'ly. I'm a-going, first, to stave in that theer boat that he give me, and sink it where I would have drowned *him*, as I'm a livin' soul, if I had had one thought of what was in him! As he sat afore me," he said, wildly, holding out his clenched right hand, "as he sat afore me, face to face, strike me down dead, but I'd have drowned him; and thought it right!—I'm a-going to seek my niece."

"Where?" cried Ham, interposing himself before the door

"Anywhere! I'm a-going to seek my niece through the wureld I'm a-going to find my poor niece in her

shame, and bring her back. No one stop me! I tell you I'm a-going to seek my niece!"

FOUND

"I took my child away last night," said Mr Peggotty, "to my lodging, where I have a long time been expecting of her and preparing fur her. It was hours afore she knowed me right; and when she did, she kneeled down at my feet, and kinder said to me, as if it was her prayers, how it all come to be. You may believe me, when I heard her voice, as I had heerd at home so playful—and see her humbled, as it might be, in the dust our Saviour wrote in with his blessed hand—I felt a wovnd go to my 'art, in the midst of all its thankfulness."

He drew his sleeve across his face, without any pretence of concealing why, and then cleared his voice.

"It warn't for long as I felt that; for she was found. I had on'y to think as she was found, and it was gone. I doesn't know why I do so much as mention of it now, I'm sure. I didn't have it in my mind a minute ago, to say a word about myself, but it come up so natural, that I yielded to it afore I was aweer."

"When my Em'ly took flight," he continued, in stern wrath for the moment, "from the house wheer she was made a prisoner by the man who stole her from her home and by that spotted snake, his servant, she took flight in the night. It was a dark night, Mas'r Davy, with a many stars a-shining. She was wild. She ran along that Italian sea beach, believing the ole boat was theer, and calling out to us to turn away our faces, for she was a-coming by. She heerd herself a-crying out, like as if it was another person; and cut herself on them sharp-pinted stones and rocks, and felt it no more than if she had been rock herself. Ever so fur she run, and there was fire afore her eyes and roarings in her ears. Of a sudden—or so she thowt, you unnerstand—the day broke, wet and windy, and she was lying b'low a heap of stone upon the shore, and a woman was a-speaking to her, saying in the language of that country, what was it had gone so much amiss?"

"As Em'ly's eyes—which was heavy—see this woman better, she know'd as she was one of them as she had

often talked to on the beach. For, though she had run ever so far in the night, she had oftentimes wandered long ways, and know'd all that country, 'long the coast, miles and miles. She hadn't no children of her own, this woman, being a young wife; but she was looking to have one afore long. And may my prayers go up to Heaven that 'twill be a happiness to her, and a comfort, and a honor all her life! May it love her and be dootiful to her, in her old age, helpful of her at the last; a Angel to her heer, and heerafter!

"This was her as now asked what it was that had gone so much amiss. Em'ly told her, and she—took her home. She did indeed. She took her home," said Mr. Peggotty, covering his face.

"It was a little cottage, you may suppose, but she found room for Em'ly in it, and she kep' it secret, and prevailed upon such neighbors as she had to keep it secret, too. Em'ly was took bad with fever, and what is very strange to me is—maybe 'tis not so strange to scholars—the language of that country went out of her head, and she could only speak her own, that no one understood. She recollects, as if she had dreamed it that she lay there, always a-talking her own tongue, always believing that the old boat was round the pint in the bay, and begging and imploring of 'em to send theer and tell how she was dying, and bring back a message of forgiveness, if it was on'y a wured. A'most the whole time she thowt,—now, that him as I made mention on just now, was lurking for her underneath the winder: now that him as had brought her to this was in the room—and cried to the good young woman not to give her up, and know'd at the same time that she couldn't unnerstand, and dreaded that she must be took away. How long this lasted, I doesn't know; but then there come a sleep, and in that sleep, from being a many times stronger than her own self, she fell into the weakness of the littlest child."

He was silent for a few moments, as if for relief from the terrors of his own description.

"It was a pleasant arternoon when she awoke; and so quiet, that there warn't a sound but the rippling of that blue sea without a tide, upon the shore. It was her belief, at first, that she was at home upon a Sunday morning; but the vine leaves as she see at the winder, and the hills be-

yond, warn't home, and contradicted of her Then come in her friend, to watch alongside of her bed, and then she know'd as the old boat warn't around that next pint in the bay no more, but fur off, and know'd where she was, and why, and broke out a-crying on that good young woman's bosom, wheer I hope her baby is lying now, a-cheering of her with its pretty eyes "

He could not speak of this good friend of Em'ly's without a few tears It was in vain to try. He broke down again, endeavoring to bless her.

"That done my Em'ly good," he resumed, after such emotion as I could not behold without sharing in, "that done Em'ly good, and she begun to mend But the language of that country was quite gone from her, and she was forced to make signs. So she went on, getting better from day to day, slow but sure, and trying to learn the names of common things—names as she seemed never to have heerd in all her life—till one evening when she was a-setting at her window, looking at a little girl at play upon the beach. And of a sudden this child held out her hand, and said, what would be in English, 'Fisherman's daughter, here's a shell'—for you are to unnerstand that they used at first to call her 'Pretty lady, as the general way in that country is, and that she had taught 'em to call her 'Fisherman's daughter' instead The child says of a sudden, 'Fisherman's daughter, here's a shell' Then Emily unnerstands her, and she answers, bursting out a-crying, and it all comes back

"When Em'ly got strong again, she cast about to leave that good young creetur, and get to her country The husband was come home, then, and the two together put her aboard a small trader bound to Leghorn and from that to France She had a little money, but it was less than little as they would take for all they done I'm a'-most glad on it, though they was so poor What they done is laid up wheer neither moths nor rust doth corrupt, and wheer thieves do not break through nor steal Mas'r Davy, it'll outlast all the treasure in the wureld.

"Em'ly got to France, and then to England, and was set ashore at Dover I doesn't know for sure, when her 'art had begun to fail her; but all the way to England she had thowt to come to her dear home Soon as she got to England she turned her face tow'rds it. But fear

of not being forgiv, fear of being punted at, fear of some of us being dead along of her, fear of many things, turned her from it, kiender by force, upon the road 'Uncle, uncle,' she says to me, 'the fear of not being worthy to do, what my torn and bleeding breast so longed to do, was the most fright'ning fear of all! I turned back when my 'art was full of prayers that I might crawl to the old doorstep in the night, kiss it, lay my wicked face upon it, and theer be found dead in the morning'

"She come," said Mr Peggotty, dropping his voice to an awe-stricken whisper, "to London She—as had never seen it in her life—alone—without a penny—young—so pretty—come to London A'most the moment she lighted heer, all so desolate, she found (as she believed) a friend, a decent woman as spoke to her about the needle-work as she had been brought up to do, about finding plenty of it fur her, about a lodging for the night, and making secret inquisition concerning of me and of all at home to-morrow. When my child," he said aloud, and with an energy of gratitude that shook him from head to foot, "stood upon the brink of more than I can say or think on—Martha, trew to her promise, saved her!"

I could not repress a cry of joy

"Mas'r Davy," he said, gripping my hand in that strong hand of his, "it was you as first made mention of her to me I thankee, sir! She was arnest She had know'd of her bitter knowledge wheer to watch and what to do. She had done it And the Lord was above all! She come, white and hurried, upon Em'ly in her sleep. She says to her, 'Rise up from worse than death, and come with me' Them belonging to the house would have stopped her, but they might as soon have stopped the sea 'Stand away from me,' she says, 'I am a ghost that calls her from beside her open grave' She told Em'ly that she had seen me, and know'd I lov'd her and forgiv her She wrapped her, hasty, in her clothes. She took her, faint and trembling, on her arm. She heeded no more what they said, than if she had had no ears She walked among 'em with my child, minding only her, and brought her safe out, in the dead of the night, from that black pit of ruin!

"She attended on Em'ly, lying wearied out and wandering betwixt whiles, till late next day. Then she went in

search of me. All night long we have been together, Em'ly and me. 'Tis little (considering the time) as she has said, in wureds, through them broken-hearted tears; 'tis less as I have seen of her dear face, as grow'd into a woman's at my hearth. But, all night long, her arms has been about my neck; and her head was laid heer; and we knows full well, as we can put our trust in one another ever more "

He ceased to speak, and his hand upon the table rested there in perfect repose, with a resolution in it that might have conquered lions. We remained silent and occupied with our own reflections until I spoke. "You have quite made up your mind as to the future, good friend? I need scarcely ask you "

"Quite, Mas'r Davy, he returned, "and told Em'ly Theer's mighty countries fur from heer. Our future life lays over the sea. No one can't reproach my darling in Australia. We will begin a new life over theer. My niece is found."

THE WRECK

"A wreck! Close by!"

I sprung out of bed, and asked what wreck?

"A schooner, from Spain or Portugal, laden with fruit and wine. Make haste, sir, if you want to see her! It's thought, down on the beach, she'll go to pieces every moment."

The excited voice went clamoring along the staircase; and I wrapped myself in my clothes as quickly as I could, and ran into the street.

Numbers of people were there before me, all running in one direction, to the beach. I ran the same way, outstripping a good many, and soon came facing the wild sea.

In the difficulty of hearing anything but wind and waves, and in the crowd, and the unspeakable confusion, and my first breathless efforts to stand against the weather, I was so confused that I looked out to sea for the wreck, and saw nothing but the foaming heads of the great waves. A half-dressed boatman, standing next me, pointed with his bare arm (a tattoo'd arrow on it, pointing in the same direction) to the left. Then, O great Heaven, I saw it, close in upon us!

One mast was broken short off, six or eight feet from the deck, and lay over the side, entangled in a maze of sail and rigging; and all that ruin, as the ship rolled and beat—which she did without a moment's pause, and with a violence quite inconceivable—beat the side as if it would stave it in. Some efforts were even then being made, to cut this portion of the wreck away; for, as the ship, which was broadside on, turned towards us in her rolling, I plainly descried her people at work with axes, especially one active figure with long curling hair, conspicuous among the rest. But, a great cry, which was audible even above the wind and water, rose from the shore at this moment; the sea, sweeping over the rolling wreck, made a clean breach, and carried men, spars, casks, planks, bulwarks, heaps of such toys, into the boiling surge.

The second mast was yet standing, with the rags of a rent sail, and a wild confusion of broken cordage flapping to and fro. The ship had struck once, the same boatman hoarsely said in my ear, and then lifted in and struck again. I understood him to add that she was parting amidships, and I could readily suppose so, for the rolling and beating were too tremendous for any human work to suffer long. As he spoke, there was another great cry of pity from the beach, four men arose with the wreck out of the deep, clinging to the rigging of the remaining mast, uppermost, the active figure with the curling hair.

There was a bell on board; and as the ship rolled and dashed, like a desperate creature driven mad, now showing us the whole sweep of her deck, as she turned on her beam-ends towards the shore, now nothing but her keel, as she sprung wildly over and turned towards the sea, the bell rang, and its sound, the knell of those unhappy men, was borne towards us on the wind. Again we lost her, and again she rose. Two men were gone. The agony on shore increased. Men groaned, and clasped their hands; women shrieked, and turned away their faces. Some ran wildly up and down along the beach, crying for help where no help could be. I found myself one of these, frantically imploring a knot of sailors whom I knew, not to let those two lost creatures perish before our eyes.

They were making out to me, in an agitated way—I don't know how, for the little I could hear I was scarcely composed enough to understand—that the life-boat had been bravely manned an hour ago, and could do nothing, and that as no man would be so desperate as to attempt to wade off with a rope, and establish a communication with the shore, there was nothing left to try, when I noticed that some new sensation moved the people on the beach, and saw them part, and Ham come breaking through them to the front

I held him back with both arms; and implored the men with whom I had been speaking, not to listen to him, not to do murder, not to let him stir from off that sand!

Another cry arose on shore; and looking to the wreck, we saw the cruel sail, with blow on blow, beat off the lower of the two men, and fly up in triumph round the active figure left alone upon the mast

Against such a sight, and against such determination as that of the calmly desperate man who was already accustomed to lead half the people present, I might as hopefully have entreated the wind "Mas'r Davy," he said, cheerily grasping me by both hands, "if my time is come, 'tis come If 't an't, I'll bide it Lord above bless you, and bless all! Mates, make me ready! I'm a-going off!"

Then I saw him standing alone, in a seaman's frock and trousers a rope in his hand, or slung to his wrist, another round his body, and several of the best men holding, at a little distance, to the latter, which he laid out himself, slack upon the shore, at his feet

The wreck, even to my unpracticed eye, was breaking up I saw that she was parting in the middle, and that the life of the solitary man upon the mast hung by a thread Still, he clung to it He had a singular red cap on—not like a sailor's cap, but of a finer color, and as the few yielding planks between him and destruction rolled and bulged, and his anticipative death-knell rung, he was seen by all of us to wave it I saw him do it now, and thought I was going distracted, when his action brought an old remembrance to my mind of a once dear friend

Ham watched the sea, standing alone, with the silence of suspended breath behind him, and the storm before,

until there was a great retiring wave, when, with a backward glance at those who held the rope which was made fast round his body, he dashed in after it, and in a moment was buffeting with the water, rising with the hills, falling with the valleys, lost beneath the foam; then drawn again to land. They hauled in hastily.

He was hurt. I saw blood on his face, from where I stood; but he took no thought of that. He seemed hurriedly to give them some directions for leaving him more free—or so I judged from the motion of his arm—and was gone as before.

And now he made for the wreck, rising with the hills, falling with the valleys, lost beneath the rugged foam, borne in toward the shore, borne on toward the ship, striving hard and valiantly. The distance was nothing, but the power of the sea and wind made the strife deadly. At length he neared the wreck. He was so near, that with one more of his vigorous strokes he would be clinging to it—when, a high, green, vast hillside of water, moving on shoreward, from beyond the ship, he seemed to leap up into it with a mighty bound, and the ship was gone!

Some eddying fragments I saw in the sea, as if a mere cask had been broken, in running to the spot where they were hauling in. Consternation was in every face. They drew him to my very feet—insensible—dead. He was carried to the nearest house; and, no one preventing me now, I remained near him, busy, while every means of restoration were tried; but he had been beaten to death by the great wave, and his generous heart was stilled forever.

As I sat beside the bed, when hope was abandoned and all was done, a fisherman, who had known me when Emily and I were children, and ever since, whispered my name at the door.

"Sir," said he, with tears starting to his weatherbeaten face, which, with his trembling lips, was ashy pale, "will you come over yonder?"

The old remembrance that had been recalled to me was in his look. I asked him, terror-stricken, leaning on the arm he held out to support me:

"Has a body come ashore?"

He said, "Yes."

"Do I know it?" I asked then.

He answered nothing

But, he led me to the shore. And on that part of it where she and I had looked for shells, two children—on that part of it where some lighter fragments of the old boat, blown down last night, had been scattered by the wind—among the ruins of the home he had wronged—I saw Steerforth lying with his head upon his arm, as I had often seen him lie at school.



Mrs. Malaprop's Ideas on Female Education*

BY RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

Mrs. Malaprop. There, Sir Anthony, there stands the deliberate simpleton who wants to disgrace her family and lavish herself on a fellow not worth a shilling

Lydia. Madam, I thought you once——

Mrs. M. You thought, miss! I don't know any business you have to think at all. Thought does not become a young woman. But the point we would request of you is, that you will promise to forget this fellow—to illiterate him, I say, from your memory.

Lyd. Ah, madam! our memories are independent of our wills. It is not easy to forget

Mrs. M. But I say it is, miss! There is nothing on earth so easy to forget, if a person chooses to set about it. I'm sure I have as much forgot your poor, dear uncle as if he had never existed, and I thought it my duty to do so; and let me tell you, Lydia, these violent memories don't become a young woman

Sir Anthony. Surely, the young woman does not pretend to remember what she is ordered to forget! Ah, this comes of her reading.

*From "The Rivals."

Lyd. What crime, madam, have I committed, to be treated thus?

Mrs. M. Now don't attempt to extirpate yourself from the matter, you know I have proof controvertible of it. But tell me, will you promise me to do as you are bid? Will you take a husband of your friends' choosing?

Lyd. Madam, I must tell you plainly that, had I no preference for any one else, the choice you have made would be my aversion.

Mrs. M. What business have you, miss, with preferences and aversion? They don't become a young woman and you ought to know that, as both always wear off, 'tis safest, in matrimony, to begin with a little aversion. I am sure I hated your poor dear uncle before marriage as if he'd been a blackamoor, and yet, miss, you are sensible what a wife I made; and, when it pleased heaven to release me from him, 'tis unknown what tears I shed!

Sir A. He-e-m!

Mrs. M. But suppose we were going to give you another choice, will you promise us to give up this Beverly?

Lyd. Could I belie my thoughts so far as to give that promise, my actions would certainly as far belie my words.

Mrs. M. Take yourself to your room! You are fit company for nothing but your own ill humors.

Lyd. Willingly, ma'am; I can not change for the worse. *[Exit]*

Mrs. M. There's a little intricate hussy for you!

Sir A. It is not to be wondered at, ma'am; all that is the natural consequence of teaching girls to read. In my way hither, Mrs. Malaprop, I observed your niece's maid coming forth from a circulating library, she had a book in each hand—they were half-bound volumes, with marble covers. From that moment, I guessed how full of duty I should see her mistress!

Mrs. M. Those are vile places, indeed!

Sir A. Madam, a circulating library in a town is as an evergreen tree of diabolical knowledge! It blossoms through the year! And, depend upon it, Mrs. Malaprop, that they who are so fond of handling the leaves, will long for the fruit at last.

Mrs. M. Fie, fie, Sir Anthony; you surely speak la-

conically (*Sir Anthony places a chair for her and another for himself, bows to her respectfully and waits till she is seated*)

Sir A. Why, Mrs. Malaprop, in moderation, now, what would you have a woman know?

Mrs M. Observe me, Sir Anthony—I would by no means wish a daughter of mine to be a progeny of learning. I don't think so much learning becomes a young woman. For instance—I would never let her meddle with Greek, or Hebrew, or algebra, or simony, or Fluxions, or paradoxes, or such inflammatory branches of learning, nor will it be necessary for her to handle any of your mathematical, astronomical, diabolical instruments; but, Sir Anthony, I would send her, at nine years old, to a boarding-school, in order to learn a little ingenuity and artifice. Then, sir, she should have a supercilious knowledge in accounts; and, as she grew up, I would have her instructed in geometry, that she might know something of the contagious countries, above all, she should be a perfect mistress of orthodoxy—that is, she should not mispronounce and mis-spell words as our young women of the present day constantly do. This, Sir Anthony, is what I would have a woman know, and I don't think there is a superstitious article in it.

Sir A. Well, well, Mrs. Malaprop, I will dispute the point no further with you, tho I must confess that you are a truly moderate and polite arguer, for almost every third word you say is on my side of the question. But to the more important point in debate—you say you have no objection to my proposal?

Mrs M. None, I assure you. I am under no positive engagement with Mr. Acres, and as Lydia is so obstinate against him, perhaps your son may have better success.

Sir A. Well, madam, I will write for the boy directly. He knows not a syllable of this yet, tho I have for some time had the proposal in my head. He is at present with his regiment.

Mrs. M. We have never seen your son, Sir Anthony; but I hope no objection on his side.

Sir A. Objection! Let him object, if he dare! No, no, Mrs. Malaprop; Jack knows that the least demur puts me in a frenzy directly. My process was always simple. In his younger days 'twas—"Jack, do this."

If he demurred, I knocked him down; and if he grumbled at that, I always sent him out of the room

Mrs M. Ay, and the properest way, o' my conscience! Nothing is so conciliating to young people as severity (*Both rise.*) Well, Sir Anthony, I shall give Mr Acres his discharge, and prepare Lydia to receive your son's invocations; and I hope you will represent her to the captain as an object not altogether illegible

Sir A. Madam, I will handle the subject prudently I must leave you. Good morning, Mrs Malaprop (*Both bow profoundly; Sir Anthony steps back as if to go out, then returns to say.*) And let me beg you, Mrs Malaprop, to enforce this matter roundly to the girl—take my advice, keep a tight hand Good-morning, Mrs Malaprop If she rejects this proposal, clap her under lock and key Good-morning, Mrs Malaprop And if you were just to let the servants forget to bring her dinner for three or four days, you can't conceive how she'd come about Good-morning, Mrs Malaprop



Kentucky Philosophy ✓

BY HARRISON ROBERTSON.

You Wi'yam, cum 'ere, suh, dis instunce Wu' dat you got under dat box?

I do' want no foolin'—you hear me? Wu' you say? Ain't nu'h'n but *rocks*?

'Peahs ter me you's owdashus p'ticler S'posin' dey's uv a new kine

I'll des take a look at dem rocks H1 yi' der you think dat I's bline?

I calls dat a plain water-million, you scamp, en I knows whah it growed;

It come fum de Jimmerson cawn fiel', dah on der side er de road.

You stole it, you rascal—you stole it! I watched you
fum down in de lot,
En time I gets th'ough wid you, nigger, you won't eb'n
be a grease spot!

I'll fix you Mirandy! Mirandy! go cut me a hick'ry—
make 'ase!
En cut me de toughes' en keenes' you c'n fine anywhah
on de place
I'll larn you, Mr. Wi'yam Joe Vettters, ter steal en ter
lie, you young sinner,
Disgracin' yo' ole Christian mammy, en makin' her leave
cookin' dinner!

Now ain't you ashamed er yo'se'f, sur? I is I's 'shamed
you's my son!
En de holy accorjan angel, he's shamed er wut you has
done;
En he's tuk it down up yander in coal-black, blood-red
letters—

“One water-million stoled by Wi'yam Josephus Vettters.”

En wut you s'posen Brer Bascom, yo' teacher at Sunday-
school,
'Ud say ef he knowed how you's broke de good Lawd's
Gol'n Rule?
Boy, whah's de raisin' I give you? Is you boun' fuh
ter be a black villiun?
I's s'prised dat a chile er yo' mammy 'ud steal any man's
water-million.

En I's now gwiner cut it right open, en you shan't have
nary bite,
Fuh a boy who'll steal water-millions—en dat in de day's
broad light—
Ain't—*Lawdy!* it's *green!* Mirandy! come on wi' dat
switch!
Well, stealin' a g-r-e-e-n water-million! who ever yeered
tell er des sich?

Cain't tell w'en dey's ripe? W'y, you thump 'um, en
we'n dey go pank dey is green;
But we'n dey go *punk*, now you mine me, dey's ripe—en
dat's des wut I mean.

En nex' time you hook water-millions—*you* heered me,
you ign'ant, you hunk,
Ef you do' want a lickin' all over, be sho dat dey allers
go "punk!"



The Benediction

BY FRANCOIS COPPEE.

It was in eighteen hundred—yes—and nine,
That we took Saragossa. What a day
Of untold horrors! I was sergeant then
The city carried, we laid siege to houses,
All shut up close, and with a treacherous look,
Raining down shots upon us from the windows.
"Tis the priests' doing!" was the word passed round;
So, that, although since daybreak under arms—
Our eyes with powder smarting, and our mouths
Bitter with kissing cartridge-ends—piff! paff!
Rattled the musketry with ready aim,
If shovel hat and long black coat were seen
Flying in the distance Up a narrow street
My company worked on I kept an eye
On every house-top, right and left, and saw
From many a roof flames suddenly burst forth;
Coloring the sky, as from the chimney-tops
Among the forges. Low our fellows stooped,
Entering the low-pitched dens. When they came out,
With bayonets dripping red, their bloody fingers
Signed crosses on the wall, for we were bound,
In such a dangerous defile, not to leave
Foes lurking in our rear There was no drum-beat,
No ordered march. Our officers looked grave;
The rank and file uneasy, jogging elbows
As do recruits when flinching
All at once,
Rounding a corner, we are hailed in French
With cries for help. At double-quick we join
Our hard-pressed comrades. They were grenadiers,

The Speaker

A gallant company, but beaten back
 Ingloriously from the raised and flag-paved-square,
 Fronting a convent Twenty stalwart monks
 Defended it, black demons with shaved heads.
 The cross in white embroidered on their frocks,
 Barefoot, their sleeves tucked up, their only weapons
 Enormous crucifixes, so well brandished
 Our men went down before them. By platoons
 Firing we swept the place, in fact, we slaughtered
 This terrible group of heroes, no more soul
 Being in us than in executioners.

The foul deed done—deliberately done—
 'And the thick smoke rolling away, we noted
 Under the huddled masses of the dead,
 Rivulets of blood run trickling down the steps;
 While in the background solemnly the church
 Loomed up, its doors wide open We went in.
 It was a desert Lighted tapers starred
 The inner gloom with points of gold The incense
 Gave out its perfume. At the upper end,
 Turned to the altar, as though unconcerned
 In the fierce battle that had raged, a priest,
 White-haired and tall of stature, to a close
 Was bringing tranquilly the mass. So stamped
 Upon my memory is that thrilling scene,
 That, as I speak, it comes before me now—
 The convent, built in old time by the Moors;
 The huge, brown corpses of the monks, the sun
 Making the red blood on the pavement steam;
 And there, framed in by the low porch, the priest;
 And there the altar, brilliant as a shrine;
 And here ourselves, all halting, hesitating,
 Almost afraid.

I, certes, in those days
 Was a confirmed blasphemer. 'Tis on record
 That once, by way of sacrilegious joke,
 A chapel being sacked, I lit my pipe
 At a wax candle burning on the altar.
 This time, however, I was awed—so blanched
 Was that old man!

“Shoot him!” our captain cried.
 Not a soul budged. The priest beyond all doubt

Heard; but, as though he heard not, turning round,
He faced us with the elevated Host,
Having that period of the service reached
When on the faithful benediction falls
His lifted arms seemed as the spread of wings;
And as he raised the pyx, and in the air
With it described the cross, each man of us
Fell back, aware the priest no more was trembling
Than if before him the devout were ranged
But when, intoned with clear and mellow voice,
The words came to us—

Vos benedicat!

Deus Omnipotens!

The captain's order
Rang out again and sharply, "Shoot him down,
Or I shall swear!" Then one of ours, a dastard,
Leveled his gun and fired. Upstanding still,
The priest changed color, though with steadfast look
Set upwards, and indomitably stern.

Pater et Filius!

Came the words What frenzy,
What maddening thirst for blood, sent from our ranks
Another shot, I know not; but 'twas done.
The monk, with one hand on the altar's ledge,
Held himself up; and strenuous to complete
His benediction, in the other raised
The consecrated Host. For the third time
Tracing in air the symbol of forgiveness,
With eyes closed, and in tones exceedingly low,
But in the general hush distinctly heard,
Et Sanctus Spiritus!

He said; and ending
His service, fell down dead.



Howe'er it be, it seems to me
'Tis only noble to be good;
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

—Tennyson.

The Battle of Waterloo*

BY VICTOR HUGO.



AD it not rained on the night of the 17th of June, 1815, the future of Europe would have been changed. A few drops of water, more or less, prostrated Napoleon. That Waterloo should be the end of Austerlitz, Providence needed only a little rain, and an unseasonable cloud crossing the sky sufficed for the overthrow of a world!

Had the ground been dry and the artillery able to move, the action would have been commenced at six o'clock in the morning. The battle would have been won and finished at two o'clock, three hours before the Prussians turned the scale of fortune.

The Emperor rose and reflected. Wellington had fallen back. It remained only to complete this repulse by a crushing charge. Napoleon, turning abruptly, sent off a courier at full speed to Paris to announce that the battle was won.

Napoleon was one of those geniuses who rule the thunder. He had found his thunderbolt. He ordered Milhaud's cuirassiers to carry the plateau of Mont Saint-Jean. They were three thousand five hundred. They formed a line of half a mile. They were gigantic men on colossal horses. They were twenty-six squadrons, and they had behind them a strong support.

Aide-de-camp Bernard brought them the Emperor's order. Ney drew his sword and placed himself at their head. The enormous squadrons began to move. Then was seen a fearful sight. All this cavalry, with sabers drawn, banners waving, and trumpets sounding, formed in column by division, descended with even movement and as one man—with the precision of a bronze battering ram opening a breach.

An odd numerical coincidence—twenty-six battalions were to receive these twenty-six squadrons. Behind the crest of the plateau, under cover of the masked battery, the English infantry formed in thirteen squares, two

* From "Les Misérables."

battalions to the square, and upon two lines—seven on the first, and six on the second—with musket to the shoulder, and eye upon their sights, waiting, calm, silent, and immovable

They could not see the cuirassiers, and the cuirassiers could not see them. They listened to the rising of this tide of men. They heard the increasing sound of three thousand horses, the alternate and measured striking of their hoofs at full trot, the rattling of the cuirasses, the clinking of the sabers, and a sort of fierce roar of the coming host.

There was a moment of fearful silence, then, suddenly, a long line of raised arms brandishing sabers appeared above the crest, with casques, trumpets and standards, and three thousand faces, with gray moustaches, crying "*Vive l'Empereur!*" All this cavalry debouched on the plateau, and it was like the beginning of an earthquake

All at once, tragic to relate, at the left of the English, the head of the column of cuirassiers reared with a frightful clamor. Arrived at the culminating point of the crest, unmanageable, full of fury, and bent upon the extermination of the squares and cannons, the cuirassiers saw between themselves and the English a ditch—a grave. It was the sunken road of Ohain.

It was a frightful moment. There was the ravine, unlooked for, yawning at the very feet of the horses, two fathoms deep between its double slopes. The second rank pushed in the first, the third pushed in the second, the horses reared, threw themselves over, fell upon their backs, and struggled with their feet in the air, piling up and overturning their riders; no power to retreat. The whole column was nothing but a projectile. The force acquired to crush the English crushed the French. The inexorable ravine could not yield until it was filled; riders and horses rolled in together pell-mell, grinding each other, making common flesh in this dreadful gulf, and when the grave was full of living men, the rest rode over them and passed on. Almost a third of Dubois' brigade sank into this abyss. Here the loss of the battle began.

A local tradition, which evidently exaggerates, says that two thousand horses and fifteen hundred men were buried in the sunken road of Ohain. This undoubtedly

comprised all the other bodies thrown into this ravine on the morrow after the battle.

Napoleon, before ordering this charge of Milhaud's cuirassiers, had examined the ground, but could not see this hollow road, which did not make even a wrinkle on the surface of the plateau. Warned, however, and put on his guard by the little white chapel which marks its junction with the Nivelles road, he had, probably on the contingency of an obstacle, put a question to the guide Lacoste. The guide had answered "No." It may almost be said that from this shake of a peasant's head came the catastrophe of Napoleon.

The cuirassiers, relatively few in number, lessened by the catastrophe of the ravine, had to contend with almost the whole of the English army; but they multiplied themselves—each man became equal to ten. Nevertheless, some Hanoverian battalions fell back. Wellington saw it, and remembered his cavalry. Had Napoleon, at that very moment, remembered his infantry, he would have won the battle. This forgetfulness was his great, fatal blunder.

Suddenly the assailing cuirassiers perceived that they were assailed. The English cavalry was upon their back. Before them the squares, behind them Somerset—Somerset, with the fourteen hundred dragoon guards. The cuirassiers, attacked front, flank, and rear, by infantry and cavalry, were compelled to face in all directions. What was that to them? They were a whirlwind. Their valor became unspeakable.

The cuirassiers annihilated seven squares out of thirteen, took or spiked sixty pieces of cannon, and took from the English regiments six colors, which three cuirassiers and three chasseurs of the guard carried to the Emperor before the farm of La Belle Alliance. The situation of Wellington was growing worse. This strange battle was like a duel between two wounded infuriates, who, while yet fighting and resisting, lose all their blood. Which of the two shall fall first?

At five o'clock Wellington drew out his watch, and was heard to murmur these sombre words, "Blucher, or night!" It was about this time that a distant line of bayonets glistened on the heights beyond Frichemont. Here is the turning-point in this colossal drama.

The rest is known: the irruption of a third army; the battle thrown out of joint; eighty-six pieces of artillery suddenly thundering forth, a new battle falling at night-fall upon our dismantled regiments, the whole English line assuming the offensive, and pushing forward, the gigantic gap made in the French army; the English grape lending mutual aid; extermination, disaster in front, disaster in flank; the Guard entering into line amid the terrible crumbling

Each battalion of the Guard, for this final effort, was commanded by a general. When the tall caps of the grenadiers of the Guard, with their large eagle-plates, appeared, symmetrical, drawn up in line, calm, in the smoke of that conflict, the enemy felt respect for France. They thought they saw twenty victories entering upon the field of battle, with wings extended, and those who were conquerors, thinking themselves conquered, recoiled, but Wellington cried, "Up, Guards, and at them!"

The red regiment of English Guards, lying behind the hedges, rose up. A shower of grape riddled the tricolored flag fluttering about our eagles, all hurled themselves forward, and the final carnage began. The Imperial Guard felt the army slipping away around them in the gloom and in the vast overthrow of the rout: they heard the "*Sauve qui peut*" which had replaced the "*Vive l'Empereur*" and, with flight behind them, they held on their course, battered more and more, and dying faster and faster, at every step.

The Prussian cavalry, just come up, spring forward, fling themselves upon the enemy, saber, cut, hack, kill, exterminate. Teams rush off; the guns are left to the care of themselves; the soldiers of the train unhitch the caissons, and take the horses to escape; wagons upset, with their four wheels in the air, block up the road, and are accessories of massacre.

They crush and they crowd; they trample upon the living and the dead. Arms are broken. A multitude fills roads, paths, bridges, plains, hills, valleys, woods, choked up by the flight of forty thousand men. Cries, despair; knapsacks and muskets cast into the growing rye; passages forced at the point of the sword: no more comrades, no more officers, no more generals; inexpressible dismay.

In the gathering night, on a field near Genappe, Bernard and Bertrand seized by a flap of his coat and stopped a haggard, thoughtful, gloomy man, who, dragged thus far by the current of the rout, had dismounted, passed the bridle of his horse under his arm, and, with bewildered eye, was returning alone toward Waterloo. It was Napoleon, endeavoring to advance again—mighty somnambulist of a vanished dream.



Ginevra

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

So it is come! The doctor's glossy smile
Deceives me not. I saw him shake his head,
Whispering, and heard poor Giulia sob without,
As, slowly creeping, he went down the stair
Were they afraid that I should be afraid?
I, who have died once and been laid in tomb?
They need not.

Little one, look not so pale.
I am not raving. Ah! you never heard
The story. Climb up there upon the bed:
Sit close and listen. After this one day
I shall not tell you stories any more

How old are you, my rose? What! almost twelve?
Almost a woman! scarcely more than that
Was your fair mother when she bore her bud;
And scarcely more was I when, long years since,
I left my father's house, a bride in May.
You know the house, beside St. Andrea's church,
Gloomy and rich, which stands and seems to frown
On the Mercato, humming at its base.
That was my playplace ever as a child;
And with me used to play a kinsman's son,
Antonio Rondinelli. Ah, dear days!

Two happy things we were, with none to chide,
 Or hint that life was anything but play
 Sudden the play-time ended. All at once
 "You must wed," they told me "What is wed?"
 I asked, but with the word I bent my brow,
 Let them put on the garland, smiled to see
 The glancing jewels tied about my neck,
 And so, half-pleased, half-puzzled, was led forth
 By my grave husband, older than my sire
 O the long years that followed! It would seem
 That the sun never shone in all those years,
 Or only with a sudden, troubled glint
 Flashed on Antonio's curls, as he went by
 Doffing his cap, with eyes of wistful love
 Raised to my face—my conscious, woeful face
 Were we so much to blame? Our lives had twined
 Together, none forbidding, for so long
 They let our childish fingers drop the seed,
 Unhindered, which should ripen to tall grain;
 They let the firm, small roots tangle and grow,
 Then rent them, careless that it hurt the plant.
 I loved Antonio, and he loved me.

Life was all shadow, but it was not sin!
 I loved Antonio, but I kept me pure,
 Not for my husband's sake, but for the sake
 Of him, my first-born child, my little child,
 Mine for a few short weeks, whose touch, whose look
 Thrilled all my soul and thrills it to this day.
 I loved; but, hear me swear, I kept me pure!

It was hard

To sit in darkness while the rest had light,
 To move to discords when the rest had song,
 To be so young and never to have lived.
 I bore, as women bear, until one day
 Soul said to flesh, "This I endure no more,"
 And with the word uprose, tore clay apart,
 And what was blank before grew blanker still.
 It was fever, so the leeches said.
 I had been dead so long, I did not know
 The difference or heed. Oil on my breast,
 The garments of the grave about me wrapped,
 They bore me forth and laid me in the tomb

The Speaker

Open the curtain, child Yes, it is night
 It was night then, when I awoke to feel
 That deadly chill, and see by ghostly gleams
 Of moonlight, creeping through the grated door,
 The coffins of my fathers all about
 Strange, hollow clamors rang and echoed back,
 As, struggling out of mind, I dropped and fell
 With frantic strength I beat upon the grate;
 It yielded to my touch Some careless hand
 Had left the bolt half-slipped. My father swore
 Afterward, with a curse, he would make sure
 Next time. Next time! That hurts me even now.

Dead or alive I issued, scarce sure which,
 And down the darkling street I wildly fled,
 Led by a little, cold, and wandering moon,
 Which seemed as lonely and as lost as I
 I had no aim, save to reach warmth and light
 And human touch; but still my witless steps
 Led to my husband's door, and there I stopped,
 By instinct, knocked, and called.

A window op'ed,
 A voice—'twas his—demanded. "Who is there?"
 "'Tis I, Ginevra." Then I heard the tone
 Change into horror, and he prayed aloud
 And called upon the saints, the while I urged,
 "O, let me in, Francesco, let me in!"
 I am so cold, so frightened, let me in!"
 Then with a crash, the window was shut fast:
 And, though I cried and beat upon the door
 And wailed aloud, no other answer came.

Weeping, I turned away, and feebly strove
 Down the hard distance toward my father's house
 "They will have pity and will let me in,"
 I thought. "They loved me and will let me in."
 Cowards! At the high window overhead
 They stood and trembled, while I plead and prayed
 "I am your child, Ginevra. Let me in!"
 I am not dead. In mercy, let me in!"
 "The holy saints forbid!" declared my sire.
 My mother sobbed and vowed whole pounds of wax
 To St. Eustachio, would he but remove

This fearful presence from her door Then sharp
 Came click of lock, and a long tube was thrust
 From out the window, and my brother cried,
 "Spirit or devil, go! or else I fire!"
 Where should I go? Back to the ghastly tomb
 And the cold confined ones! Up the long street,
 Wringing my hands and sobbing low, I went
 My feet were bare and bleeding from the stones,
 My hands were bleeding too, my hair hung loose
 Over my shroud So wild and strange a shape
 Saw never Florence since.

At last I saw a flickering point of light
 High everhead, in a dim window set
 I had lain down to die: but at the sight
 I rose, crawled on, and with expiring strength
 Knocked, sank again, and knew not even then
 It was Antonio's door by which I lay.
 A window opened, and a voice called out;
 "Que e?" "I am Ginevra" And I thought,
 "Now he will fall to trembling, like the rest,
 And bid me hence" But, lo, a moment more
 The bolts were drawn, and arms whose very touch
 Was life, lifted and clasped and bore me in.
 "O ghost or angel of my buried love,
 I know not, I care not which, be welcome here!"
 I heard him say, and then I heard no more.

It was high noontide when I woke again,
 To hear fierce voices wrangling by my bed—
 My father's and my husband's; for, with dawn,
 Gathering up valor, they had sought the tomb,
 Had found me gone, and tracked my bleeding feet,
 Over the pavement to Antonio's door.
 Dead, they cared nothing; living, I was theirs.
 Hot raged the quarrel: then came Justice in,
 And to the court we swept—I in my shroud—
 To try the cause.

This was the verdict given:
 "A woman who has been to burial borne,
 Made fast and left and locked in with the dead;
 Who at her husband's door has stood and plead

The Speaker

For entrance, and has heard her prayer denied,
 Who from her father's house is urged and chased,
 Must be adjudged as dead in law and fact
 The Court pronounces the defendant—dead!
 She can resume her former ties at will,
 Or may renounce them, if such be her will.
 She is no more a daughter or a spouse,
 Unless she choose, and is set free to form
 These ties if so she choose."

O, blessed words!

That very day we knelt before the priest,
 My love and I, were wed, and life began
 Child of my child, child of Antonio's child,
 Bend down and let me kiss your wondering face.
 'Tis a strange tale to tell a rose like you
 But time is brief, and, had I told you not,
 Haply the story would have met your ears
 From them, the Amieris
 Now go, my dearest When they wake thee up,
 To tell thee I am dead, be not too sad
 I who have died once, do not fear to die
 Sweet was that waking, sweeter will be this
 Close to Heaven's gate my own Antonio sits
 Waiting, and, spite of all the Frati say,
 I know I shall not stand long at that gate,
 Or knock and be refused an entrance there,
 For he will start up when he hears my voice,
 The saints will smile, and he will open quick
 Only a night to part me from that joy
 Jesu Maria! let the dawning come!

**Lincoln's Rules For Living**

Do not worry, eat three square meals a day, say your prayers, be courteous to your creditors, keep your digestion good, steer clear of biliousness, exercise, go slow and go easy. Maybe there are other things that your special case requires to make you happy, but, my friend, these I reckon will give you a good lift.

Henry the Fifth's Wooing

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

K. Henry Fair Katharine, and most fair,
Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms
Such as will enter at a lady's ear
And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?

Katharine Your majesty shall mock at me; I can
not speak your England.

K. Hen O fair Katharine, if you will love me soundly
with your French heart, I will be glad to hear you confess
it brokenly with your English tongue Do you like
me, Kate?

Kath Pardonnez-moi, I can not tell vat is "like me "

K. Hen An angel is like you, Kate, and you are
like an angel.

Kath. Que dit-il? que je suis semblable a les anges?

Alice. Qui, vraiment, sauf votre grace, ainsi dit-il

K. Hen I said so, dear Katharine, and I must not
blush to affirm it.

Kath O les langues des hommes sont pleines des trom-
peries.

K. Hen What says she, fair one? that the tongues of
men are full of deceits?

Alice. Qui, dat de tongues of de mans is be full of
deceits dat is de princess.

K. Hen. The princess is the better Englishwoman
I' faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy understanding;
I am glad thou canst speak no better English; for, if
thou couldst, thou wouldst find me such a plain king
that thou wouldst think I had sold my farm to buy my
crown I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly
to say, "I love you" then if you urge me further than
to say, "Do you in faith?" I wear out my suit Give
me your answer; i' faith, do: and so clap hands and a
bargain how say you, lady?

Kath Sauf votre honneur, me understand vell.

K. Hen. Marry, if you would put me to verses or to
dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid me for the
one I have neither words nor measures, and for the
other, I have no strength in measure, yet a reasonable
measure in strength. If I could win a lady at leap-frog,

or by vaulting into my saddle with my armor on my back, under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife. Or if I buffet for my love, or hound my horse for her favors, I could lay on like a butcher and sit like a jackanapes, never off. But, Kate, I can not look greenly nor gasp out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protestation: only downright oaths, which I never use till urged, nor ever break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sun-burning, that never looks in his glass for love of anything he sees there, let thine eye be thy cook. I speak to thee plain soldier: if thou canst love me for this, take me: if not, to say to thee that I shall die, is true; but for thy love, no; yet I love thee, too. And while thou livest, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy; for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places: for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favors, they do always reason themselves out again. What! a speaker is but a prater; a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg will fall, a straight back will stoop, a black beard will turn white, a curled pate will grow bald; a fair face will wither; a full eye will wax hollow: but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon; or rather the sun and not the moon, for it shines bright and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would have such a one, take me, and take me, take a soldier; take a soldier, take a king. And what sayest thou then to my love? speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

Kath. Is it possible dat I should love de enemy of France?

K. Hen. No; it is not possible you should love the enemy of France, Kate: but, in loving me, you should love the friend of France; for I love France so well that I will not part with a village of it; I will have it all mine; and, Kate, when France is mine and I am yours, then yours is France and you are mine.

Kath. I can not tell vat is dat

K. Hen. No, Kate? I will tell thee in French; which I am sure will hang upon my tongue like a new-married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off. Quand j'ay la possession de France, et quand vous avez la possession de moi,—let me see, what then? Saint

Denis be my speed!—donc votre est France et vous êtes mienne. It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom as to speak so much more French; I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me.

Kath. Sauf votre honneur, le François pue vous parlez, est meilleur que l'Anglais lequel je parle.

K. Hen. No, faith, is't not, Kate; but thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine, most truly-falsely, must needs be granted to be much at one. But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English, canst thou love me?

Kath. I can not tell.

K. Hen. Can any of your neighbors tell, Kate. I'll ask them. Come, I know thou lovest me, and at night, when you come into your closet, you'll question this gentlewoman about me, and I know, Kate, you will to her dispraise those parts in me that you love with your heart; but, good Kate, mock me mercifully, the rather, gentle princess, because I love thee cruelly. How answer you, la plus belle Katharine du monde, mon très chère et divine déesse?

Kath. Your majestee ave fausse French enough to deceive de most sage demoiselle dat is en France.

K. Hen. Now, fie upon my false French! By mine honor, in true English, I love thee, Kate, by which honor I dare not swear thou lovest me; yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untampering effect of my visage. I was created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that, when I come to woo ladies, I fright them. But, in faith Kate, the elder I wax, the better I shall appear; my comfort is, that old age, that ill layer up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face: thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and therefore, tell me, most fair Katharine, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress; take me by the hand, and say, "Harry of England, I am thine"; which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud, "England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Pfantagenet is thine"; who, tho I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. Come, your answer

The Speaker

in broken music; for thy voice is music and thy English broken, therefore, queen of all, Katharine, break thy mind to me in broken English, wilt thou have me?

Kath Dat is as it sall please de Roi mon père

K. Hen. Nay, it will please him well, Kate; it shall please him, Kate.

Kath. Den it sall also content me

K. Hen. Upon that I kiss your hand, and I call you my queen.

Kath Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez.

K. Hen. Then I will kiss your lips, Kate

Kath. Il n'est pas la coutume de France.

K. Hen. Madam my interpreter, what says she?

Alice. Dat it is not be de fashion pour les ladies of France—I can not tell vat is *baiser* en Anglish

K. Hen. To kiss

Alice. Your majesty entendre better que moi

K. Hen. It is not the fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would you say?

Alice Oui, vraiment

K. Hen. O Kate, nice customs curtsy to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I can not be confined within the weak list of a country's fashion we are the makers of manners, Kate; and the liberty that follows our places stops the mouth of all find-faults, as I will do yours, for upholding the nice fashion of your country in denying me a kiss, therefore, patiently and yielding (*Kisses her*) You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate; there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them than in the tongues of the French council; and they should sooner persuade Harry of England than a general petition of monarchs.



We see not, know not; all our way
Is night—with Thee alone is day:
From out the torrent's troubled drift
Above the storm our prayers we lift,
Thy will be done.

—Whittier.

Como

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

The red-clad fishers row and creep
Below the crags, as half asleep,
Nor even make a single sound
The walls are steep,
The waves are deep,
And if the dead man should be found
By these same fishers in their round,
Why, who shall say but he was drowned?

The lake lay bright, as bits of broken moon
Just newly set within the cloven earth,
The ripened fields drew round a golden girth
Far up the steppes, and glittered in the noon
And when the sun fell down, from leafy shore
Fond lovers stole in pairs to ply the oar
The stars, as large as lilies, flecked the blue,
From out the Alps the moon came wheeling through
The rocky pass the great Napoleon knew

A gala night it was—the season's prime;
We rode from castled lake to festal town,
To fair Milan—my friend and I; rode down
By night, where grasses waved in rippled rhyme;
And so what theme but love in such a time?
His proud lip curved the while in silent scorn
At thought of love, and then, as one forlorn,
He sighed, then bared his temples, dashed with gray,
Then mocked, as one outworn and well blasé.

A gorgeous tiger-lily, flaming red,
So full of battle, of the trumpets blare,
Of old-time passion, upreared its head.
I galloped past, I leaned, I clutched it there.
From out the long, strong grass I held it high,
And cried, "Lo! this to-night shall deck her hair
Through all the dance And mark! the man shall die
Who dares assault, for good or ill design,
The citadel where I shall set this sign."

The Speaker

He spoke no spare word all the after while.
 That scornful, cold, contemptuous smile of his!
 Why, better men have died for less than this
 Then in the hall the same old hateful smile!
 Then marvel not that when she graced the floor,
 With all the beauties gathered from the four
 Far quarters of the world, and she, my fair,
 The fairest, wore within her midnight hair
 My tiger-lily—marvel not, I say,
 That he glared like some wild beast well at bay!

Oh, she shone fairer than the summer star,
 Or curled sweet moon in middle destiny.
 More fair than sunrise climbing up the sea,
 Where all the loves of Ariadne are
 Who loves, who truly loves, will stand aloof,
 The noisy tongue makes most unholy proof
 Of shallow waters—all the while afar
 From out the dance I stood, and watched my star,
 My tiger-lily, borne an oriflamme of war.

A thousand beauties flashed at love's advance.
 Like bright white mice at moonlight in their play,
 Or sunfish shooting in the shining bay,
 The swift feet shot and glittered in the dance.
 Oh, have you loved, and truly loved, and seen
 Aught else the while than your own stately queen?
 Her presence, it was majesty—so tall;
 Her proud development encompassed—all.
 She filled all space. I sought, I saw but her
 I followed as some fervid worshipper.

Adown the dance she moved with matchless pace
 The world—my world—moved with her. Suddenly
 I questioned whom her cavalier might be
 'Twas he! His face was leaning to her face!
 I clutched my blade; I sprang; I caught my breath,
 And so stood leaning still as death.
 And they stood still. She blushed, then reached and tore
 The lily as she passed, and down the floor
 She strewed its heart like bits of gushing gore.

'Twas he said heads, not hearts, were made to break
 He taught me this that night in splendid scorn
 I learned too well. The dance was done Ere morn
 We mounted—he and I—but no more spake
 And this for woman's love! My lily worn
 In her dark hair in pride to be thus torn
 And trampled on for this bold stranger's sake!
Two men rode silent back toward the lake
Two men rode silent down, but only *one*
 Rode up at morn to greet the rising sun.

The walls are steep,
 The waves are deep;
 And if the dead man should be found
 By red-clad fishers in their round,
 Why, who shall say but he was—drowned?



The Battle of Naseby*

BY THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

Oh! wherefore come ye forth, in triumph from the North,
 With your hands, and your feet, and your raiment
 all red?
 And wherefore doth your rout send forth a joyous shout?
 And whence be the grapes of the wine-press which ye
 tread?

Oh, evil was the root and bitter was the fruit,
 And crimson was the juice of the vintage that we trod;
 For we trampled on the throng of the haughty and the
 strong,
 Who sate in the high places, and slew the saints of
 God.

* By Obadiah Bind-Their-Kings-in-Chains-and-Their-
 Nobles-with-Links-of-Iron, Sergeant in Ireton's Regiment

The Speaker

It was about the noon of a glorious day of June,
That we saw their banners dance, and cuirasses shine,
And the Man of Blood was there, with his long essenced
hair,
And Astley, and Sir Marmaduke, and Rupert of the
Rhine

Like a servant of the Lord, with his Bible and his sword,
The General rode along us to form us to the fight,
When a murmuring sound broke out, and swell'd into a
shout,
Among the godless horsemen upon the tyrant's right

And hark! like the roar of the billows on the shore,
The cry of battle rises along their charging line!
For God! for the Cause! for the Church, for the Laws!
For Charles King of England, and Rupert of the
Rhine!

The furious German comes, with his clarions and his
drums,
His bravoes of Alsatia, and pages of Whitehall;
They are bursting on our flanks Grasp your pikes, close
your ranks,
For Rupert never comes but to conquer or to fall

They are here! They rush on! We are broken! We are
gone!
Our left is borne before them like stubble on the blast
O Lord, put forth thy might! O Lord, defend the right!
Stand back to back, in God's name, and fight it to the
last.

Stout Skippon hath a wound, the centre hath given
ground,
Hark! hark! What means the trampling of horsemen
on our rear?
Whose banner do I see, boys? 'Tis he, thank God, 'tis he,
boys.
Bear up another minute, brave Oliver is here.

Their heads all stooping low, their points all in a row,
Like a whirlwind on the trees, like a deluge on the
dykes,

Our cuirassiers have burst on the ranks of the Accurst,
And at a shock have shattered the forest of his pikes.

Fast, fast, the gallants ride, in some safe nook to hide
Their coward heads predestined to rot on Temple Bar ;
And he—he turns, he flies—shame on those cruel eyes
That bore to look on torture, but dare not look on war

Ho ! comrades, scour the plain ; and, ere ye strip the slain,
First give another stab to make your search secure,
Then shake from sleeves and pockets their broad-pieces
and lockets,
The tokens of the wanton, the plunder of the poor

Fools ! your doublets shone with gold, and your hearts
were gay and bold,
When you kissed your lily hands to your lemans to-day ,
And to-morrow shall the fox from her chambers in the
rocks,
Lead forth her tawny cubs to howl above the prey

Where be your tongues that late mocked at heaven and
hell and fate
And the fingers that once were so busy with your
blades,
Your perfum'd satin clothes, your catches and your oaths,
Your stage-plays and your sonnets, your diamonds and
your spades ?

Down, down, for ever down with the mitre and the
crown,
With the Belial of the court, and the Mammon of the
Pope ;
There is woe in Oxford Halls ; there is wail in Durham's
Stalls ;
The Jesuit smites his bosom , the Bishop rends his cope

And she of the seven hills shall mourn her children's ills,
And tremble when she thinks on the edge of England's
sword,
And the kings of earth in fear shall shudder when they
hear
What the hand of God hath wrought for the Houses
and the Word

Mine Shildren

BY CHAS. F. ADAMS.

Oh, dose shildren, dose shildren, dey boddher mine life!
 Why don't dey keep quiet, like Gretchen, mine wife?
 Vot makes dem so shock fool of mischief, I vunder,
 A shumping der room round mit noises like dunder?
 Hear dot! Was dere anyding make such a noise
 As Hermann und Otto, mine dwo leedle poys?

Ven I dake oud mine pipe for a good, quiet smoke,
 Dey crawl me all over, und dink it a shoke
 To go droo mine bockets to see vot dey find
 Und if mit der latch key my vatch dey can find,
 Id dakes sometding more as their fadder und mudder,
 To quiet dot Otto und his leedle broder.

Dey shtub oud their boots und vears holes in der knees
 Off dheir drouers, und shtockings, und sooch dings as
 dese.

I dink if dot Cræsus vas liffig to-tay,
 Dose poys make more bills as dot Kaiser could pay;
 I find me gwick oud dot some riches dake vings,
 Ven each gouple a tays I must buy dem new dings.

I pring dese dwo shafers some toys efry day,
 Pecause "Shonny Schwartz has sooch nice dings," dey
 say,

"Und Shonny Schwartz' barents vas poorer as we"—
 Dot's vas der young rashkels vas saying to me,
 Dot Old Santa Klaus mit a sleigh fool of toys
 Don't gif sadisfactions to dose greedy poys.

Dey kick der clothes off ven ashleep in dheir ped,
 Und get so much croup dot dey almost vas dead;
 But it don't make no different, before id vas light
 Dey vas up in der morning mit billows to fight
 I dink id vas beddher you don'd got some ears
 Ven dey blay "Holdt der fort," und den gif dree cheers.

Oh, dose shildren, dose shildren, dey boddher mine life!
Budt shtop shust a leedle If Gretchen mine vife,
Und dose leedle shildren dey don'd been around,
Und all droo der house dere vas never a sound—
Vell, poys, vy you look oup dot vay mit surprise?
I guess dey see tears in dheir old fader's eyes.

The Single Tax

The University of Manitoba, affirmative, vs. the University of North Dakota, negative.

This international debate was held at Grand Forks, North Dakota, on February 28, 1912. By a vote of two to one the decision was awarded to the negative (University of North Dakota)

RESOLVED *That taxation of land values only forms the proper basis of taxation for the purpose of local government in the United States and Canada.*

FIRST AFFIRMATIVE.

S. ABRAHAMSON.

The correct principle of taxation, as laid down by every economist of authority from Adam Smith's day to the present, is this, namely, that every man should pay a tax according to the benefits which he enjoys under the protection of government. It is the government which renders safe his life, liberty, and property. A tax on land values alone satisfies this principle. All must use the land. It is the one thing universally in demand at all times and by all persons. A tax on land values, therefore, cannot possibly be shifted. The user of the land would pay the tax, he would pay for what he gets and get what he pays for. At the present time, the user of the land pays a tribute or tax to the landlord. The land-

lord enjoys the fruits of other men's labors Under the Single Tax, the land-user would pay the tax to society as a whole in the form of the government

SECOND AFFIRMATIVE.

F. E. KENNEDY.

The present system of taxation is inadequate It is unjust, because it attempts to reach all forms of property, but fails to find many forms of personal property, such as notes, mortgages, credits, stocks, bonds, etc It is unjust by reason of its effects on improvements It penalizes a man for building a home or otherwise improving his property, for each improvement only increases his tax burden It represses industry, for capital is heavily taxed for engaging in industry and giving employment to labor.

All authorities agree that the general property tax in vogue in this country is a farce and a worker of glaring injustice

A change is needed No change could make matters worse But a change to the Single Tax will cure all these defects, and will, in turn, introduce a system at once simple, workable, adequate, and absolutely just

THIRD AFFIRMATIVE.

G. W. DARCY.

The negative wholly misconstrues the doctrine of Economic Rent on which this debate rests You say, tax Edison. We say, why should Edison be punished—what harm has he done? He is enjoying only the fruits of his own labor, he has created something for society which society is paying him for

Economic rent forms the proper basis of taxation Economic rent means the marked value of the use of the land No man created the land. No man created land value Society has created land value, or economic rent The private appropriation of this economic rent is a form of special privilege which cannot be justified, or even longer tolerated.

Let society then, organized in the form known as government, take over in taxation this economic rent which belongs to it. This is the so-called Single Tax on land values.

This tax would end at once land speculation—the private appropriation of the unearned increment—a recognized curse in our two countries. The farmer now-a-days is one-third farmer and two-thirds speculator. He would be three-thirds a farmer under the Single Tax. This tax would raise wages by releasing capital from land speculation and putting it into productive uses. This tax would produce ample income to support the government. Where investigations have been conducted, it has been found that the economic rent is more than sufficient to produce all needed revenue.

Under his tax labor and our capital would get their full reward, undiminished by taxation, and no more and no less than their due reward. The burden of the tax, falling upon the users of the land, would of course be no burden at all, because the payer of the tax would get a benefit from the use of the land exactly equivalent to the tax he pays. Hence it cannot be called a burden.

Thus, we see the Single Tax is an ideal tax, producing adequate revenue, encouraging the fullest use of labor, law, and capital, and placing a burden on no man's shoulders.

FIRST NEGATIVE.

J. E. LOUDEN.

The system of taxing land value *only* places the whole burden of taxation upon the value of *one* of the factors of production. The production of wealth requires co-operation of land, labor, and capital. Why tax the land owner who tills the soil, and not tax the professional man who labors at his profession for an income and realizes the same profit? There is no justice in taxing the one, and not taxing the other two.

There are three principles upon which the advocate of the tax on land value *only* base their reasons for placing the whole burden of taxation upon the land owner. First. Private ownership of land is a privilege and should therefore be taxed. But do we not have private ownership of

labor and capital, as well as of land? They hold that private ownership of land is a monopoly privilege in that the supply of land is fixed. But the average yield per acre of farm and mine has increased by the use of scientific farming and mining. This means exactly the same thing as increasing the supply of land. The yield per acre in the United States, according to the statistical abstract of the United States for 1910, has been increased 32 per cent. during the last ten years. This is an increase 10 per cent. greater than the increase in population during that time. The products of our mines in the past ten years have been increased by the use of more scientific mining over 100 per cent. England, in ten years, by the use of scientific farming doubled her average yield of wheat per acre. All over the United States and Europe there is a tendency towards a smaller acreage and a higher average yield. There were four times as many farms in the United States in 1900 as there were in 1850, and while the average size was only two-thirds as large, the yield per farm was about the same. The supply of our land is practically unlimited and its yield is being increased faster than civilization advances. Consequently a land monopoly in this country through private ownership is an impossibility.

Second: Land value is a social value. But, everything in this world has a social value. Value depends upon supply and demand. Demand depends upon population; as population increases, value must likewise increase. Consequently, the value of everything is a social value—a professional man's training, a stock of merchandise, a railroad, a newspaper, a copyright, an invention. The value of labor and capital is as much a social value as that of land and should be taxed according to the same regulations.

Third: Land cannot be destroyed, say the land-tax advocates, whereas, labor and capital can. We grant that labor and capital are destructible. Land value also is destructible; and the tax is to be placed upon the *value* of land. According to the 12th census of the United States, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New Mexico, all the South Atlantic States and South Central States—between 1860 and 1870, decreased in land value. From 1890 to 1900, Maine, New York, Pennsylvania,

Delaware, Ohio and Florida decreased in land value. The average value of farm land in the United States in 1900 had decreased one-fourth since 1890. Again, according to the 13th census, there was in eighteen cities, of a population of 10,000 or over, a decrease in land value. These statistics are sufficient evidence that land value, as well as labor and capital, is destructible.

Conclusion The three principles that are said to distinguish the value of land from the value of labor and capital—namely: That private ownership of land is a privilege, that the value of land is a social value, that land is not destructible—have not stood the test of investigation. In contrast to this, the negative are to uphold to-night the theory presented by Adam Smith, the principle of taxing every individual according to his ability to pay and to measure this ability by the income from land, labor, and capital.

SECOND NEGATIVE.

L. M. SMITH.

The tax on land value *alone*, is intolerable in practice in new communities—communities such as those in the Canadian Northwest, and in North Dakota, Montana, and other western states of this country. When a farmer takes up a claim in such a community, the land is of little or no value; almost all the property of any value is *personal* property. Even when the land does come to have value, it is some time before it has sufficient value to use it as the sole source of revenue. In the state of Minnesota to-day, land value is only 59 per cent. of the total value of all property and in North Dakota only 56 per cent. With the tax on land value *only*, it would be impossible to raise sufficient revenue, in new communities.

The same is true of poor communities. Wherever land value is low, it would be impossible to raise sufficient revenues.

Such a tax, say the advocates of the tax on land value alone, would remove from the shoulders of the farmers of this country and of Canada, a great burden of taxation. Is this a claim founded on facts?

Take Cass County, North Dakota, in which Fargo, the metropolis of the State, is located. According to the Report of the State Board of Equalization, for 1910, this county has the largest valuation of city property of any county in the State. At the present time, Cass County pays 85 per cent of the total taxes levied in the State. The value of all land exclusive of improvements is 69 percent. of the total value of land in the State. Whereas, Cass County now pays 85 per cent of the total taxes levied, if the land value tax were introduced, it would pay only 69 per cent—that is, 19 per cent of the present assessment of Cass County would be removed.

Turn to Mercer County, North Dakota, a county containing no large towns. Taking figures from the same report, if taxes were to be levied upon land value alone, the assessment of Mercer County would be increased by 43 per cent. If the land value tax were adopted, then, the taxes of Cass County, containing the largest amount of city property, would be decreased by 19 per cent., while the taxes of Mercer, a rural county, would be increased by 43 per cent.

Under the present system of taxation, those owning farms in Cass County pay 64 per cent of the taxes levied in the county. If land values alone were taxed, those owning farms would pay 80 per cent. of the taxes of the county. Thus, although the tax on land values would operate to lower the taxes of Cass County, yet the taxes of the farmers of that county would be increased from 64 per cent of the total taxes, to 80 per cent.

In the farming districts, improvements are a very small item in the value of the farmer's property. Land is the big item. In the cities, the reverse is true. In the State of Washington, the value of improvements on farm land is only 8 per cent of the total value. The value of improvements on city lots in the same state is 29 per cent of the total value of real estate. The value of improvements on farm lands in Minnesota is only 11 per cent. of the total value, while the value of improvements on city lots is 47 per cent. of the total value. In Colorado the value of improvements on farm lands is 25 per cent of the total value, while the value of improvements on city lots is 46 per cent. of the total.

The value of improvements is greater in the city than in the country. If taxes on improvements are abolished.

and land value alone is taxed, the farmer will pay a far greater proportion than he does now.

The North Dakota farmer who pays \$15,000 00 for his farm and cultivates and improves it, would not be satisfied with the tax on land value only. He would wonder at the justice of a system under which he was heavily taxed, while his neighbors in town, perhaps far richer than he, paid little or no taxes. For the value of land is the large item on the farm, while the value of the banker's land is insignificant as compared with the amount of business he transacts and the income he receives.

In rich urban communities, those who favor the land value tax maintain that its adoption will cover vacant lots with buildings, lower rents, raise wages, and usher in prosperity all over the land.

It is often said that a large amount of land is held for speculation in the large cities. But Professor Seligman in his "Essays in Taxation" asserts "that south of 42d street, in the City of New York, the home of the major part of the tenement house population—not one-fiftieth of 1 per cent of the building lots lie idle." How, then, will the tax on land value effect rents in the slums? Rents now are lower in the suburbs than in the slums, yet the workmen refuse to live in the suburbs.

As to wages, wages are increased either through the increase of the supply of capital or through the increase of the efficiency of the laborer. The taxation of land value could increase neither. Clearly, then, it could not increase the wages of the workmen.

Conclusion The system of taxation on land value would be entirely inadequate in new and poor communities. Its adoption would cause great injustice to the American and the Canadian farmer. It would exempt a large part of the urban population from taxation, without relieving the condition of the poorer classes.

THIRD NEGATIVE.

E. J. McILRAITH.

The taxation of land value *only* is unjust and should be supplemented by the income and inheritance tax, the ideal system being based upon the ability to pay.

The expression "ability to pay" implies a state income tax as the chief source of revenue. If land happens to be the chief source of one's income, then as a part of this ability-to-pay principle we favor a tax on land value. Furthermore, as a man's income is increased by inheriting wealth we favor an inheritance tax. A land value tax falling as it does on only one form of wealth, is insufficient, it must be supplemented by the income and inheritance tax.

Consider the case of Thomas A. Edison, the inventor. When he invented the phonograph he received \$1,000,000. Now he has his laboratory in the country, occupying land of little or no value; hence, under a land-tax, he would pay no tax. But under our plan, he is taxed on his income or ability to pay, and could not possibly escape taxation.

The foreign country that does not have an income tax is a rare exception. It is in force in twenty states of this Union and in two Canadian provinces. The average date for its adoption in forty-five states and countries was 1899. No country which has adopted this tax within the past twenty-five years has seen fit to abandon it. As a revenue producer it has no equal. In 1908 this tax raised \$412,724,000 and furthermore, it rests upon those best able to pay. Under the land value tax, the wealthy lawyer or physician who lives in a hotel, will escape taxation; but under the income tax—*never*.

What about our almost numberless smaller fortunes?—fortunes whose power is often greater than legislatures and courts, and menacing even the existence of the state? These fortunes are not the returns to individual enterprise or managerial ability, but rather to rebates, predatory competition, inventions, speculation, privileges granted by government, and the like. These fortunes, created by the state, pay very little tax, even under the present land tax system. The only available remedy at the present time seems an income tax.

The arguments in favor of an income tax apply also to the inheritance tax. Fifteen years ago this tax was hardly known outside of Switzerland and Australasia. To-day every foreign country of importance, thirty-three states of this Union, and every Canadian province are living testimonials of its justice and practicability.

The community or state is a silent partner in the accumulation of every fortune. Without police patrol, and governmental protection the accumulation would be impossible. Therefore, when an individual dies, the state is entitled to a share of that fortune.

Again, the passing of a fortune from one individual to another violates the social sense of equality and justice, since it gives the receiving individual a status and power in society which he did not earn. The state helped in its accumulation and is justly entitled to a portion.

Now, as proof of the success of this ability-to-pay principle, embodying the land value tax, supplemented by the income and the inheritance tax, we cite its adoption in the State of Wisconsin. Wisconsin has the best taxation system in the United States. It does not bear heavier on one individual than on another, because it makes each man pay according to his ability.

Conclusion. There are three factors of production—land, labor, capital—it is unjust to tax land value *alone*, to the exclusion of the other two; taxation of land value *alone* would give inadequate revenue in new and poor communities; it would exempt a large part of the urban population from taxes, without relieving the condition of the poorer classes. Tax on land value alone is unjust, and should be supplemented by the income, and the inheritance tax, based on the ability to pay. Therefore, we maintain that "Taxation of land value does *not* form the proper basis of taxation for the purposes of local government in the United States and Canada."

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Henry V at Harfleur

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
 Or close the wall up with our English dead
 In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man
 As modest stillness and humility;
 But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
 Then imitate the action of the tiger,
 Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
 Disguise fair nature with hard-favored rage;
 Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
 Let it pry through the portage of the head
 Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it,
 As fearfully as doth a galled rock
 O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
 Swilled with the wild and wasteful ocean.

Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostrils wide,
 Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
 To his full height. Now on, you noblest English,
 Whose blood is fetched from fathers of war-proof:
 Fathers, that, like so many Alexanders,

Have, in these parts, from morn till even fought,
And sheathed their swords from lack of argument;
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war!

And you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs are made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture, let us swear
That you are worth your breeding, which I doubt not:
For there is none of you so mean and base
That hath not noble luster in your eye.
I see you stand, like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start: the game's afoot;
Follow your spirit; and, upon this charge,
Cry, Heaven for Harry, England, and St. George!



Gethsemane

In golden youth, when seems the earth
A summer land for singing mirth,
When souls are glad and hearts are light
And not a shadow lurks in sight,
We do not know it, but there lies
Somewhere, veiled under evening skies,
A garden each must some time see—
Gethsemane, Gethsemane—
Somewhere his own Gethsemane.

With joyous steps we go our ways,
Love lends a halo to the days,
Light sorrows sail like clouds, afar,
We laugh and say how strong we are,
We hurry on, and, hurrying, go
Close to the border land of woe
That waits for you and waits for me,
Gethsemane, Gethsemane—
Forever waits Gethsemane

The Speaker

Down shadowy lanes, across strange streams,
 Bridged over by our broken dreams
 Behind the misty cape of years,
 Close to the great salt font of tears
 The garden lies, strive as you may
 You cannot miss it in your way.

All paths that have been or shall be
 Pass somewhere through Gethsemane.

All those who journey, soon or late
 Must pass within the garden's gate;
 Must kneel alone in darkness there
 And battle with some fierce despair.
 God pity those who cannot say—
 "Not mine, but Thine," who only pray
 "Let this cup pass," and cannot see
 The purpose in Gethsemane
 Gethsemane, Gethsemane—
 God help us through Gethsemane!

—*Northwestern Christian Advocate.*



The Morning Uplift

BY EMMA C. DOWD.



DEAR me, have I slept till eight o'clock? John must have had his breakfast, and gone I suppose he didn't wake me because I had a headache last night Well, I must hurry! Oh, I forgot that 'Morning Uplift' I guess I haven't time for it now, but I promised Mrs. Greene I'd try it to-day! She said it was *so* helpful. Let's see, how does it begin? 'As I leave my couch of rest, so must I rise from the slough of sloth and self into the world of sympathy and loving service—'

"Why, Bessie, my child! in your bare feet! You'll surely take cold! Run right back, and let Christine dress you! Yes, you may have breakfast with mamma Run along, now, that's a good girl!"

"Let's see, what comes next? (*Unfolds a sheet of note paper, and reads*) 'As I lay aside my robe of night, so should I throw off all thoughts of gloom——'

"What is it, Katie? Cook wants to know what? Oh, I'll have a poached egg and muffins! No, nothing else but coffee.

"Dear me, where did I leave off? (*Consults her paper*) 'As I bathe my body in water, I must not forget to bathe my soul in the sunshine of hope and gladness for the day just at hand.

"The putting on of my earthly garments should remind me of those more beautiful robes of meekness and grace and——'

"What now, Katie? The dressmaker's girl? Well, tell her I'll—— Oh, she only wants to know if I can be fitted this afternoon? Yes, three o'clock will be all right

"What's next? I do forget so! (*Consults the paper again*) 'As I smooth my hair, so must I smooth away all tangles from the path of life——'

"Your hair-striped trousers, Charlie? No, I haven't done anything with them. They must be in your closet somewhere. I'll come and look as soon as I've put up my hair. Oh, Charlie. (*Goes to the door*) Didn't you take them down to the tailor's with that gray suit, to be pressed? Yes, I thought you did. No, I don't think they've been sent home

"As I clasp ——' Oh, how does the thing go? (*Consults her paper.*) 'As I clasp my belt about me, so must I gird myself with strength and courage to meet every trial——'

"The man with the new gas fixture? Well, let him go to work. Yes, it is the library chandelier that is to be changed.

(*Reads from her paper*) "'As I rise from my devotions, thus should I rise into a heavenly atmosphere of peace and serenity and——'

"The baby swallowed a toothpick! Goodness me! Run, and telephone for Doctor Brown at once. Oh, my darling!

"There, precious, he's all right now! Was he frightened half to death? Poor little cherub! If mamma hadn't been wasting her time over that good-for-nothing 'Morning Uplift' (*reaches for paper and flings it into the*

fire) she'd have been here to see to things 'Tranquillizes the day,' does it? I should think so! But it won't tranquillize any more days for me now, I am sure of that!"



That Tired Feeling

Don't want to work, or nothin';
 Don't want to read or walk;
 Don't want to drink, don't want to think——
 Don't even want to talk.
 Don't want to go to dinner,
 Don't want to go to bed,
 Can't seem to rest—this weather's jest
 Naturally gone to my head!

You can't hardly call it lazy——
 You can't rightly name it sick;
 But, good land's sake! how my bones do ache,
 Whenever I work a lick!
 It's just too blame much bother
 To do anything but lie
 On the flat o' your back and look through a crack
 In the trees at that warm, blue sky!

I know I'd orter make garden,
 I know I'd orter rake
 The trash that lays in the yard, an'
 Be helpin' my wife to make
 Soft soap. But I jest can't do it——
 I ain't in the right condition;
 But if someone 'd dig some bait, an' rig
 My tackle, I'd go a-fishin'!

—*Cleveland Leader.*

The Wilderness

SCENE.—*A very comfortable home room, half library, half drawing-room. A big fire burning.*

Mabel. Harry, I want you to be very gentle with me—it's very difficult to tell you—and—and I don't know if you will be able to understand (*He is not looking at her—nor she at him*) Do you remember—that day in Bond Street, saying to me, "Come out of the wilderness into the light?"

Sir Harry. Yes.

Mabel. I pretended to understand you—it was a lie! (*Sir Harry looks up startled*) That day in the woods—when you asked me to marry you—and—and I said I'd marry you if you were starving—it—was the truth, and yet it was half a lie then.

Sir Harry. (*He turns toward her wearily*) I don't understand.

Mabel. Don't look at me, Harry—you'll never care for me again—after what I've got to tell you—at least, I hope some day you will—but—but it's bound to be a long time. (*All the time she plays and he stands by his table listening.*) I was told to marry you, I made up my mind to marry you and I—I thought it all out. That day by the fairies ring—when you came I didn't love you, I thought I loved someone else, he—he had kissed me—and I didn't know—but before that I had laid plans to marry you—then when he kissed me I—I wanted to marry him. That's where I was such a fool, but he wouldn't, so it was all right—and so I—I married you—that letter I burnt to-night was—was about all this—I—I was going to give it to you—if we'd been alone—but I couldn't before Uncle Jo—could I?—and—and I burnt it. I—I didn't mean to burn it—but—I burnt it—it said—it was to Jack—that—I had won you. I'd sold myself and that—I knew I was a beast—that's all.

Sir Harry. (*Very sadly.*) If you'd only told me before!

Mabel. I was a coward and afraid.

Sir Harry. I would have gone away ages ago, and then it wouldn't have been so bad. (*She looks swiftly at him—appealing. Then her head droops a little. A*

pause.) Well, it's no good crying over spilt milk—we can't undo the past—but—but—we'll think of the future (*He turns to her with a look of infinite tenderness*) You're very young—just nineteen, aren't you? It will be better after I've gone away.

Mabel. You'll go away?

Sir Harry. I'll go to-night.

Mabel. (*Shivers a little—and turns sadly from him*) I—I thought you would if I told you.

Sir Harry. Then you do understand me a little?

Mabel. (*Looking at him sadly*) A little, yes. (*Then she turns from him and sits listless, and there is a silence At last she asks him almost pitifully*) What shall I do?

Sir Harry. I don't know—what do you want to do?

Mabel. Whatever you wish.

Sir Harry. (*Shrinking.*) Don't talk like that—that's finished—you—you're free

Mabel. (*Wistfully.*) Won't you let me do what you'd like me to do?

Sir Harry. (*Bitterly*) Don't—don't—our bargain's over—I'm not your owner now

Mabel. Harry! (*Then he breaks out almost fiercely*)

Sir Harry. Be fair to me! I've spoilt your life, I know—but it wasn't my fault—nobody told me—I loved you. I meant no harm—be fair to me (*Then he stops*) I'm sorry—I didn't mean to break out like that (*A long pause*) I've thought it all out—there's only one thing to be done. I—I'll go away and—and then, soon, you will be quite free.

Mabel. (*Looks at him puzzled*) Free?—I—free of you?—I don't understand

Sir Harry. (*With a bitter laugh*) Great happiness takes time to realize

Mabel. (*Shrinking*) Harry!

Sir Harry. Don't mind what I say—I'm not quite myself (*He laughs a little.*) You see—you—you've hit me rather hard—and—and I was very fond of you—I've always tried to do my best for you I'm going to do all I can for you now.

Mabel. How do you help me by going away?

Sir Harry. You'll know soon—but afterwards—(*He turns and faces her*) I don't care who he is or what he

is, he'll never love you as—as I have loved you—good-bye.

(*And he turns to leave the room—she rises with a cry*)

Mabel. No, no—not yet—Harry, you're very hard—my fault—I've made it hard—wait a minute—Oh, do wait a minute—I——

(*A pause, he comes down to her.*)

Sir Harry Well?

Mabel. When—when you've gone—after a time—time is a wonderful thing, Harry, and—it might even make things seem different to you. If it should, and you should remember me—and what we've been to each other—do you think you'd ever ask me to come home?

Sir Harry What do you mean?

Mabel. Only that I——

(*She falters—he stares at her, then moves quickly towards her.*)

Sir Harry You said—ask you to come home—home—where?

Mabel I've only known one home, that's ours. (*Then passionately*) I didn't mean to ask you this—I thought I could be brave—but, oh, it's so hard to be brave. I'm not asking favours of you. I don't want you to be good to me—but, later on when you think of me—and I know you'll have to think of me—as I've been these last few month's, because that's me; don't think of me as I was when we were first engaged, because I—I was different then, I didn't know

(*His eyes on hers—his voice strained with excitement.*)

Sir Harry You—what are you saying? What do you mean?

Mabel I can't help it—don't be hard on me. Oh, Harry, Harry, let me think that—some day you'll write to me—come to me—send for me—let me come home again.

Sir Harry. (*Tossing back his head with a glad shout*) Great God—you don't know that you've pulled us out of the fire—my dear—Oh, my dear, I was going to make such a fool of myself. (*The Man Servant enters, followed by Uncle Jo.*) Have you packed?

Servant. Nearly, Sir Harry.

Sir Harry Then unpack and be hanged to you.

Uncle Jo. (*Amazed*) What the——

Sir Harry. Go away! go away! we don't want you—

The Speaker

go away! (He holds out his arms to his wife.) My dear, Oh, my dear.

Mabel. Harry! (She stands bewildered for an instant—then realizing the truth, she goes to him with a sob)

Sir Harry (Holding her tightly in his arms, half laughing and half crying) Out of the wilderness into the light at last.



To-Morrow

ANONYMOUS.

My friend, have you heard of the town of Yawn,
On the banks of the River Slow,
Where blooms the Wait-a-while flower fair,
And the Some-time-or-other scents the air,
And the soft Go-easys grow?

It lies in the valley of What's-the-use,
In the province of Let-her-slide;
That old "tired feeling" is native there—
It's the home of the listless I-don't-care—
Where the Put-it-offs abide

The Put-it-offs smile when asked to pay up,
And they say "We'll do it to-morrow,"
And so they delay from day unto day,
Till death sidles up and steals them away,
And the creditors beg, steal or borrow.



In the midst of life—the rich man is in clover; after that he has to eat it for breakfast food

It looks like foolishness to pay the fiddler, when the merry winds o' the world make even the leaves dance a jig and pelt them with blossoms for encore.

Mahsr John

BY IRWIN RUSSELL.

I heahs a heap o' people talkin', ebrywhar I goes,
'Bout Washingtum an' Franklum, an' sech genuses as
dose:

I s'pose dey's mighty fine, but heah's de p'int I's bettin'
on—

Dere wuzn't nar a one ob 'em come up to Mahsr John.

He shorely wuz de grates' man de country ebber growed;
You better had git out de way when *he* come 'long de
road!

He hel' his head up dis way, lik' he 'spised to see de
groun';

An' niggers had to toe de mark when Mahsr John wuz
'roun'.

I only has to shet my eyes, an' den it seems to me
I sees him right afore me now, jes' like he use' to be,
A-settin' on de gal'ry lookin' awful big an' wise,
Wid little niggers fannin' him to keep away de flies.

He alluz wore de berry bes' ob planters' linen suits,
An' kep' a nigger busy jes' a-blackin' ob his boots;
De buckles on his galluses wuz made of solid gol',
An' diamon's—dey wuz in his shu't as thick as it would
hol'.

You heered me! 'twas a caution, when he went to take
a ride,
To see him in de kerridge, wid ol' Mistis by his side—
Mulatter Bill a-dribin', an' a nigger on behin';
An' two Kaintucky hosses tuk 'em tearin' whar dey
gwine.

Ol' Mahsr John wuz pow'ful rich—he owned a heap o'
lan';

Fibe cotton places, 'sides a sugar place in Loozyan';
He had a thousan' niggers—an' he worked 'em, shore's
you born!

De oberseahs ud start 'em at de breakin' ob de morn.

The Speaker

Sometimes he'd gib a frolic—dat's de time you seed de
 fun,
 De 'ristocratic fam'lies, dey ud be dar, ebry one,
 Dey'd hab a band from New Orleans to play for 'em to
 dance,
 An' tell you what, de *supper* wuz a 'tickler sarcumstance

Well, times is changed! De war it come an' sot de nig-
 gers free,
 An' now ol' Mahsr John ain't hardly wuf as much as me,
 He had to pay his debts, an' so his lan' is mos'ly gone—
 An' I declar' I's sorry for pore ol' Mahsr John

But when I heah 'em talkin' 'bout some sullybrated man,
 I listens to 'em quiet, till dey done said all dey can,
 An' den I 'lows dot in dem days, 'at I remembers on,
Dat gemman warn't a patchin' onto my ol' Mahsr John!



A Life Boat Yarn

SPUN BY FRED LYSTER, R. N

The wild winds raved, the thunder roared,
 The waves ran mountains high—
 It seemed to ev'ry hand on board
 As though earth, sea and sky
 In one commingled mass were blent
 And welded by the gale,
 Save when the quivering lightning rent
 The darkness, as a veil.
 Our boats were gone,
 And, one by one,
 Our men swept from the wheel,
 On beam-ends thrown
 We lay alone—
 Off Kingsdowne, hard by Deal.

A dull, deep thud, a stifled roar,
 A crushing, tearing grind,
 A shock! a crash—we are ashore,
 A prey to wave and wind
 The seas break o'er us fore and aft,
 Our decks are swept quite clear—
 Nor plank nor spar to build a raft
 Is left—we shrink with fear.
 The lightning's flash,
 The thunder's crash
 Shakes us from truck to keel;
 The waves tumultuous splash,
 And dash—
 Off Kingsdowne, hard by Deal.

We were just forty souls and seven,
 Both passengers and crew;
 With cries for help we weary Heaven,
 No help appears in view.
 We cling to ropes along the deck
 And strain our aching sight
 Through fog and mist—a helpless wreck
 Our good ship lies, that night.
 A tiny spark
 Glints through the dark,
 We watch it roll and reel;
 "The Life Boat's out,"
 We wildly shout,
 "From Kingsdowne," hard by Deal.

Now poised upon the billow's crest,
 Now whelmèd in the deep,
 She struggles on, no pause, no rest,
 She climbs the watery steep.
 She nears, but cannot make us,
 The current runs so sore—
 Must death then overtake us,
 So near our native shore?
 Aboard yon boat
 Could we but float
 A line—Hearts true and leal
 Wait, us to save
 From wat'ry grave
 Off Kingsdowne, hard by Deal.

The Speaker

Of all the dunnage round the deck,
Naught was there left, save one
Old anchor buoy—itsself a wreck
With honest service done
The Mate he bent it to a rope
And hove it o'er the side—
God help us! 'tis our only hope
May He its course now guide—
It nears them—nay!
'Tis swept away,
Again the line we reel—
Again 'tis cast—
Our hearts beat fast,
Off Kingsdowne, hard by Deal.

Twice has that old float missed the mark,
Twice was it dashed away,
Twice have we lost it in the dark,
Twice by the ghastly ray
Of bluelight burnt aboard that barque
We watched it whelmed and whirled
Our refuge sole, our only ark
Of safety—in this world
“See, see, 'tis caught—”
Fast to thwart
'Tis hitched—a joyous peal,
A clamorous shout
Rings wildly out,
Off Kingsdowne, hard by Deal.

God bless the Life Boat and her crew,
Her coxswain brave and old,
Sprung from those vikings bold
Who made the land and sea their slaves
As likewise we do so—
While still Brittania rules the waves
And the stormy winds do blow.
And that old cork,
That safety brought,
We'll hold in honor leal,
And it shall grace
The chiefest place
In Kingsdowne—hard by Deal.

The Death of Abraham Lincoln*

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.



OD, I think, has said, by the voice of this event, to all nations of the earth: "Republican liberty, based upon true Christianity, is firm as the foundation of the globe." Even he who now sleeps has, by this event, been clothed with new influence. Dead, he speaks to men who now willingly heed what before they refused to listen to. Now his simple and weighty words will be gathered like those of Washington, and your children, and your children's children, shall be taught to ponder the simplicity and deep wisdom of utterances which, in their time, passed, in party heat, as idle words. Men will receive a new impulse of patriotism for his sake, and will guard with zeal the whole country which he loved so well. I swear you, on the altar of his memory, to be more faithful to the country for which he has perished. They will, as they follow his hearse, swear a new hatred to that slavery against which he warred, and which, in vanquishing him, has made him a martyr and a conqueror. I swear you by the memory of this martyr, to hate slavery with an unappeasable hatred. They will admire and imitate the firmness of this man, his inflexible conscience for the right; and yet his gentleness, as tender as a woman's, his moderation of spirit, which not all the heat of party could inflame, nor all the jars and disturbances of this country shake out of its place. I swear you to an emulation of his justice, his moderation, and his mercy.

You I can comfort; but how can I speak to that twilight million to whom his name was as the name of an angel of God? There will be wailing in places which no minister shall be able to reach. When, in hovel and in cot, in wood and in wilderness, in the field throughout the South, the dusky children, who looked upon him as that Moses whom God sent before them to lead

* Extract From a Sermon.

them out of the land of bondage, learn that he has fallen, who, who shall comfort *them*? O thou Shepherd of Israel, that didst comfort thy people of old, to thy care we commit the helpless, the long-wronged, and grieved

And now the martyr is moving in triumphal march, mightier than when alive. The nation rises up at every stage of his coming. Cities and states are his pall-bearers, and the cannon beats the hours with solemn progression. Dead, *dead*, DEAD, he yet speaketh. Is Washington dead? Is Hampden dead? Is David dead? Is any man that ever was fit to live dead? Disenthralled of flesh, and risen in the unobstructed sphere where passion never comes, he begins his illimitable work. His life now is grafted upon the infinite, and will be fruitful as no earthly life can be. Pass on, thou that hast overcome!

Your sorrows, O people, are his peace! Your bells, and bands, and muffled drums sound triumph in his ear. Wail and weep here, God makes its echo joy and triumph there. Pass on!

Four years ago, O Illinois! we took from your midst an untried man, and from among the people. We return him to you a mighty conqueror. Not thine any more, but the nation's; not ours, but the world's. Give him place, O ye prairies!

In the midst of this great continent his dust shall rest, a sacred treasure to myriads who shall pilgrim to that shrine to kindle anew their zeal and patriotism. Ye winds that move over the mighty places of the West, chant his requiem! Ye people, behold a martyr whose blood, as so many articulate words, pleads for fidelity, for law, for liberty!



Words are instruments of music: an ignorant man uses them for jargon; but when a master touches them they have unexpected life and soul. Some words sound out like drums; some breathe memories sweet as flutes; some call like a clarionet, some shout a charge like trumpets; some are sweet as children's talk; others rich as a mother's answering back.

The Cane-Bottom'd Chair

BY WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

In tattered old slippers that toast at the bars,
And a ragged old jacket perfumed with cigars,
Away from the world and its toils and its cares,
I've a snug little kingdom up four pair of stairs.

To mount to this realm is a toil, to be sure,
But the fire there is bright and the air rather pure;
And the view I behold on a sunshiny day
Is grand through the chimney-pots over the way.

This snug little chamber is cramm'd in all nooks
With worthless old knickknacks and silly old books,
And foolish old odds and foolish old ends,
Crack'd bargains from brokers, cheap keepsakes from
friends.

Old armor, prints, pictures, pipes, china (all crack'd),
Old rickety tables, and chairs broken-backed;
A twopenny treasury, wondrous to see;
What matter! 'tis pleasant to you, friend, and me.

No better divan need the Sultan require,
Than the creaking old sofa that basks by the fire;
And 'tis wonderful, surely, what music you get
From the rickety, ramshackle, wheezy spinet.

That praying-rug came from a Turcoman's camp;
By Tiber once twinkled that brazen old lamp;
A Mameluke fierce yonder dagger has drawn:
'Tis a murderous knife to toast muffins upon.

Long, long through the hours, and the night, and the
chimes,
Here we talk of old books, and old friends, and old times;
As we sit in a fog made of rich Latakia
This chamber is pleasant to you, friend, and me.

The Speaker

But of all the cheap treasures that garnish my nest,
There's one that I love and I cherish the best:
For the finest of couches that's padded with hair
I never would change thee, my cane-bottom'd chair.

'Tis a bandy-legg'd, high-shoulder'd, worm-eaten seat,
With a creaking old back, and twisted old feet,
But since the fair morning when Fanny sat there,
I bless thee and love thee, old cane-bottom'd chair

If chairs have but feeling, in holding such charms,
A thrill must have pass'd through your wither'd old arms!
I look'd, and I long'd, and I wish'd in despair;
I wish'd myself turn'd to a cane-bottom'd chair.

It was but a moment she sat in this place,
She'd a scarf on her neck, and a smile on her face!
A smile on her face, and a rose in her hair,
And she sat there, and bloom'd in my cane-bottom'd
chair

And so I have valued my chair ever since,
Like the shrine of a saint, or the throne of a prince;
Saint Fanny, my patroness sweet I declare,
The queen of my heart and my cane-bottom'd chair.

When the candles burn low, and the company's gone,
In the silence of night as I sit here alone—
I sit here alone, but we yet are a pair—
My Fanny I see in my cane-bottom'd chair.

She comes from the past and revisits my room;
She looks as she then did, all beauty and bloom;
So smiling and tender, so fresh and so fair,
And yonder she sits in my cane-bottom'd chair.



Making excuses takes time that is better spent in
"making good"—*Youth's Companion*

Rupert's March

BY WALTER THORNBURY.

Carabine slung, stirrup well hung,
Fagon at saddle-bow merrily swung;
Toss up the ale, for our flag, like a sail,
Struggles and swells in the hot July gale.
Colors fling out, and then give them a shout—
We are the gallants to put them to rout

Flash all your swords, like Tartarian hordes,
And scare the prim ladies of Puritan lords;
Our steel caps shall blaze through the long summer days
As we, galloping, sing our mad Cavalier lays
Then banners advance! By the Lilies of France,
We are the gallants to lead them a dance.

Ring the bells back, though the sexton look black,
Defiance to knaves who are hot on our track.
"Murder and fire!" shout louder and higher;
Remember Edgehill and the red-dabbled mire,
When our steeds we shall stall in the Parliament hall,
We'll shake the old nest till the roof-tree shall fall.

Froth it up, girl, till it splash every curl!
October's the liquor for trooper and earl;
Bubble it up, merry gold in the cup—
We never may taste of to-morrow night's sup.
(Those red ribbons glow on thy bosom below
Like apple-tree bloom on a hillock of snow.)

No, by my word, there never shook sword
Better than this in the clutch of a lord;
The blue streaks that run are as bright in the sun
As the veins on the brow of that loveliest one;
No deep light of the sky when the twilight is night,
Glitters more bright than this blade to the eye.

* * * * *

Well, whatever may hap, this rusty steel cap
Will keep out full many a pestilent rap;

The Speaker

This buff, though it's old and not larded with gold,
Will guard me from rapier as well as from cold,
My scarf, rent and torn, though its color is worn,
Shone gay as a page's but yesterday morn.

Here is a dint from the jag of a flint,
Thrown by a Puritan just as a hint,
But this stab through the buff was a warning more rough,
When Coventry city arose in a huff,
And I met with this gash, as we rode with a crash
Into Noll's pikes on the banks of the Ash

No jockey or groom wears so draggled a plume
As this that's just drenched in the swift-flowing Froom
Red grew the tide ere we reached the steep side,
And steaming the hair of old Barbary's hide:
But for branch of that oak that saved me a stroke,
I had sunk there like herring in pickle to soak

Pistolet crack flashed bright on our track,
And even the foam of the water turned black.
They were twenty to one, our poor rapier to gun,
But we charged up the bank, and we lost only one;
So I saved the old flag, though it was but a rag,
And the sword in my hand was snapped off to a jag.

The water was churned as we wheeled and we turned,
And the dry brake to scare out the vermin we burned.
We gave our halloo, and our trumpet we blew -
Of all their stout fifty we left them but two;
With a mock and a laugh, won their banner and staff,
And trod down the cornets as threshers do chaff.

Saddle my roan, his back is a throne,
Better than velvet or gold, you will own.
Look to your match, or some harm you may catch,
For treason has always some mischief to hatch;
And Oliver's out with all Haslerigg's rout,
So I am told by this shivering, white-livered scout.

We came over the downs, through village and towns,
In spite of the sneers, and the curses, and frowns;
Drowning their psalms, and stilling their qualms,
With a clatter and rattle of scabbards and arms,

Down the long street, with a trample of feet,
For the echo of hoofs to a Cavalier's sweet

See, black on each roof, at the sound of our hoof,
The Puritans gather, but keep them aloof,
Their muskets are long, and they aim at a throng,
But woe to the weak when they challenge the strong!
Butt-end to the door, one hammer more,
Our pikemen rush in, and the struggle is o'er.

Storm through the gate, batter the plate,
Cram the red crucible into the grate;
Saddle-bags fill, Bob, Jenkin and Will,
And spice the staved wine that runs out like a rill.
That maiden shall ride all to-day by my side—
Those ribbons are fitting a Cavalier's bride.

Does Baxter say right, that a bodice laced tight
Should never be seen by the sun or the light?
Like stars from a wood shine under that hood
Eyes that are sparkling, though pious and good.
Surely this waist was by Providence placed,
By a true lover's arm to be often embraced

Down on your knees, you villains in frieze,
A draught to King Charles, or a swing from those trees:
Blow off this stiff lock, for 'tis useless to knock—
The ladies will pardon the noise and the shock.
From this bright dewy cheek, might I venture to speak,
I could kiss off the tears though she wept for a week

Now loop me this scarf round the broken pike-staff,
'Twill do for a flag, though the Crop Heads may laugh.
Who was it blew? Give an halloo,
And hang out the pennon of crimson and blue
A volley of shot is a welcoming hot—
It cannot be troop of the murdering Scot?

Fire the old mill on the brow of the hill,
Break down the plank that runs over the rill,
Bar the town gate; if the burghers debate,
Shoot some to death, for the villains must wait;
Rip up the lead from the roofing o'erhead,
And melt it for bullets, or we shall be sped.

Sorrows of Werther

BY WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

Werther had a love for Charlotte
 Such as words could never utter;
 Would you know how first he met her?
 She was cutting bread and butter.

Charlotte was a married lady,
 And a moral man was Werther,
 And for all the wealth of Indies,
 Would do nothing for to hurt her.

So he sighed and pined and ogled,
 And his passion boiled and bubbled,
 Till he blew his silly brains out,
 And no more was by it troubled.

Charlotte, having seen his body
 Borne before her on a shutter,
 Like a well-conducted person,
 Went on cutting bread and butter.



Transgression

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.^v

I meant to do my work to-day,
 But a brown bird sang in the apple tree
 And a butterfly flitted across the field
 And all the leaves were calling me.

And the wind went sighing over the land,
 Tossing the grasses to and fro,
 And a rainbow held out its shining hand—
 So what could I do but laugh and go?
 —*Harper's Magazine.*

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THE WUSTEST BOY	Darte	15
LITTLE BOY WHO MOVED	Wilson	15
SONG OF THE MOTOR CAR	Naylor	15
THE BOAST OF A VIRTUOUS MAN	Kiser	15
"YOU GIT UP".....	Kerr	15
ABSENCE.....	Crane	15
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THE ENVOY.....	Porter	15
THE PROPOSAL	Anon	15
HOW TO TELL THE TIME	Whitlock	15
BOY'S BABY PRAYER	Talbot	15
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WHAT WAS IT?	Dayre	15
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PRETTY PEGGY	Wells	15
KISSING NO SIN.	Anon	15
A LULLABY.....	McClusky	15
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WHICH OF THREE?	Jensen	15
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THE STUTTERING SONNETEER	Stinson	15
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WATCHIN' THE SPARKIN'	Brooks	15
WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS	Anon	15
AN EXPLANATION	Learned	15
IF I CAN BE BY HER	King	15
KEEP A-GOIN'.	Stanton	15
LITTLE AH SID	Anon	15
THE TRAIN-MISSER	Riley	15
WHEN DE FOLKS IS GONE	Riley	15
THE UNIVERSAL HABIT	Gillilan	15
A SEND-OFF	Irwin	15
A PRACTICAL YOUNG WOMAN	Russell	15
HAPPINESS	Anon	15
MOTHER'S ALMANAC	Anon	15
IN THE OLD CHURCH CHOIR	Reese	15
JENNIE	Brooks	15
HIS FUTURE	Guiterman	15
SLAP HIM ON THE BACK	Riley	15
NOTHING BUT LEAVES	M H G	15
CAVALRY SONG	Stedman	15
THE EAGLE'S SONG	Mansfield	15
THREE LITTLE CHESTNUTS	Anon	15

THE DEAD NAPOLEON.	Thackeray	15
A KISS IN THE RAIN.	Peck	15
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TEN LITTLE BACHELORS....	Stinson	17
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IF I SHOULD DIE TONIGHT...	King	18
HYPNOTISM AND THE DOG	Montague	18
THE FIDDLER OF DOONEY	Yeats	18
ODE TO A LONDON FOG.	Anon	18
INDECISION	Anon	18
IF	Roche	18
ELOPEMENT	King	18
BEWARE	Longfellow	18
AN APPEAL	Gilbert	18
THE BEST OF IT	Cone	20
INVICTUS	Henley	20
CUPID'S CORNER	Waterman	20
"BILL'S IN TROUBLE".	Anon	20
THE DAISIES	Anon	22
THINGS INSIDE	Coll	22
WILL'S CHUBBY LEGS	Richard	22
A MAN AND HIS SHOES	Anon	22
MARCH OF THE SUFFRAGETTES	Ade	23
IN OUR CURRICULUM	Irwin	23
A BASS SOLO	Irwin	23
THE WAR GAME IN THE CHOIR	Anon	23
THE HOME ROAD	Stanton	23
VANISHED DANGERS	Kiser	23
MOTHERS	Sabin	23
HIGH LIFE AT CHRISTMAS	Paine	23
A LITTLE VAGABOND	Sangster	24
THE COWBOY'S PRAYER..	Clark	24
A LITTLE DUTCH GARDEN	Whitney	24
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COMMENCEMENT AT BILLVILLE	Stanton	24
THE GLORY THAT IS TO BE	Dawson	24
THE CAT	Euwer	24
THE BULLDOG	Euwer	24
THE SAW-FISH	Euwer	24
JIM BOWKER	Foss	24
IRISH NAMES	Ludlow	25
GRANDPA AND THE FOGHORN	Nesbit	25
VOT TO CALL HIM	Hobart	25
DAISIES	Sherman	25

HER FAULTS Smith	25
THE IRISH COLONEL	Doyle	25
I MEAN TO WAIT FOR JACK	Langbridge	25
PARTING	Gale	25
THE FIRST IDEALIST	Allen	25
WHAT'S YOUR HURRY?	Anon	25
WHICH FIRM ARE YOU IN?	Cone	25
THE SNOW MAN.....	Cone	25
THE BELLES	Daly	25
HOME IS WHERE THE HEART IS	Anon	26
LIFE	Nickey	26
SON, YOU WASHED?	Anon	27
WHAT REALLY IS THE TROUBLE	Bangs	27
THE LAGGARD IN LOVE	Daly	27
LET US SMILE	Nesbit	27
THAT TIRED FEELING	Anon	28
TO-MORROW	Anon	28
SORROWS OF WERTHER	Thackeray	28
TRANSGRESSION	Le Gallienne	28
THE CONQUEROR	Aurin	29
A CITIZEN OF SUNLIGHT	Stanton	29
A DAILY MOTTO.....	Anon	29
CASTE	Kiser	29
THE PRICE OF GREATNESS	Kiser	29
JULIE	Anon	30
NOT EVERY MAN.	Burtscher	30
BEIN' SICK	Anon	30
SPRING OPINIONS	Merriman	30
THE FIRST KISS....	Anon	30
A DITTY	Sidney	30
A TRAGEDY	Manziell	30
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VICTORY	Allen	30
BROWN OF OSSAWATOMIE	Whittier	31

HUMOROUS

"The Speaker" No 15 contains nearly 200 encores, most of which are humorous. See list of encores

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THE CUSHVILLE HOP	King	1
SONNY'S CHRISTENING	Stuart	1
HOW SHE WENT INTO BUSINESS	Harris	1
A BIRD IN THE HAND	Weatherby	1
EMMY LOU	Martin	1
PHILOSOPHER IN THE APPLE ORCHARD	Hope	1
THE PHOTOGRAPH	Dunbar	1
NINI, NINETTE, NINON	Weatherby	1
WITH ANY AMAZEMENT	Kipling	1
MR. DOOLEY ON THE GRIP	Dunne	1
THE ELOCUTIONIST'S CURFEW	Nesbit	1
IN THE TOILS OF THE ENEMY	Wood	2
JATHROP LATHROP'S COW	Warner	2
T'NOWHEAD'S BELL	Barrie	4

MY RIVAL	Kipling	4
MRS ATWOOD'S OUTER RAIMENT	Cutting	4
A GOOD DINNER	Cutting	4
THE DAY OF PRECIOUS PENALTIES	Hill	4
MAMMY'S PICKANIN'	Jenkins	4
AN OPERA	Ade	4
A LITTLE FEMININE CASABIANCA	Martin	5
THE PLAY'S THE THING	Martin	5
THE DANCING SCHOOL AND DICKEY	Daskam	5
MODEL STORY IN THE KINDERGARTEN	Daskam	5
ARDELIA IN ARCADY	Daskam	5
APOLLO BELVEDERE	Stuart	5
AN INVALID IN LODGINGS	Barrie	5
TRUTH IN PARENTHESES	Hood	6
TRAVELING LINDY	Todd	7
CASEY'S REVENGE	Wilson	7
I WANT TO GO TO MORROW	Anon	7
THE MISDEMEANORS OF NANCY	Hoyt	7
THE FIRST PIANO IN CAMP	Davis	7
CHARLES STUART AND THE BURGLAR	Champion	7
A BALLAD OF CROSSING THE BROOK	Roberts	7
DON'T YOU?	Cooke	7
UNEXPECTED GUESTS	Cameron	7
JOHN GRAHAM	Lorimer	7
THE COMET	Holmes	7
DA 'MERICANA GIRL	Daly	8
A DIALOGUE FROM PLATO	Dobson	8
MALONEY'S ST PATRICK'S DAY HAT	Anon	8
AT DANCING SCHOOL	Anon	8
SALLY ANN'S EXPERIENCE	Hall	8
A NAUTICAL EXTRAVAGANCE	Irwin	9
WHEN CLASS "A" GAVE THANKS	Copinger	9
THE HE-SIREN OF THE GOLD FIELDS	Dennison	9
A DANCE AT THE RANCH	Anon	9
THE BALLAD OF THE COLORS	English	9
VAS MARRIAGE A FAILURE?	Adams	9
THE WEE TAY TABLE	Bullock	9
IN WILLARD'S SHOES	Child	11
FINNIGIN TO FLANNIGAN	Gillilan	11
THE REFORMATION OF CINNAMON	Cooley	11
HELLO HOUSE	Harris	11
TWIGGS AND TUDENS	Riley	11
THE PAW PAW	Hopkins	11
THE MUSIC GRINDERS	Holmes	12
THE SEPTEMBER GALE	Holmes	12
THE BOYS	Holmes	12
EVOLUTION	Anon	12
DARWINISM IN THE KITCHEN	Anon	12
MR. DOOLEY ON LAWYERS	Dunne	13
DIOGENES PAUSES	Futrelle	13
THE SET OF TURQUOISE	Aldrich	13
BASEBALL	Togo	13
THE HON. GASOLENE	Togo	13
IDELLA AND THE WHITE PLAGUE	Lincoln	13
JOHNNY'S HISTORY LESSON	Waterman	16

THE KITCHEN CLOCKCheney	16
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HE WORRIED ABOUT IT	Foss	16
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SHOEING A BRONCO .	. Nye	17
THE SOLID LADY VOTE	..Irwin	17
CREMONA	Doyle	17
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THAT GAME OF QUOITS ..	Hermann	17
TROOPIN' Kipling	17
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A CODE OF MORALS... .	Kipling	17
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THE LONELY HONEYMOON	.Daly	18
LARRY'S ON THE FORCE	. Russell	18
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CHRISTMAS PRESENTS	Campbell	18
THE DAY OF JUDGMENT. .	Phelps	18
THE PRINCE OF WALESWard	18
THE CALLAnon	18
FIRST CALL ON THE BUTCHERFisk	18
HUNTING AN APARTMENT	. Fisk	18
THE BEWILDERED PRESIDENT	.. Thanet	18
JIM	Harte	18
THE FAITHFUL LOVERS . . .	Burnand	18
OH, NO Bell	18
HIGH LOW! JACK AND THE BABY	.. Croy	18
"FUZZY-WUZZY"Kipling	18
LYING	Moore	18
CHRISTMAS AT THE TRIMBLES .	Stuart	18
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MOTHER'S NAP	Dillingham	18
WHAT MEN FIGHT FOR	Burdette	19
LIQUOR SELLER'S PSALM OF LIFE	Dodd	19
THE SNAKESField	19
THE MODERATE DRINKERDaly	19
THE CALF PATH	Foss	19
THE SOUTH IS GOING DRY	Nesbit	19
MR. DOOLEY ON WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE	Dunne	20
THE GOBLIN GOOSE FROM "PUNCH"	20
THE WAITING-ROOM	Winston	20
AS TOLD BY MRS WILLIAMS . .	Wakeman	20
THE GIFT OF TACT.	Loomis	20
MISS PETTIGREW'S RECEPTION .	. Baker	20
THE PRICE OF FAME	Gilmer	20
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TWO OF THEM	Barrie	22
GEORGE WASHINGTON	Anon	22
THE BORROWED HUSBAND	Cooke	22
LAMP CHIMNEYS OUT OF OLD BOTTLES	Butler	22
THE OLE BANJO	Jenkins	22
PRICE OF THE PAST PARTICIPLE	Cameron	22
THE NEW ROAD QUESTION	Furniss	22
GARDENDALE BURGLAR CURE	Rath	23
MENDING THE CLOCK	Barrie	23
A BIRD IN THE HAND	Butler	23
A CASE OF FITS	Fillmore	23
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FINERTY ON WOMAN'S RIGHTS	Stewart	23
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THE MIDDLE CHILD	Kelly	24
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PAT MAGEE	Barrington	25
PAT MAGEE'S WIFE	Barrington	25
DOT LONG-HANDLED DIPPER	Adams	25
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DAT BABY OF MINE	Adams	25
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DE CAPTAIN OF DE "MARGUERITE"	Amsbary	25
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MR. BUMBLE'S WOOING	Dickens	26
MR. TAPPERTIT GOES OUT FOR THE EVENING	Dickens	26
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THE BABY AT RUDDER GRANGE	Stockton	26
ELDER BROWN'S BIG HIT	Waterman	26
THE HAPPIEST TIME	Cutting	26
MIRANDY ON LOSING A HUSBAND	Dix	26
A TETE-A-TETE AT OWL'S ROOST	Anon	26
DREAMS	Foley	26
WOMAN SUFFRAGE	Dunne	27
A STUDY IN NERVES	Anon	27
LITTLE PAUL AND MRS. PIPCHIN	Dickens	27
THE CURING OF WILLIAM HICKS	Nesbit	27
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THE JACKDAW OF RHEIMS	Barham	28

MRS MALAPROP ON FEMALE EDUCATION	Sheridan	28
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TOGO GETS ACQUAINTED WITH THE CLOTHES		
LINE	Irwin	30
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THE FERRY OF GALLAWAY	Bacon	29
MOTHERHOOD	Maclaren	30
THE DOCTOR'S LAST JOURNEY	Browning	30
A WOMAN'S QUESTION	Browning	30
THE LAST RIDE TOGETHER	Browning	30
CRISTINA	Allen	30
AFTERMATH	Daulton	30
NIXIE OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD	Preston	30
GOD LOVED THE LILIES	Hodge	30
CHARLES DICKENS	Hale	31
THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY	Beers	31
THE PICKET GUARD	Shepherd	31
ROLL CALL	Anon	31
GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE	Finch	31
THE BLUE AND THE GRAY		

LYRICS

THE ROSE AND THE GARDENER	Dobson	1
THE CAP THAT FITS	Dobson	1
THE CURE'S PROGRESS	Dobson	1
THE RECESSIONAL	Kipling	3
THE HUNT	Baker	4
BALLADE OF FRANCOIS VILLON	Swain	4
AT LINCOLN'S TOMB	Love	4
THE KNIGHT IN THE WOOD	Warren	5
THE STIRRUP CUP	Lanier	5
DAS KRIST KINDEL	Riley	5
OPPORTUNITY	Sill	7
LULLABY	Foley	7
THE BRAVEST BATTLE	Miller	7
MY SHIPS	Wilcox	7
IO VICTIS	Story	7
DOORS OF DARING	Van Dyke	8
BEDOQUIN LOVE SONG	Taylor	8

THE SONG OF THE MAN Abbott	8
YOUTH AND LOVE	Stevenson	9
TO HELEN	Poe	9
MY WISH	Rogers	9
UP-HILL	Rossetti	9
THE TAPESTRY WEAVERS	Chester	9
OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT	Moore	9
THE LOST LEADER	Browning	11
DA SWEETA SOIL	Daly	11
THE THROSTLE	Tennyson	12
THE LADY OF SHALOTT	Tennyson	12
COME INTO THE GARDEN, MAUD	Tennyson	12
CROSSING THE BAR	Tennyson	12
EVOLUTION Tabb	12
EVOLUTION	Smith	12
DARWINISM	Robinson	12
TUBAL CAIN Mackay	13
STANZAS FOR MUSIC	Byron	13
ROMANCE OF THE SWAN'S NEST	Mrs Browning	13
SLEEP	Mrs Browning	13
WATCHWORDS	Coxe	13
SPRING	Thaxter	17
OUT IN THE FIELDS	Mrs Browning	17
THE DIVINE FIRE Gilder	17
ONLY A MAN	Hopper	22
THE BROOK IN THE HEART	Dickinson	24
A VAGABOND SONG	Carman	24
BEFORE THE GATES	Stanton	24
THE VAGABOND	Stevenson	25
INISHAIL	Anon	25
SING HEIGH-HO!	Kingsley	25
THE ROAD TO LAUGHTERTOWN	Blake	25
THE MOUNTAINS	Tynan	26

CHILD LIFE AND FOR CHILDREN

Of the 120 selections in The Speaker No 14, over 100 are suitable for children to recite.

ONE, TWO, THREE Bunner	1
THE SHAVE STORE	Cooke	3
THE MOO COW MOO	Cooke	3
BROTHER WOLF & THE HORNED CATTLE Harris	3
A SUMMER LULLABY Bumstead	3
THE FIRST NOWELL	Old Carol	3
TINY TIM ("CHRISTMAS CAROL") Dickens	3
THE FAIRIES	Aillingham	3
QUEEN MAB	Hood	3
THE STAR SONG	Herrick	3
O, LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM Brooks	3
SANTA CLAUS	Anon	3
THE FLAG GOES BY	Bennett	3
POCAHONTAS Thackeray	3
A FAREWELL Kingsley	3
TODAY Carlyle	3
BE TRUE Bonar	3

GOOD BOY LAND Blake	3
THE FIR TREE . . .	Anderson	3
FROM A RAILWAY CARRIAGE	Stevenson	3
THE LAND OF NOD .	Stevenson	3
AULD DADDY DARKNESS	Ferguson	3
THE OWL AND THE PUSSY CAT	.. Lear	3
THE ANGEL'S WHISPER	Lover	3
THE LOST DOLL	Kingsley	3
WHO STOLE THE BIRD'S NEST?	Child	3
PO' LITTLE LAMB	.. Dunbar	3
LITTLE BROWN BABY	Dunbar	3
AN INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP	Browning	3
LULLABY OF AN INFANT CHIEF Scott	3
CONCORD HYMN	.. Emerson	3
A HOWDY SONG .	.. Harris	3
BUD'S FAIRY TALE .	Riley	3
THE BOY SCARET O' DYIN'	Slosson	3
WHAT DOES LITTLE BIRDIE SAY	Tennyson	3
HAPPY IN MY LOT .	Ewing	3
THE VICTOR OF MARENGO	Anon	3
MIRANDA AND HER FRIEND KROOF	Roberts	3
LITTLE NELL Dickens	3
PARSIFAL THE PURE	Wagner	3
HOW THE ELEPHANT GOT HIS TRUNK	Kipling	4
THE OWL	Tennyson	4
LADY MOON	Houghton	4
HYMN OF A CHILD Wesley	4
THE OLD DOLL Thomas	4
LITTLE CHRISTEL	Rands	4
DAFFY-DOWN-DILLY Warner	4
THE LARK AND THE ROOK .. .	Anon	4
A LITTLE KNIGHT ERRANT	Richards	4
A LITTLE FEMININE CASABIANCA	Martin	5
THE PLAY'S THE THING .	Martin	5
THE DANCING SCHOOL AND DICKY	Daskam	5
MODEL STORY IN THE KINDERGARTEN	Daskam	5
ARDELIA IN ARCADY	Daskam	5
CHARLES STUART AND THE BURGLAR	Champion	7
LULLABY Foley	7
UNEXPECTED GUESTS	Cameron	7
AT DANCING SCHOOL	Anon	8
ROCK-A-BY LAND	Brininstool	9
FOREIGN LANDS	Stevenson	13
DICKS PLEASANT DREAM	Dudley	13
WHEN PAPA HOLDS MY HANDS	Gillilan	13
THE SLEEPY SONG Daskam	13
OLD MR RABBIT	Harris	18
A BOY'S PLEDGE	Hutchinson	19
A TEMPERANCE SONG	Baldwin	19
WHEN I'M A MAN	Douglas	19
THE BOTTLE IMP Thayer	19
LITTLE SISTER Gilson	20
THE PRODIGES	Mason	22
A WORTHY FOE Anon	23
A MATTER OF IMPORTANCE	Richards	24

BILLY BRAD AND THE BIG LIE	Butler	24
DEPOSED	Sabin	24
THE HEATHEN	Nesbit	24
TONIO	Garrison	25
THE CROWNING INDIGNITY	Nesbit	25
THE ONE HUNDRED AND ONETH	Donnell	25
STOLEN FRUIT	Hunt	25
A LAUGHING CHORUS	Anon	25
THE BLUEBELL	Deland	25
THE FISHING PARTY	Anon	26
A PLACE FOR BOYS	Foley	26
THE NEW BROTHER	Lincoln	27
THE SULK	Bates	29
GOOD NIGHT, DEAR WORLD.	Walker	29
THE OWL AND THE BELL	MacDonald	29
DAVID COPPERFIELD AND THE WAITER	Dickens	29
HIS DAD	Brinstead	29
THE FAIRY SHOEMAKER	Allingham	29
DE MOON PILOT	Pruitt	29
LITTLE DANCING LEAVES	Larcom	29
THE LIE	Donnell	30
CUDDLIN'TOWN	Hauff	30
DOROTHY'S OPINION	Wells	30
ANNE OF GREEN GABLES	Montgomery	30
THE ASHES OF OLD WISHES.	Templeton	30
GENERAL GAGE AND THE BOSTON BOYS	Higginson	31
A CHILDHOOD GARLAND	Hayes	31

PATRIOTIC

(See also Oratorical, and Special Occasions)

THE CONQUERED BANNER	Ryan	8
BANNOCKBURN	Burns	9
THE LITTLE GIRL OF GETTYSBURG	Tyrell	9
KEENAN'S CHARGE	Lathrop	11
UNION AND LIBERTY	Holmes	12
ENGLAND AND AMERICA IN 1782	Tennyson	12
THE CENOTAPH	McKay	12
O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!	Whitman	12
COMMEMORATION ODE	Lowell	12
LINCOLN, THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE.	Markham	12
TO THE SPIRIT OF LINCOLN	Gilder	12
W E GLADSTONE	Phillips	12
GLADSTONE ON ORATORY	Hoar	12
BILLINGS OF '49	Balmer	13
LINCOLN'S HEART	Butterworth	13
ABRAHAM LINCOLN	Stoddard	13
A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT	Burns	13
DIOGENES PAUSES	Futrelle	13
THE FLEET	Cook	16
MUSIC OF RAPPAHANNOCK'S WATERS.	Thompson	16
NATHAN HALE	Finch	17
GROUND OF THE TERRIBLE	Begbie	17
DIRGE FOR A SOLDIER	Boker	17
A HOLY NATION	Realf	17

AMERICA	Hovey	18
THE MORAL WARFARE	Whittier	19
WRITE IT EVERYWHERE	Willard	19
WARREN'S ADDRESS	Pierpont	20
OUR UNITED COUNTRY	Howell	21
THE BLUE AND THE GRAY	Lodge	21
CAVALRY SONG	Cutler	23
THE VERMIN IN THE DARK	Markham	23
THE FOURTH OF JULY	Pierpont	23
OUR COUNTRY	Howe	23
DE LEON	Butterworth	23
WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY	Butterworth	23
THE PILGRIM FATHERS	Pierpont	23
COLUMBUS	Hale	23
COLUMBUS IN CHAINS	Freneau	23
SONG OF THE SOLDIER	Halpin	23
THE SOLDIER BOY FOR ME	Kiser	24
WHEN THE REGIMENT CAME BACK	Wilcox	24
HIS NEW SUIT	Kiser	25
THE SONG OF PEACE	Miller	25
FULTON	Howe	25
THE MAN WHO FOUGHT WITH THE TENTH	Thomas	25
WASHINGTON'S GRAVE	Pike	25
THE LIVING FLAG	Harl	25
TO THE EAGLE	Percival	31
COLUMBUS	Montgomery	31
INDEPENDENCE BELL	Anon	31
THE LIBERTY BELL	Brooks	31
TICONDEROGA	Wilson	31
SONG OF MARION'S MEN	Bryant	31
PHEIDIPPEDES	Browning	31
THE TRUE POWER OF A NATION	Chapin	31
WHAT THE FLAG MEANS	Lodge	31
ARNOLD WINKELREID	Montgomery	31
ABRAHAM DAVENPORT	Whittier	31
THE PRESENT CRISIS	Lowell	31
THE MAN WHO WEARS THE BUTTON	Thurston	31
GENERAL GRANT	Lowell	31
THE POOR VOTER ON ELECTION DAY	Whittier	31

SPECIAL OCCASIONS

(See also Patriotic)

LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM (CHRISTMAS)		
A PLEA FOR THE OLD YEAR	Brooks	3
APOLLO BELVEDERE (CHRISTMAS)	Moulton	5
DAS KRIST KINDEL (CHRISTMAS)	Stuart	5
THE THANKSGIVING TURKEY	Riley	5
THE WAITING FIGURE (NEW YEAR'S)	Kiser	5
THE MISSION OF KITTY MALONE (THANKS-GIVING)		7
A VISION OF WAR (DECORATION DAY)	Cleary	7
AT THE TURN OF THE ROAD (CHRISTMAS)	Ingersoll	8
.	Glaspell	8

THE ST JOHN'S FUND (EASTER)	.Greene	8
MEMORIAL DAY .	. Long	10
DECORATION	Cooke	11
ALLA FOR ROSA (CHRISTMAS)	Daly	13
THE CHRISTMAS FIRE	Spofford	25
A DREAM OF PAST CHRISTMASSES	Secordin	25
THANKSGIVING DAY	Bangs	25
TO THE NEW YEAR	Riley	25
THE MANGER SONG OF MARY	Markham	25
BETHL'EM STAR	. Stuart	25
MARY AT THE SEPULCHRE	Arnold	26
IN CHRISTMAS LAND	Stanton	27
COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON	Henry	30

DRAMATIC

The Speaker No 14 contains 120 selections for all kinds of religious occasions—Sunday School, Young People's Societies, Christmas, Easter, Thanksgiving, and so on

THE HISTORY LESSON ("L'AIGLON")	Rostand	1
ARENA SCENE ("QUO VADIS")	Sienkiewicz	1
JEAN VALJEAN AND THE BISHOP	. Hugo	1
GLORY	. . . Long	1
THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER	Poe	1
RHYME OF DUCHESS MAY	Mrs Browning	1
THE SIGN OF THE CROSS	. Barrett	2
GENTLEMEN, THE KING	Barr	2
THE ONLY WAY ("TALE OF TWO CITIES")		2
A NIGHT IN STE PILAGIE (from "Lazarre")		
	Catherwood	2
THE PRISONER OF ZENDA	. Hope	2
THE CALL OF THE WILD	. . . London	2
THE TELL-TALE HEART	. . . Poe	2
RICHELIEU	Lytton	2
BURGOMASTER'S DEATH (from "The Bells")		2
FOR DEAR OLD YALE	. Langston	2
THE LANCE OF KANANA	. . . French	2
JOHN STORM'S RESOLUTION	. . . Caine	4
THE FLOOD OF THE FLOSS	. . . Eliot	4
A GONDOLA RACE	. . . Smith	4
THE DEATH OF HYPATIA	. . . Kingsley	5
THE TOURNAMENT	. . . Scott	5
FAGIN'S LAST DAY	Dickens	5
THE WINNING OF LORNA DOONE	Blackmore	5
30 min. or 3 separate readings		
A SOLDIER OF FRANCE	. . . Ouida	7
A STORY OF THE SEA	. . . Webb	7
THE REVEL	. . . Dowling	8
A FIGHT WITH A CANNON	. . . Hugo	8
FOURTEEN TO ONE	. . . Phelps	9
THE RAJPUT NURSE	Arnold	9
THE TEAM (A WEST POINT FOOTBALL STORY)	. Buchanan	9
CUT OFF FROM THE PEOPLE	. Caine	9
THE WOMEN OF MUMBLE'S HEAD.	. . . Scott	11

THE STEEPLECHASE	Ouida	11
THE PILOT	Howells	11
THE REVENGE	Tennyson	12
THE RAVEN	Poe	12
ZETTO, THE STORY OF A LIFE	Long	13
BILLINGS OF '49	Balmer	13
GOING OF THE WHITE SWAN	Parker	13
RAMON	Harte	13
THE MARTYR	Oliver	13
THE MAN WHO WAS	Kipling	13
ON THE BOTTOM OF THE DORY	Connolly	16
A FALLEN STAR	Chevalier	16
THE DEVIL'S DISCIPLE	Shaw	16
MARY TUDOR	Vere	16
NATHAN HALE	Finch	16
REPENTANCE	Hackett	16
THE BRAVE MAN	Burger	17
THE LIFE BOAT	Anon	17
BEN BUTLER'S LAST RACE	Moore	17
MARY TUDOR	Vere	17
THE VAMPIRE	Kipling	17
BIMI	Kipling	18
A FAMILY FEUD	Dunbar	18
THE PORTRAIT	Meredith	18
GONE HOME ON NEW YEAR'S EVE	Weatherby	18
STORY OF A STOWAWAY	Scott	18
CHIQUITA	Harte	18
MY LAST DUCHESS	Browning	18
JIM BLUDSO OF THE PRAIRIE BELL	Hay	18
LITTLE BREECHES	Hay	18
"SHANG"	Child	19
THE DOWNFALL OF CONWAY	Moore	19
THE BOTTLE OF HELL-FIRE	Day	19
THE LUCK OF THE BOGANS	Jewett	19
KID McDUFF'S GIRL	Rus	19
MARY ELIZABETH	Ward	19
THE TWO GLASSES	Wilcox	19
A MAN FOR A' THAT	Gough	19
HOW JAMIE CAME HOME	Carleton	19
THE SHOEMAKER'S LITTLE WHITE SHOES	Willard	19
DRINKING ANNIE'S TEARS	Thorpe	19
JOE'S BABY	Sheldon	19
THE HAZING OF VALLIANT	Williams	20
COLLEGE OIL CANS	McGuire	20
THE POTION SCENE	Shakespeare	20
ON A BARRICADE	Hugo	20
THE CARES OF KINGSHIP	Shakespeare	20
THE RIDE FROM GHENT TO AIX	Browning	20
RIZPAH	Tennyson	20
HENRY HUDSON'S LAST VOYAGE	Van Dyke	20
THE INMATE OF THE DUNGEON	Morrow	20
THE EGYPTIAN AND THE CAPTAIN	Barrie	20
THE LAST LOVE-FEAST	King	22
MOLLIE AND THE OPERA GAME	Gates	22
THE UTILITY OF BOOING	Macklin	22

DEAD MAN'S RUN	Cawein	22
DEACON AND PARSON ON NEW YEAR'S	Murray	22
MARRIAGEMONY OF MINERVA WHITE	Rion	22
NOBODY'S TIM	Phelps	22
THE CHIEF OPERATOR	Phelps	23
DRUMS OF THE FORE AND AFT	Kipling	23
THE FLOATING BALANCE	Osbourne	23
THE PIPER	Peabody	24
AUTHOR'S READING AT BIXBY CENTRE	Wiggin	24
NANCY'S CINDERELLA	Brainard	24
THE CHORUS LADY	Forbes	24
THE OUTLAW	Clark	24
A BORDER AFFAIR	Clark	24
A ROYAL PRINCESS	Rossetti	24
AN ELEVATOR LOVE STORY	Bell	24
LEWIS RAND	Johnston	24
THE BETTER TREASURE	Andrews	25
JIM'S WOMAN	Abbott	25
TIM CALLIGAN'S GRAVE-MONEY	Bates	25
A LOVE STORY OF OLD MADRID	Crawford	25
THE GREEN GNOME	Buchanan	25
MOB SCENE FROM LITTLE MINISTER	Barrie	26
VIRGINIA OF VIRGINIA	Rives	26
JACK THE FISHERMAN	Phelps	26
SERGIUS TO THE LIONS	Wallace	26
THE HAYSTACK IN THE FLOODS	Morris	26
THE MAN WITH ONE TALENT	Davis	26
JOINT OWNERS IN SPAIN	Brown	27
MY DISREPUTABLE FRIEND	Davis	27
CAMPASPE	Lyly	27
AS YOU LIKE IT	Shakespeare	27
THE HORN OF PLENTY	Wilkins	27
THE BREAKING OF THE ICE BRIDGE		27
IF I WERE KING	McCarthy	27
A FIGHT WITH PIRATES	Reade	27
DEATH OF MADAME DEFARGE	Dickens	28
THE TAMING OF THE SHREW	Shakespeare	28
THE BOAT RACE	Hughes	28
SELLING THE FAMILY PICTURES	Sheridan	28
THE OLD HOUSE A NEW INN	Goldsmith	28
THE SECRET OF DEATH	Arnold	28
ARBACES TO THE LION	Lytton	28
THE BENEDICTION	Coppee	28
THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO	Hugo	28
GINEVRA	Coolidge	28
COMO	Miller	28
BATTLE OF NASEBY	Macaulay	28
THE WILDERNESS	Anon	28
A LIFE BOAT YARN	Lyster	28
RUPERT'S MARCH	Thornbury	28
THE CONFESSION	Eldridge	29
THE TRIAL OF TOM GRAYSON	Eggleston	29
HEARTS AND HANDS	Porter	29
THE LEAP OF ROUSHAN BEG	Longfellow	29
THE REPORTER WHO MADE A STORY	Buchanan	29

MISTHER DENIS' RETURN	Barlow	29
HOW ADVENTURE CAME TO PETEE	Hunting	29
NELL	Buchanan	29
WALLACE OF UHLEN	Blake	29
ANDREW'S LEADING LADY	Forbes	30
THE STORMING OF MISSION RIDGE	Taylor	30
BALLAD OF ELIZABETH ZANE	Anon	31
THE BATTLE OF LEXINGTON	Lanier	31
BUNKER HILL	Calvert	31
MONTEREY	Hoffman	31
THE RIDER OF THE BLACK HORSE	Lippard	31
IVRY	Macaulay	31
HERVE RIEL	Browning	31
RAY'S RIDE	King	31
THE CHARGE OF THE HEAVY BRIGADE	Tennyson	31
THE CUMBERLAND	Longfellow	31
BOMBARDMENT OF VICKSBURG	Hayne	31
THE REVOLUTIONARY RISING	Read	31
THE BLACK REGIMENT	Boker	31
THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW	Lowell	31
THE LION AND THE MOUSE	Klein	32
MERCEDES	Aldrich	32
HUGO GROTIUS	Kotzebue	32
THE WINDOW-BLIND	Jones	32
JULIET AND HER NURSE	Shakespeare	32
THE NAP INTERRUPTED	Pinero	32
JULIUS CAESAR	Shakespeare	32
PYGMALION AND GALATEA	Gilbert	32
TWO SOULS WITH BUT A SINGLE THOUGHT	Halm	32
KING LEAR	Shakespeare	32
KING JOHN	Shakespeare	32
POOR DEAR MAMMA	Kipling	32

BRIEFS OF DEBATES

Briefs of Debates, affirmative and negative, on the following questions, as used in the colleges indicated:

FEDERAL AND STATE GOVERNMENT	Princeton	8
INHERITANCE TAX	Michigan	8
ARMED INTERVENTION FOR THE COLLECTION OF DEBTS	Brown	8
THE SANTO DOMINGO TREATY	Amherst	8
THE OPEN SHOP	Universities Iowa and S Dakota	8
MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP	Iowa State	8
RAILROAD POOLING	Chicago and Univ of Minn.	9
RECIPROCITY WITH CANADA	Dartmouth and Brown	9
INITIATIVE AND REFERENDUM
INCOME TAX	Dickinson and Penn State	11
EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY FOR ACCIDENTS	Swarthmore and Franklin and Marshall	11
	Yale and Princeton	11
FEDERAL CHARTER FOR INTERSTATE BUSINESS	Michigan	12

COMMISSION SYSTEM OF MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT	Dartmouth	12
GOVERNMENT BY INJUNCTION		13
AMERICAN IMPERIALISM	..	13
FIFTEENTH AMENDMENT		13
PRESIDENTIAL SYSTEM VS PARLIAMENTARY SYSTEM	Dickinson—Franklin and Marshall	14
ABANDONMENT OF PROTECTIVE TARIFF	University of Pennsylvania	15
PROGRAMS OF DECLAMATION AND ORATORICAL CONTESTS		8
THE INCOME TAX	Harvard	19
THE DIRECT PRIMARY	Univ. of Southern California	21
CONSERVATION OF NATIONAL RESOURCES	Columbia University	23
INITIATIVE AND REFERENDUM	Colgate College	24
INTERCOLLEGIATE ATHLETICS	Doane College	27
THE RECALL OF JUDGES	Doane College	27
GOVERNMENT CONTROL OF MONOPOLIES	Princeton University	27
GREEK-LETTER FRATERNITIES	Swarthmore College	27
THE SINGLE TAX	Universities of Manitoba and North Dakota	28

(With most briefs there is a good bibliography of the question)

FOR RELIGIOUS OCCASIONS

Christmas, Easter, Thanksgiving, Sunday School, Young People's Societies, etc

THE ANGEL'S WHISPER	Lover	3
ARENA SCENE FROM "QUO VADIS"	Sienkiewicz	1
AT THE TURN OF THE ROAD	Glaspel	8
A BOY'S PRAYER	Beeching	3
THE BOY THAT WAS SCARET O' DYIN	Slosson	3
THE BRAVEST BATTLE	Miller	7
BREAK, BREAK, BREAK	Tennyson	12
THE BUGLE SONG	Tennyson	12
THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS	Holmes	12
A CHILD'S GRACE	Burns	3
THE CHILDREN OF THE POOR	Parker	2
THE CHILDREN WE KEEP	Wilson	11
CRADLE HYMN	Luther	4
CRADLE HYMN	Watts	4
CROSSING THE BAR	Tennyson	12
CUT OFF FROM THE PEOPLE	Cane	9
DAS KRIST KINDEL	Riley	5
DEATH STANDS ABOVE ME	Landor	5
DOORS OF DARING	Van Dyke	8
EULOGY OF GARFIELD	Blaine	10
EVEN THIS SHALL PASS AWAY	Tilton	2
A FAREWELL	Kingsley	3
THE FIRST NOWELL (Old Carol)		3
FOURTEEN TO ONE	Phelps	9
HAPPY IN MY LOT	Ewing	3
HIS MOTHER'S SERMON	Maclaren	7

HYMN OF A CHILD	Wesley	4
INFLUENCE OF UNIVERSITIES	Cleveland	10
IN THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL	Tennyson	12
IO VICTIS	Story	7
JEAN VALJEAN AND THE BISHOP	Hugo	1
JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO	Burns	9
THE KING'S GREAT VICTORY	Anderson	11
LINCOLN, A MAN CALLED OF GOD	Thurston	12
LITTLE CRISTEL	Rands	4
THE LOST LEADER	Browning	11
THE MOTHERLESS BAIRN	Thom	11
MY HEART LEAPS UP	Wordsworth	2
MY STAR	Browning	7
OH LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM	Brooks	3
OPPORTUNITY	Sill	7
THE OTHER ONE	Peck	11
PARSIFAL THE PURE		3
RECESSIONAL	Kipling	3
THE ST. JOHN'S FUND	Greene	8
SANTA CLAUS	Anon	3
THE SIGN OF THE CROSS	Barrett	2
SOCIAL RESPONSIBILITIES	Gough	10
THE SONG OF THE MAN	Abbott	8
SYMPATHIES OF RELIGION AND ART	Gunsaulus	10
THE TAPESTRY WEAVERS	Chester	9
WAGES	Tennyson	11
THE WAITING FIGURE	Anon	7
WHAT IS RELIGION?	Waters	10
WHO STOLE THE BIRD'S NEST	Child	3
WITH WHOM NO VARIABLENESS	Clough	2
A YOUNG MAN'S RELIGION	Waters	10
THE GOING OF THE WHITE SWAN	Parker	13
CHEER UP, HONEY	Dowd	13
LINCOLN'S HEART	Butterworth	13
A PETITION TO TIME	Proctor	13
SLEEP	Mrs Browning	13
A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT	Burns	13
WATCHWORDS	Coxe	13
THE ORATORY OF BISHOP SIMPSON	Churchill	14
SEND THEM TO BED WITH A KISS	Anon	14
A MORNING PRAYER	Stevenson	14
THE SIN OF OMISSION	Sangster	14
GOD GIVE US MEN	Holland	14
A LITTLE PARABLE	Aldrich	14
FAITH	Bryan	14
WORK THOU FOR PLEASURE	Cox	14
IMMORTALITY	Bryan	14
THE PRINCE OF PEACE	Bryan	14
KEEP SWEET	Gillilan	14
THE MAN WITH THE HOE	Markham	14
WHAT I LIVE FOR	Banks	14
WHILE WE MAY	Willard	14
MOTHER	Fetter	14
BE STRONG	Babcock	14
THE BROKEN PINION	Butterworth	14

THE DREAMS AHEAD	Litsey	14
MY MOTHER	Anon	14
WATCH THE CORNERS	Linton	14
OPPORTUNITY	Ingalls	14
THINGS ARE ALL RIGHT	Anon	14
LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS	Hemans	14
YOUR MISSION	Gates	14
THE POPPY LAND EXPRESS.. . . .	Abbott	14
WHO NE'ER HAS SUFFERED?	Goode	14
WHERE THE RAINBOW NEVER FADES	Prentice	14
I WOULD, DEAR JESUS	Long	14
THE WORLD'S BID FOR A MAN.	Stuart	14
AS JESUS PASSED	Smith	14
OPPORTUNITY	Malone	14
COUNTING THE COST	Gillilan	14
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